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## FRENCH NAPOLEONISM.

THE invasion of Boulogne by Prince Louis Napoleon in a Gravesend steamer, and the invasion of Strasburg at the head of a score of men by the same hero, have ceased to be subjects of ridicule. They are no longer to be considered as the freaks of hair-brained folly, but as the great deeds of a man who was wiser than his time. Success in a newer attempt has rubbed the spots from their memory. If at one time they appeared ridiculous in the estimation of Englishmen, and of all who were not French, it was our ignorance of the feelings and aspirations of Frenchmen that caused us to consider them so. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the first President of the French Republic, knew Frenchmen better. His doings at Strasburg and Boulogne had no other faults than untimeliness: they were conceived in the right spirit, but they were premature. They were planned upon a proper estimate of the wants and wishes of the French people. In fact, though looked upon as failures at the time, they were not failures. They were the progressive and necessary steps towards an inevitable consummation. The mere attempt made apparent the mightiness of the claim. The result, which excited the laughter of Englishmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Americans,—of all the world, in fact,—excited the sympathy of the French. That master hand knew what it was about. It knew that France was an instrument upon which it could play. All the stops upon the pipe were familiar to its fingers. Opportunity alone was wanting to produce a fitting melody. The stray notes, hurriedly blown, seemed discordant merely because they were interrupted; but there was harmony between the pipe and the fingers. They were formed for each other; and, in due time, *Horatio* was destined to play upon *Hamlet's* recorder, and discourse upon it the eloquent music of success and power.

We can form no other opinion, when we reflect upon the remarkable majority by which Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has been voted into the Presidency of the French Republic. Five-sixths of the adult male population of France have recorded their votes in his favour. The other sixth were not unanimous in favour of his competitor. On the one hand, was a Bonaparte—strong in his name, but in nothing else—without talents or eloquence that the world had ever had any opportunity of witnessing—without the recommendation of any service ever rendered to the country—without even the *prestige* of character to support him. On the other side, was a man whose high position had been acquired by his personal merit—a man who had saved the nation from anarchy—a man who, but a few short months before, had been greeted with the acclamations of every individual in France who had a decent coat upon his back—a man who not only aspired to power, but possessed it—a man who, in a time of unparalleled difficulty, had acted with unparalleled honesty of purpose, simplicity, and success—a man of sincere convictions, high integrity, great talent, and proved services. France was appealed to, to decide between them. The world looked on with breathless interest. The eventful day arrived—the votes were summed up: the name Bonaparte acquired upwards of five million votes; the man Cavaignac little more than one million. Such was the result, and it will be long before Europe recovers from her surprise at the announcement. But surprised or not, it is highly important that England should understand what are the ideas which France attaches to this remarkable and powerful name. “Napoleonism” is the “ism” that triumphs over Republicanism, Communism, and every other form of political faith. We know perfectly well the ideas which are attached to it out of France. The great Napoleon was the parricide of the freedom from which he sprang. Under the iron heel of his grinding despotism he crushed the intellect of France. He allowed of no thought hostile to his own. The Empire produced no writer except Madame de Staël; and Napoleon feared, hated, and persecuted her for daring to think. The whole machinery of the State was inimical to every manifestation of opinion that was not in accordance with the stiff insatiable despotism of the proudest, most selfish, most unfeeling, most irresponsible autocrat that ever breathed. Napoleon, in the bitter days of his exile, confessed that he had outraged the nations. But he outraged France also. To use the words of Auguste Barbier, the only French poet who has been superior to the hero-worship of his countrymen, the “great Napoleon” was

—un voleur de couronne,  
Un usurpateur effronté,  
Qui sera sans pitié sous les coussins du trône  
La gorge de la liberté.

And not only did he strangle liberty; he decimated and redecimated the people, to provide human aliment for the greedy stomach of his ambition. Beyond the boundaries of France he was the scourge of humanity; a crowned and sceptered pestilence, permitted by Providence to lay waste for a season the fairest realms of Europe. Is it the melancholy termination of his career that has

blinded the French to his faults and crimes? Have they so much pity for the sorrows of the man, that they forgive the atrocities of the Emperor? and, in elevating to the highest dignity which is at present in their gift the inheritor of his name and the representative of his family, do they expect the new Napoleon to rival or to imitate the old? Perhaps they are of opinion that the splendour of the first Napoleon's achievements was well and cheaply bought at the price of domestic tyranny and the conscription. Perhaps they would not object to suffer both again, if the same result could be obtained. It is possible that they think military glory the highest earthly good; the conquest of Europe, the mission of the French; and throat-cutting the proper

business of civilised men. But, if they think none of these things, it is desirable to know what sentiment lies at the bottom of their homage to the name of Napoleon—a sentiment which is so strong as to consider that name, without proved talent or capability, superior to proved talent and capability with any other name, and to elevate it to dignity by a burst of acclamation sufficient to turn the brain of a wiser personage than Napoleon's nephew can be considered, and to excuse any stretch of ambition of which he may hereafter be guilty. It may be, that, having made amends to the memory of Napoleon for the darkness of the misery in which he died on the rock of St. Helena, by electing a chief of his blood to the supreme authority over them, they may think they



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have done enough. It is possible that in rendering the homage, they may have taken the talents and the virtues for granted; and that they may expect to find a statesman, and not a battle-monger, in their future ruler. In the one case we can see no hope for France, and no prospect for the new Napoleon, but a misery and failure greater than those experienced by the pre-owner of the name. In the other case, we can see hopes both for France and her President—a chance of repose and progress for the one, and of fair renown for the other. We must own, however, that our fears greatly preponderate over our hopes. It seems to us that the French prate of liberty, but that they do not understand it. They talk of being in the van of European civilisation when their proper place is in the rear. Modern Europe is industrious, and not warlike. But France, we suspect, is filled with the wind of military glory. Frenchmen generally do not exclaim with the poet from whom we have already quoted, "how much blood and outrage, how many tears has this hard and rude soldier Napoleon cost us—all for the sake of a few sprigs of worthless laurel!" On the contrary, they seem to value the sprigs of laurel as the choicest of earthly blessings, and to think them cheap at all the misery, past, present, and future, at which they may be purchased. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are mighty words. The whole conduct of the French proves that, although they preached, they did not understand them. The French, in fact, are not ripe for freedom, if their conduct since February 24th is to prove their ripeness. They are intolerant of each other. They are for settling all disputes by physical violence. They are for coercing every man whom they cannot convince. Their whole thought is of the strong hand. Their education is tyrannical; and even while they talk lustily of freedom, equality, and brotherhood, they admire and invite tyranny. They revolted in the name of liberty, and abused as soon as they acquired it. They abolished hereditary monarchy, only to do homage to hereditary despotism at the first convenient opportunity. They stirred the nations by great words, and began to prove to those same nations, immediately afterwards, that the words were words alone—breath of the lips, not feelings of the heart, nor convictions of the judgment. They raised hopes one day by their precept, and destroyed them on the next by their example. We may be in error in making this estimate of the French character, but the events of every day only tend to strengthen it. We shall be glad to be convinced that we have done them no injustice.

In the observations we have made, we throw no imputations upon the character of the new President. As we said last week, he may turn out to be wiser and better than the people that elected him. He may be thoroughly honest. He may be in all respects what the true friends of France and humanity would desire to find him. Still we must confess that our fears for France are great. Louis Napoleon, if inclined to do so, will find it no easy matter to resist their military vain-gloriousness. If he do not resist it, he will lead France and himself into peril, for Europe is in no mood to suffer a repetition of the past. If he do resist it, a superhuman task will lie before him—a task of statesmanship in which all friends of rational liberty will pray for his success; but a task in which an intellect of the highest grade might fail, if it had such a people as the French to deal with. We do not disparage Louis Napoleon when we say that, as yet, the world knows nothing of his capabilities for the good-generalship of the one course, or the wise statesmanship of the other. His proclamation, as President of the Republic, has taken place somewhat more suddenly than was expected. In consequence, it would appear, of information received by the Government of General Cavaignac, that demonstrations calculated to provoke insurrection were meditated, both by the Socialist and by those ultra-Napoleonists who dream of the restoration of the Empire, measures were secretly taken to proclaim the new President without previous notice to the public. At the sitting of the Assembly on Wednesday, General Cavaignac announced that the Ministers had placed their resignations in his hands; and he also laid down the powers with which the Assembly had entrusted him, with the expression of his cordial gratitude for the confidence which had been reposed in, and the support which had been afforded him. The new President then made a short and effective speech; and crossing over to General Cavaignac, shook him warmly by the hand, amid the loud applause of the Chamber and the spectators. Salvoes of artillery in the Place de la Concorde then announced to the astonished citizens the commencement of the new Administration and the ceremony concluded. Paris remained perfectly tranquil.

### LOUIS NAPOLEON, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

To the surprise, perhaps, of his warmest admirers and adherents, Prince Louis Napoleon has been elected President of the new Republic of France. A Bonaparte once more, in title, at least, is at the head of that important kingdom, and has arrived at that high post in direct line of succession as the most devoted Legitimist ever did; for the Prince is the present head of the Napoleon dynasty. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, as he is now generally called, is the second son of Louis, sometime King of Holland, the brother of the Emperor Napoleon. He was born at Paris on the 20th of April, 1803, in the palace of the Tuilleries. With the single exception of the short-lived interesting King of Rome, he was the only one of the Bonaparte family who was born during the Empire. And for these two alone did the streets of Paris resound with the noise of cannon in honour of their birth. The ceremony of his baptism was celebrated with unusual splendour, and he can boast for his sponsors the Emperor and Empress of France. This event, however, did not take place till the year 1810. The names then given to him were Charles Louis Napoleon. On the death of his elder brother, in 1831, the Prince adopted the signature Napoleon Louis Bonaparte. This was done in compliance with the wish of Napoleon, who constantly cherishing the hope of a continuance of his dynasty, had imperatively commanded that the head of his family should always bear the name of Napoleon. It will be necessary for our readers to remember this, that they may not be led into error from the difference of name in the same individual. On the return of Louis XVIII., the Prince, with his father and mother, who had assumed the title of Duke and Duchess of St. Len, retired to Bavaria. Here, however, they were not permitted to remain, and after a brief sojourn in Switzerland, which political motives compelled them to leave, the family finally settled at Rome. M. Lebas, a staunch Republican, was the tutor of the Prince; and no doubt that the principles which he now entertains were inculcated in the lessons which he received during his education, and to which he has always adhered. In 1831 he and his brother joined the Italians in their unavailing struggle against the Austrians, in which the latter lost his life. Shortly after this event, he, with his mother, visited Paris incognito, and the Prince made a personal request to Louis Philippe for permission to serve in the French army, asking no rank, but willing to join as a private soldier. The wily Monarch had no wish to have the name of Bonaparte in any way connected with his soldiery, and the request of the Prince was refused sans phrase. He then passed a short time in England, and in 1832 joined his family at Aremberg, in Switzerland. He became so great a favourite in the department where he resided, by uniform kindness to the inhabitants, and by the exertions, both personal and pecuniary, which he used to promote the education of the poor, that the Canton of Thurgau conferred on him the right of citizenship. In the meantime, the Prince, indulging his taste for military pursuits, became a most diligent student in the Academy of Thun. The consequence of these studies was the publication of a work upon Artillery, which was so highly esteemed, that the Government of Bern appointed him a captain in that department of the service. The year 1835 saw Donna Maria, the present Queen of Portugal, a widow, by the loss of her first husband, the Duke of Leuchtenberg. To the surprise of many, rumour, in no very measured terms, spoke of Prince Louis as a fitting person for her second husband. To such a length had a report of this kind prevailed, that the Prince thought it necessary publicly to disavow the honour conferred upon him. The reason assigned by the Prince for declining the alliance, if ever it should be offered to him, was his regard for France, which would ever prevent him from occupying any station incompatible with his being a citizen of that country. In 1836, the unsuccessful insurrection at Strasburg took place; the Prince was thrown into prison, but was afterwards released on condition that he should reside in America. The fatal illness of his mother, to whom he was deservedly and warmly attached, brought him back to Aremberg, where he arrived in time to watch over and comfort her dying moments—a consolation which Louis Philippe refused him in the case of his father. Switzerland was too near France, and the name of Napoleon too full of fears for Louis Philippe, who began to feel his unpopularity with the whole class of Republicans, to allow him to permit the Prince to

continue his residence there. The arts of diplomacy were first exercised to procure his banishment; but the sturdy, liberty-loving Swiss refused to listen to so tyrannical an interference, and declined compliance with the hinted wishes of the French Monarch. Art having thus failed, force must be employed; and Louis Philippe prepared an army to compel obedience to his will. Unalarmed at these preparations, the Swiss collected an army of 20,000 men to resist the aggression. The Prince, foreseeing the inevitable result of so unequal a contest, addressed a letter to the Landman of the Canton of Thurgau, expressing his determination to quit the loved place of his asylum, rather than subject the country to all the horrors of war. England was then his chosen abode. In 1840 the landing at Boulogne took place: the Prince was taken prisoner, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. "At least I shall die in France," was the reply of the Prince when informed of his sentence. While in confinement at Ham, the Prince passed much of his time in writing; but, during the whole of his imprisonment, he never lost the hope of being able to quit the fortress. At length, after an imprisonment of nearly six years, he executed his singular escape. The particulars of this case are, no doubt, present to the recollection of our readers. England, again, was the only sure place of refuge; and here he continued to reside till the late extraordinary events called him to his still more extraordinary position. How he will conduct himself there, we do not pretend to foresee.

France wants an appearance, at least, if not a reality, in the stability of its Government; and till that takes place, all foreign and all domestic interests are injured. Louis Napoleon is called upon to fill a most important post, and we hope that he may have the power and the ability to support its requirements.

### FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

#### PARISIANA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, November 20th, 1848.

There is nothing to equal the enthusiasm displayed by the French people on any adopted point, unless it be the inconsistency of their opinions. The very men of the Faubourg St. Antoine who in February fought to overthrow a dynasty, and in June to maintain a *république démocratique*, may now be heard vociferating "*Vive l'Empire!*" These manifestations are by the multitude considered symbols of the people's *légitimité*; but the few who are versed in political treasons see in them a desire to render unpopular the new President, and even believe that those who, in the exultation of the moment, exclaim, "The triumph is too great for a President, and would better become an Emperor!" are unwittingly aiming at his downfall. An anecdote respecting his future intentions has become current among his friends. It is said that, as *Président de la République*, he will strive to merit the confidence so universally and so spontaneously shewn him; but that, should the elections which will follow the dissolution of the present Assembly prove by their returns that the sense of the country is not really Republican, he will once more appeal to the nation at large to choose either the Comte de Chambord, the Comte de Paris, or himself for its monarch.

The rapid revival of trade is almost incredible. Since the 10th inst. more business has been done in the *magazines* of every description, more especially those devoted to articles of luxury and elegance, than during the preceding ten months. The whole face of the city is changed. People who went about in sullen silence, or uttered words of dark and mysterious meaning, now meet you cordially, and frankly speak of reviving prosperity. Every one seems to have awake from some frightful dream—to have escaped from some horrid *cauchemar*. They are like so many convalescents; their feelings softened—their passions lulled by a long sickness—desires of celebrating their release from suffering.

Of course, in the realms of fashion, every article will, *par force*, have the name of "Napoleon." The *bleu Napoleon* is already to be seen in every shop-window, in *dresses* of various kinds, for gowns, cloaks, &c. I have seen, in one *coiffeur's* window, a head dressed with a tiara *à la mode de l'Empire*. May Prince Louis' good taste protect us from short waists and scanty skirts! Some *élégantes* are wearing white beaver bonnets, with a feather trimming placed within the edge. It is pretty and becoming.

While the people here are once more occupying themselves with *toilette* and other frivolities especially incident to this season—the near approach of the *jour de l'an*, what a fearful tragedy is being enacted in a neighbouring country! The Pope dethroned, the Cardinals expelled from Rome! The presence of the head—and in the Romish faith, the infallible head—of the Church merely tolerated in it as a simple *evêque*; or reduced to wander in exile from one nation to another, with scarcely more authority than a simple missionary in a distant land.

P.S.—Three o'clock.—At the moment I am writing, a person has rushed in to say that there is a large *département* of troops near the Chambers. No one seems to know the cause. Are they proclaiming "*Le Président de la République à l'improviste!*"

#### FRANCE.

The last act of the great electoral struggle has been accomplished, and Louis Napoleon has been proclaimed President of the Republic. This event took place in the National Assembly on Wednesday, contrary to the general expectation, according to which Thursday was to have been the day, and thus the attempts at disturbance, which the enemies of order were understood to be organizing for the day of proclamation, were frustrated. The Government had been informed that a demonstration was intended, on the occasion of the proclamation of Prince Louis, and that the latter would be saluted by the crowd with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and they therefore resolved to anticipate his installation by some days, in order to avoid a sanguinary collision, and the Prince himself gladly acquiesced in that determination.

At two o'clock orders were forwarded by the Government to the Colonels of the 24th regiment of Infantry and of two regiments of Dragoons to march their corps towards the National Assembly. At three o'clock two battalions of the former, and a battalion of Gardes Mobiles, preceded by a detachment of National Guards, entered the garden of the Tuilleries and advanced to the gate of the Place de la Concorde, a General, accompanied by his Aide-de-camp, and escorted by a few Lancers, taking his station close to the Obelisk. In the meantime the quays adjoining the palace were lined with dragoons. The presence of these troops, which nobody could account for, created much uneasiness, though in some groups a report circulated that the Assembly was about to proclaim the President of the Republic.

At half-past three o'clock M. Marrast, President, took the chair. The Assembly was extremely numerous, and animated groups were to be seen here and there through the hall. Prince Louis Napoleon was not present at the opening of the sitting, but his cousin, Jerome Bonaparte, occupied his seat. The public galleries were crowded. In one of them we remarked Princess Mathilda, sister of Jerome, and next to her M. Emile de Girardin.

Two aides-de-camp, appointed in the morning by the Prince, M. Edgar Ney and a son of General Pajol, were also present. No serious discussion could take place in the state of excitement of the Assembly, and most of the orders of the day were adjourned. Two applications for leave to prosecute Messrs. Causidiere and Turk, representatives of the people, were rejected.

The committee, charged with examining the electoral returns for the Presidency, entered the Chamber at four o'clock, when the President immediately called to the tribune M. Waldeck Rousseau, the reporter of the committee, who read the report. It stated that 7,349,000 citizens of the Republic had voted at the Presidential election, and that the votes had been divided in the following proportion over the surface of the country:—

M. Louis Napoleon had obtained	5,434,226 suffrages.
General Cavaignac	1,438,107 —
M. Ledru-Rollin	370,119 —
M. Raspail	36,900 —
M. Lamartine	17,910 —
General Changarnier	4,790 —
Votes lost	12,660 —

Among the latter were many containing unconstitutional denominations, and the Committee had besides denounced to the Minister of the Interior for prosecution a few individuals guilty of acts of violence. At Grenoble, in particular, public tranquillity was slightly disturbed. The Committee had, moreover, examined several protests addressed to it against the election of M. Bonaparte. In one of them, he was declared ineligible, because he had forfeited his rights as a Frenchman by his naturalization in Switzerland. The members of the Committee, however, had, by a unanimous decision, passed to the order of the day on that difficulty. By the number of the votes, and the regularity of the operation, M. Louis Napoleon was the real elect of the nation, and the Assembly had only to order that the Executive power be transferred to his hands. After paying a tribute of praise and gratitude to General Cavaignac, which was ratified by the loud acclamations of the entire Assembly, M. Rousseau concluded by calling upon it to proclaim the President, and exclaimed, "Have confidence, God protects France."

General Cavaignac having then ascended the tribune, said—"I have the honour of informing the National Assembly that the members of the Cabinet have just sent me their collective resignation, and I now come forward to surrender the powers with which it had invested me. You will understand better than I can express the sentiments of gratitude which the recollection of the confidence placed in me by the Assembly, and of its kindness for me, will leave in my heart."

This short address was received with deafening cries of "*Vive la République!*" M. Marrast then rose and said—"In the name of the French People! Whereas Citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, born in Paris, possesses all the qualifications of eligibility required by the 44th article of the Constitution; whereas the ballot gave him the absolute majority of suffrages for the Presidency; by virtue of the powers conferred on the Assembly by the 47th and 48th articles of the Constitution, I proclaim him President of the French Republic from this day, until the second Sunday of May, 1852, and I now invite him to ascend the tribune and take the oath required by the Constitution."

M. Louis Napoleon, who was seated near M. Odilon Barrot, then rose and advanced towards the tribune. He was dressed in black; on his left breast was a *crachet* set with diamonds, and under his coat he wore the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. Having mounted the tribune, the President read to him the oath of fidelity to the Constitution, to which M. Louis Napoleon replied, "*Je le jure.*" He then asked leave to address a few words to the Assembly. The suffrages of the nation, and his personal sentiments, he said, commanded his future conduct, and imposed upon him duties which he would fulfil as a man of honour. He would treat as enemies of the country whoever should attempt to subvert the Constitution, and between him and the Assembly would exist the most perfect harmony of views. He would exert himself to place society on its real basis,

and to relieve the sufferings of a people who had borne such generous and intelligent testimony. He would endeavour to restore to the Government the moral force of which it stood in need, and to maintain peace and order. He had called around him men distinguished for talent and patriotism, who, notwithstanding the differences of their political origin, would assist him in consolidating the new institutions of the country. He then enquired the becoming conduct and loyalty of which General Cavaignac had given so many and such signal proofs, and pledged himself strenuously to labour to accomplish the great mission of founding the Republic, without recurring to reactionary or utopian means; and, with the assistance of God, he trusted to achieve useful, if not great, things.

This speech was received with unanimous cries of "*Vive la République!*" and M. Louis Bonaparte, having descended the tribune, went up to the seat of General Cavaignac, and cordially shook him by the hand. The new President was then met by M. Odilon Barrot and his friends of the Right, who escorted him out of the hall.

In leaving the hall, the President was accompanied by a great number of the members of the Assembly, and passed between a double line of soldiers and National Guards, which extended through the Salles Pas Perdus to the gate upon the quay facing the Place de la Concorde. There was no manifestation of enthusiasm at this moment. A carriage waited for the President at the gate, in which he left for the Palace of the Elysée Bourbon, escorted by a squadron of Dragoons and Lancers. The cannon of the Invalides were discharged as a salute at the moment.

General Changarnier attended on the occasion, and directed the proceedings. It was remarked that, on the occasion of this solemnity, all the enthusiasm of the Assembly was shown to General Cavaignac, and the utmost coldness towards Prince Louis.

M. Marrast next announced that M. Odilon Barrot was charged with the construction of the new Cabinet, which would be communicated by a message to the Assembly.

The House afterwards adjourned. The new Ministry was believed to be definitively constituted as follows:—  
M. Odilon Barrot, President of the Council, and Minister of Justice.  
M. Droy de L'Hays, Minister for Foreign Affairs.  
M. Léon de Malleville, Minister of the Interior.  
M. Falloux, Minister of Public Instruction, and Ecclesiastical Affairs.  
General Rulhières, Minister of War.  
M. Tracy, Minister of Marine.  
M. Léon Faucher, Minister of Public Works.  
M. Bineau, Minister of Commerce and Agriculture.  
M. Hippolyte Passy, Minister of Finance.  
Marshal Bugeaud, it was thought, would assume the command of the Army of the Alps, and General Oudinot (its present commander) would proceed as Ambassador to St. Petersburg.

General Corbineau (former aide-de-camp of the Emperor Napoleon) died, at Paris, on Sunday.

#### SPAIN.

The only intelligence of interest from Madrid is the opening of the Cortes by the Queen in person on the 15th inst.

A Ministerial crisis took place on the 13th. The Ministers tendered their resignations, but withdrew them under the influence of the Queen-Mother over the Queen. Narvaez has thus triumphed. He caused the following persons to be banished:—The Marquis of Cumbres Altas, Master of the Horse; and Colonel Vassallo, Gentleman-in-Waiting, on pretence of an intrigue having been discovered against the Government.

#### ITALIAN STATES.

ROME.—Advices, dated the 11th inst. state that the Chambers, on learning the refusal of the Pope to receive the deputation sent to request his return to Rome, and his resolution to adhere to the commission of Government which he had previously appointed, had commanded the immediate meeting of a Constituent Assembly. Should the Pope not approve of it, he would be declared to have forfeited his temporal power, and a new form of Government would be established. The Minister Sterbini declared that the Pope could only return to Rome as a Bishop, but not the cardinals or prelates. No disturbance had taken place. The foreign Ministers who resided there had all quitted in succession for Gaëta. Accounts of a later date announce that a Provisional Government had been proclaimed, composed of the Senator of Rome, the Senator of Bologna, and the Gonfaloniere of Ancona, and that the Pope was declared to have forfeited temporal power.

LIEDMONT.—The Ministerial crisis has terminated in the formation of the following ultra liberal Cabinet:—Gioberti, President of the Council, without a portfolio; Sines, Justice; Ratazzi, Interior; Ricci, Finance; Montezimolo, Public Works; Durini or Paleocopa, Agriculture and Commerce; Bixio, Public Instruction. La Marmora retains the portfolio of War and Marine.

#### GERMAN STATES.

FRANKFORT.—Our advices this week from the seat of the Central Imperial Confederate Government state that intrigues are busy at work there to get the King of Prussia declared head of the Confederation, under the title of Emperor of Germany, in place of the Archduke John, the present Chief of the Executive. The hostile attitude assumed by the Austrian Cabinet towards the centralization views of the Frankfurt Ministry and Parliament caused M. Schmerling and the other Austrians in the Central Cabinet to retire; and M. Gagern, the former President of the Chamber, has undertaken to re-constitute the Ministry.

Advices to the 18th inst. add that the Austrian members of the Assembly had almost entirely withdrawn from the different sections to which they heretofore belonged, and had resolved to form themselves into an Austrian *clique*, under the auspices of the ex-Minister Schmerling, ready to side with any party that promises to act most energetically and consistently for the prevention of the dreaded supremacy of Prussia in Germany.

The policy of the Austrian Government, on the other hand, more than ever tends to separation from the central power; it has already declared that Austria cannot, under any circumstances, pay any portion of the sum required for the German fleet.

M. Simeon, of Königsberg, a member of the "Right," had been elected President of the Chamber.

#### PRUSSIA.

Accounts from Berlin, to the 18th inst. state that the preparatory meetings for the elections were being held. It was believed, a temporary suspension of the state of siege would be declared on the 20th or 22nd.

The Minister of the Interior had addressed a circular to the civil and provincial authorities, thanking them for the zealous support they had given the Government.

General Wrangel had also published a formal acknowledgment of the contributions of money and provisions sent in for the use of the troops by the citizens of Berlin.

#### AUSTRIA.

There is little news of interest this week from Vienna. The state of the finances begins to excite general uneasiness. The Committee of Finance propose to grant a loan of sixty millions of florins, instead of eighty as demanded by the Government. The Minister of Finance has submitted to the Financial Committee a declaration of the Cabinet, stating that the concessions made by their Emperor Ferdinand are recognised by his successor as duties which have devolved upon him with the Imperial crown. The position of Hungary with regard to the rest of the monarchy could not yet be determined.

#### HUNGARY.

Nothing certain is known from the seat of war. Presburg, notwithstanding the many rumours to the contrary, has not yet been taken, although the skirmishes between the hostile parties are very sanguinary, as is shown by the great number of Austrian officers who have been brought in wounded to Vienna.

#### UNITED STATES.

Advices have been received this week from New York to the 6th inst. Congress met on the 4th, and on the next day the President's message was delivered. It is a document of the usual excessive length, but contains little that is of interest to Europeans. From its statement relative to the financial affairs of the Union, it appears that for the fiscal year ending the 30th of June last, the imports amounted to 154,977,866 dollars, the exports to 154,132,131 dollars. The receipts of the treasury reached 35,437,759 dollars, and the expenditure 42,811,070 dollars. The public debt is 65,278,450 dollars. The postmaster-general's report says nothing of postal arrangements with Great Britain. He recommends a uniform rate of domestic postage of 5 cents, and of 15 cents per half-ounce for foreign letters, the franking privileges to be abolished.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that he is ready to redeem treasury notes at maturity.

Official papers confirm the reports of discoveries of gold in California. The New York canals were to be closed on the 9th inst. The tolls this year will reach 3,300,000 dollars.

The cholera had made its appearance on board the packet *New York* from Havre on her passage to New York. She had been placed in quarantine. Out of 18 cases 14 were fatal; it was confined, however, to the steerage passengers of that ship.

#### EGYPT.

Advices from Alexandria to the 8th inst. state that his Highness Abbas Pasha, the new Viceroy of Egypt, returned to Suez from Mecca on the 25th of Nov., and reached Cairo on the following day, when he quietly assumed the authority without opposition or any infringement of the generally prevailing tranquillity. On the 27th his Highness received officially all the European Consuls. Very handsome presents of swords and snuff-boxes inlaid with diamonds have been sent to Captain Frushard and the officers, and £400 for distribution among the crew, of the East India Company's steamer *Feroze*, which conveyed Abbas from Suez to Jedda and back again.

At Suez about 2000 Bedouins of the Desert had assembled of their own accord to make their obeisance to Abbas Pasha on his return as ruler of Egypt. Abbas, as Governor of the city of Cairo, has always been in connexion with the Bedouin tribes, whom he had to keep under control.

Abbas was in great favour with the higher classes of the natives, as he had made several promotions among them, and he was not so pressing as Ibrahim was for the payment of arrears of taxes. He was expected to form a council, with himself as President, for the administration of affairs; and the prosperity of the country will depend on the selection his Highness may make of the members of the Council.

On the 2nd instant, a Turkish steamer-of-war, the Sultan's own yacht, arrived at Alexandria, from Constantinople, having on board Mazloum Bey, Minister of Justice at the Sublime Porte, who had been sent to Egypt with the firman nominating Abbas Pasha Viceroy of Egypt, and to invite his Highness to proceed to Constantinople, to be there formally invested with the Viceroyalty of the country. Mazloum Bey went up to meet Abbas Pasha at Cairo, and both were shortly expected at Alexandria, to embark for Constantinople in the Turkish steamer.



According to the firman granted by the Sultan to Mehemet Ali in June, 1841, the hereditary possession of Egypt was granted to him within its ancient boundaries, also the Government of the provinces of Nubia, Darfour, Sennar, and Cordofan, but these latter without the hereditary possession. It now remains to be seen whether the Sultan will appoint another Pasha, independently of the Pasha of Egypt, to govern those provinces.

## INDIA.

Advices—dated respectively Calcutta the 6th, Madras 8th, and Bombay the 16th ult.—have been received this week, in anticipation of the Overland Mail. The intelligence from the Punjab is not of any particular interest, detailing principally the movements of the troops to form the army of operations in that quarter. Moolraj was in a less favourable position as regards men and supplies, than he had been for some time past; and Chuttur Singh had not effected a junction with either of his sons, although the troops of Shere and Chuttur were probably not far apart between the Ravee and Chenab, and might co-operate. Patar, the other son of Chuttur, was said to be at Jalapoor, on the Thelum, with 1500 men. Lord Gough had determined not to undertake any minor operations, or make any movement against detached parties, but was willing rather to permit immunity to the rebels, until the plans of Government could be carried out, and a considerable force take the field. His Lordship was said to be displeased with General Whish for not having attacked Shere Singh, when he broke ground from Mooltan. His Lordship had antedated a brevet commission for General Auchmuty, commanding the field force in Scinde, and in consequence of which that officer would supersede General Whish when the Bombay force crossed the frontier. There seemed every probability that the army of operations would suffer great inconvenience in the commissariat department during the coming campaign, or settlement of the country; the arrangements for carriage, also, were said to be on all hands defective; and even the Commander-in-Chief was delayed for some days for want of tent-pitchers.

The pontoon across the Ravee, although within sight of Lahore, had been attacked and fired on several occasions by detached parties of the Sikhs. Since then it had been strongly occupied, so as to leave no ground of alarm respecting this entre-port to the field of operations. General Cureton had since crossed some eight miles in advance of the right bank of the Ravee, with a strong brigade of cavalry and artillery, consisting of her Majesty's 3d Dragoons, the 5th and 8th Light Cavalry, two troops of European Horse Artillery, and one Native Artillery troop, with the 2d European Regiment, the 70th Native Infantry, and a regiment of Irregular Cavalry—so that this brigade may be regarded as the advanced line of our army.

Two forts of considerable strength in the Punjab, Moraree and Rungel Nungel, had been razed by our troops. At Mooltan, which is no longer the centre of insurrection, the recent division of the enemy's forces had been dictated at least as much by the rivalry and distrust of each other, natural in the Sikh character, as by any policy of separate and wide-spread attack. Chuttur and the Dewan are now said to be bidding against each other for the levy of insurgents, and the Dewan has had the worst of the speculation. It is mostly by the defection of troops from Mooltan that Chuttur Singh has increased his forces. The Dewan however, at present, showed a front bolder than ever. The few stores that have reached General Whish's camp had been in great danger from his cavalry, who were continually hovering on the flanks of our position, ready for any species of annoyance. The Dewan, too, had lately been successful in the manufacture of rockets, at least as regards their number and range, although the explosion could not be rightly timed, so as to alight in the camp. He also opened masked and sunk batteries to play upon the camp, and in several instances had nearly accomplished his design. General Whish, however, and his gallant assistants, Edwardes and Cortlandt, made the game a losing one for the Dewan. Heavy cannonades, and the fire of shrapnel and congreves, especially from Edwardes and Cortlandt's camp, were frequently kept up on the enemy's position for many hours, and excepting the rockets, which were not much better than the Dewan's, our projectiles had mostly told with good effect. Edwardes was likely to be detached from the force before Mooltan to his old position of observation in Bannoo.

Maharajah Gholab Singh had marched a body of his troops against Chuttur Singh.

## CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &amp;c.

## CAMBRIDGE.

Dec. 16.

PRIZE SUBJECTS.—Prince Albert, Chancellor of the University, being pleased to give annually a gold medal, for the encouragement of English poetry to such resident undergraduate as shall compose the best ode or the best poem in heroic verse; the Vice-Chancellor has this day given notice that the subject for the present year is "Titus at Jerusalem." The exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor on or before March 31, 1849, and are not to exceed 200 lines in length. The subject for the Marquis Camden's gold medal, for Latin hexameter verse, for the present year is—

Coorta est  
Seditio, seditioque animis ignobilis vulgus.

The representatives in Parliament for this University being pleased to give annually four prizes, of 15 guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, the subjects for the present year are announced to be: For the Bachelors—"Baconus an Newtonus in philosophia feliciter elaboraverit, scriptis eorum inter se collatis, quærendum est." For the Undergraduates—"Carli sunt parentes, carli liberi, propinqui, familiares; sed omnes omnium caritates patria una complexa est." IV. Sir William's Browne's three gold medals: the subjects for the present year are—For the Greek ode, "Cassandra;" for the Latin ode, "Maurorum in Hispania imperium;" for the Greek epigram, "παρθὸν δὲ τὴν νῆπιον ἔχουσα;" for the Latin epigram, "Sus Minervam." The Porson prize is the interest of £400 stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident undergraduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is (Shakspeare) "Julius Cæsar," act 1, scene 1; *Mar.* "Wherefore rejoice" (to the words) "most exalted shores of all."—N.B. All the above exercises are to be sent in to the Vice-Chancellor privately. Each is to have some motto prefixed, and to be accompanied by a paper sealed up, with the same motto on the outside, which paper is to enclose another, folded up, having the candidate's name and college written within. The papers containing the names of those candidates who may not succeed will be destroyed unopened. Any candidate is at liberty to send in his exercise printed or lithographed. No prize will be given to any candidate who has not at the time of sending in the exercises resided one term at the least.

THE Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of churches held, on Monday last, their second meeting for the present season. The following grants were made in aid of the erection of new churches:—At Rye Harbour, Sussex; at Chesterton, near Newcastle, Staffordshire; and at Blyth Marsh, near Stone, same county. Chesterton is one of the newly-endowed districts, having a population of 2000 persons, situated from two to three miles from the nearest church. Blyth is a district now forming from portions of the parishes of Dillhorne and Blurton, containing about 900 inhabitants. A grant was also made to assist in the erection of a new church at Clophill, in Bedfordshire, to be used in lieu of the present church, which is inconveniently situated, and at a considerable distance from a great majority of the population in that parish.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH.—The examination of the gentlemen cadets forming the practical or senior class, and studying in the Royal Arsenal, took place in the hall of that academy on Monday. Major-General J. B. Parker, C.B., R.A., Lieutenant-Governor of the Institution, officiated as Governor of the Board of Examiners. The gentlemen cadets passed a very creditable examination, and twenty passed for commission. The regulation sword, for general good conduct and proficiency in studies, was awarded to Mr. W. Crossman; and various other prizes of books, mathematical instruments, &c., were distributed to other students. It is supposed that the whole of the gentlemen who passed on this occasion will be gazetted to the corps of Royal Artillery, and none to the Engineers, as there are no less than 96 vacancies for Second Lieutenants, and three for First Lieutenants, in that corps.

DEPARTURE OF THE SQUADRON OF EXERCISE.—The squadron commanded by Sir C. Napier, and consisting of the following vessels, *St. Vincent* (flag), *Prince Regent*, *Powerful*, *Orestes*, *Stromboli*, *Reynard*, *Plumber*, and *Rifleman*, weighed anchor on Sunday morning last, at Portsmouth, and sailed at nine o'clock. The *St. Vincent* took the lead, and by eleven o'clock the squadron was outside the Nab light vessel, and making an apparently straight course down the Channel. The wind changed about noon, almost direct into port, and it was expected the squadron would make a run for it if it seemed likely to continue; this change kept the squadron in view of Portsmouth until nearly sunset, when the wind again returned to the S.E., which enabled the fleet to stretch away down Channel favourably. It is said there will be no more ships commissioned this year; but at the commencement of the next, the *Arrogant*, 46 guns, auxiliary steam-frigate, will be commissioned by Captain Fitzroy, and the *Centaure*, steam-frigate, by Captain Buckle, both at Portsmouth. At the present moment, the *Superb*, 80-gun ship, at Portsmouth, is the only ship fitting out at any of the home ports.

PEMBROKE DOCKYARD.—The Board of Ordnance have decided upon the erection of two martello towers, for the better defence of this important naval station. This has been undertaken at the instance of the Committee on Fortifications; and Mr. Rigby, the contractor, has commenced his preparations for the construction of these defences. These towers, it should be explained, are circular buildings, consisting of two stories, the upper one, which is shell-proof, being appropriated for the reception of the troops, and the lower one for the stores. A parapet protects the men while working the guns, which are placed on traversing carriages, so as to command all the approaches. Positive orders have been received at this yard respecting the discontinuance of firewood, hitherto allowed to the resident officers. This has been done on the recommendation of the Finance Committee. None whatever is to be supplied for the future; and for any furniture or fixtures that may be required in the officers' dwellings, a percentage must be paid to Government.—It is believed that some of the buildings hitherto occupied for the packet service at Hobb's Point will, for the future, be appropriated to the use of the Coast Guard; and that the preventive station at Pembroke will then be removed to Angle.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has notified that, at the end of 14 days from Tuesday last, he will issue out his warrant to the Clerk of the Crown, to make out a writ for the election of a member for the borough of Truro, in the room of Edmund Turner, Esq., deceased.

## THE AURORA OF NOV. 17, 1848, IN PORTUGAL.

(From a Correspondent.)

On the evening of Friday, Nov. 17, 1848, a most splendid Aurora was visible here (Oporto), and caused a good deal of consternation among the inhabitants, who looked on it as a precursor of the cholera. The phenomenon commenced soon after sunset, and reached its maximum of brilliancy about 8 p.m., at which time the whole of the northern half of the heavens up to the zenith was one blaze of rose-coloured light, with columns of bright flame which constantly shifted their position. From this time the splendour of the Aurora gradually decreased, until, at 11 p.m., only a faint light lingered along the northern horizon. It is worthy of notice that, before sunset, some magnetic needles, used in some levelling operations in the neighbourhood, were observed to be greatly disturbed. The day had been very fine and sunny, but cold, and the wind north. I am not aware that the barometer showed any unusual fluctuations.

At Madrid, the Aurora also presented a most splendid appearance, and the papers state that the common people there called it "The triumphant advent of the cholera."

The same evening, at Huelvas, a serious accident occurred. In one of the churches there, the preacher, by a singular coincidence, had been impressing on his congregation the signal vengeance which had overtaken the Cities of the Plain, when "the Lord rained fire from heaven upon them." As the congregation dispersed, those who first went out—struck with the unusual (and, to them, most alarming) appearance which the Aurora presented—rushed back into the church, shrieking "The end of the world—the end of the world! God is raining fire upon us!" The scene of confusion which followed was dreadful, and many persons were thrown down and trampled upon by the terrified crowd, who pressed towards the altar as the only place of safety.

Oporto, Dec. 7th.

## COUNTRY NEWS.

## STORM AND LOSS OF LIFE.

A storm on Friday week did much damage in many parts of Scotland. At Glasgow, it blew a gale which continued for several hours with little intermission, causing considerable devastation to house and other property. The parapet wall of the bridge which crosses the Glasgow Harbour and General Terminus Railway, on the Paisley-road, near the city, was blown over upon the road, by which two men were killed on the spot, and another so severely injured that he died shortly afterwards. The wall itself was only some three or four feet high; but on it was raised a fence of iron plates to screen the engines from horses passing along the bridge, to prevent their shying. This presented a large surface to the wind, which blew down the railway line, and caused the whole to tumble with a crash. The falling of chimney-tiles, &c. from the roofs, inflicted severe wounds on several passengers along the streets. A great many of the street lamps were broken by the wind and the falling fragments coming upon them; and the streets were strewn with broken chimney cans, the lids of the lamps, and even large iron smoke-jacks, rolling about in all directions. In several streets, especially in the outskirts of the city, wooden and brick partitions were thrown down, and watchmen had to be placed at the respective places to keep passengers from falling over the rubbish. About midnight the wind somewhat abated.

At Edinburgh the force of the wind dislodged many chimney-pots and slates in various parts of the town, which fell on the streets, to the imminent danger of the passengers, some of whom were hurt. Upon the line of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, a large portion of the poles and wires of the Electric Telegraph Company were blown down at the viaduct over the Almond, which occasioned the interruption of the communication by telegraph to Glasgow.

At Aberdeen the hurricane was particularly violent, and loss of life and considerable damage to property was the result. At the new Gas Works, shortly after ten o'clock, the roof of the retort-house, which was constructed with an iron frame, and covered with slate, was suddenly jerked up at the south side, fell with a crash, and was smashed into fragments. There were eight men in the retort-house at the time, all stokers, engaged in charging the furnaces. One of the roof beams and a quantity of the roofing fell upon an old man named G. Murray, who was at the moment hurrying a barrow, and killed him on the spot. Another, C. Clark, had his leg broken; and a third, A. Low, had his arm dislocated and his head cut. The other five men escaped uninjured. The cause of their escape was, that a portion of the broken roof remained leaning against the south wall, near to which the five men were standing. In less than fifteen minutes Clark and Low, and the dead body of Murray, were extricated from the ruins. This was a work of extreme difficulty, as the wreck of the roof continued to be driven about by the wind with great violence. A large quantity of strong new paling, lately erected at the Chemistry Works, Links, was torn down and carried away a distance of twenty or thirty yards into a field, by the force of the wind; and several houses were injured.

Along the Irish coast there was much damage done. The *Grouler*, Attridge, from New York to Waterford, with Indian corn, was totally lost in Whiting Bay, near Youghal. The crew were saved. A foreign brig laden with oil and oranges, from the Mediterranean, was totally wrecked in Dunbeg Cove, near Kinsale; the crew, fifteen in number, were all lost. Two French vessels went on shore in Tramore Bay, Waterford; one, the *D'Artagnan*, a lugger, was expected to be got off. A French brigantine, the *Joinville*, went also on shore. These vessels were laden with wheat for Waterford. Other disasters are reported along the coast.

BANK OF MANCHESTER.—On Monday a meeting of the proprietors in the late Bank of Manchester was held at the Albion Hotel in that city, to receive the report of a committee appointed at a late meeting to consider the propriety of returning a dividend to the shareholders on their giving an indemnity out of the surplus assets, after payment of all liabilities, of 8s. per share; and to empower the directors to purchase shares held by trustees who are not shareholders. A report from four of the five members on the committee recommending those measures, and also that the consideration of the question of the resumption of business by the bank be postponed until the next annual meeting, under a strong persuasion that more favourable circumstances might then exist for a prudent determination upon it, was then agreed to. Mr. Stiel (of the firm of Crafts and Stiel, the American house), a member of the committee, having dissented from the report agreed to by the other members, his opinion was read, in which he declared that with the countenance and confidence of a majority of the shareholders, a larger percentage could be realised in carrying on the business without making a call, than if the capital was five times larger; but a return of eight shillings per share, or any part of the funds, would be utterly destructive of its prospects and success, and of all chance of ever beginning business again; and he therefore recommended that the opinion of each shareholder, as to the propriety of resuming business, of dissolving the bank, or making a return should be ascertained after they had had an opportunity of considering the reports, and the discussion consequent thereon, and that another special general meeting should be called as soon as the answers had been received. A motion made by Mr. Stiel that a copy of the two reports be printed and sent to each proprietor, together with a copy of the indemnity they would be required to sign before receiving a return of 8s. per share, was likewise agreed to, together with a further motion, empowering the directors to return 8s. per share to such proprietors as should agree to sign the indemnity. A motion was then put, empowering the directors to give 15s. per share for all shares held by trustees, executors, and others, who are not proprietors. The chairman explained that the number of such shares was 7000 out of 50,000, and that the payment of this money, which was to relieve trustees from responsibility as soon as possible in a concern where they had no power to vote or act in any way, would not retard the payment of the other 8s. Agreed to. The question of the resumption of business by the bank thus stands adjourned; but it came out, in the course of discussion, that two of the principal directors, Mr. Chappell and Mr. Potter (Mayor of Manchester), were indisposed to hold shares in the bank if resuscitated.

FINANCIAL REFORM.—On Saturday a meeting of merchants and others was held in the Assembly-hall, Leith, for the purpose of considering the expediency of forming a Financial Reform Association, similar to those lately established in Liverpool, Edinburgh, and other large towns. Provost McLaren occupied the chair. Mr. Berry, merchant, moved the following resolution:—"That this meeting now form themselves into an association for the purpose of adopting measures to press on the Government, by petition and otherwise, the absolute necessity to retrenchment in the expenditure of the country, in so far as such can be effected with a due regard to the maintenance of the national credit and efficiency of the executive." The motion was seconded by Mr. Mitchell, merchant, and unanimously agreed to. A committee was then appointed to conduct the affairs of the society; and, on the motion of Mr. Philip, merchant, seconded by Bailie Ford, Provost McLaren was elected President; Messrs. Berry and Stevenson, Vice-Presidents; and Mr. William Thompson, Exchange-buildings, Secretary of the Association.

FLOODS.—Some thousands of acres of young wheat are covered with water in the counties of Hants, Berks, and Wilts. Where the floods have subsided, it is feared the germ has been destroyed, and that much will have to be sown with either wheat or spring corn. In many places where the land is heavy but part of the fields have been ploughed and manured; nor is it possible that they can be now for weeks to come. Many pieces of turnips and mangold wurtzel have been also inundated, and much injured by the wet, between Winchester and Bishopstoke, and all along to Salisbury the rivers have overflowed their banks, and done serious injury. The embankments on the South-Western Railway in some parts have also been much injured from the same cause; yet, through timely diligence and attention, no serious delay nor accident has occurred through the same.

LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN EDINBURGH.—A meeting of the Spottiswoode Society has been summoned, with a view to its dissolution. The society was instituted for the purpose of re-publishing the writings of the Scotch episcopalian divines, and it was in answer to one of the Spottiswoode publications that the Duke of Argyll wrote his recent work on "Presbyterianism." The Woodrow Society, which commenced prior to the Spottiswoode, and issued works connected with Presbyterian literature, is also about to be abandoned. The Calvin Society, restricted to the works of Calvin; and the Spalding Club, limited to the archaeology of the northern counties, still go on.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.—The *Perth Advertiser* says:—"On Sabbath night a number of the disciples of Joe Smith were observed wending their way through the town, as if bent on some special purpose; the little company by the adhesion of the wonder-seekers as they went along, was soon augmented into a crowd that continued to enlarge till it reached the side of the river on the North Inch, where it halted, when two men and a woman, after being surrounded by their respective friends, began to strip in the moonlight, and were forthwith led into the Tay in succession, and severally baptised in the new faith by immersion."

## EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The Magistrates of Norwich have finally committed James Blomfield Rush for trial at the next assizes on the charge of murdering Mr. Isaac Jermy and Mr. Jermy Jermy. On Tuesday the Coroner's Jury, at its sixth adjournment, returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Rush, who thus stands committed on both the Magistrate's and the Coroner's warrants.

On Monday last the official declaration of the poll at the West Riding (Yorkshire) election was made in Wakefield, when the result announced by the Under-Sheriff was—For Edmund Denison, Esq., 14,743; Sir Culling Eardley Eardley, Bart., 11,795; majority for Mr. Denison, 2948. He therefore declared Mr. Denison duly elected a knight of the shire for the West Riding of the county of York.

At the Richmond Police-office, on Saturday, Samuel Heeley, the driver of the Vulture engine, was charged with the manslaughter of Richard Perry, at Richmond, on the 17th of November last, by being the cause of a collision. The prisoner, who was severely injured by the collision, and not able to appear at the examination of Watkins, the fireman, was committed for trial.

On Sunday morning, a sermon, on behalf of King's College Hospital, was preached at the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, M.A. In the course of a very energetic appeal, the reverend gentleman warmly advocated the claims of the charity, which, "during the past twelve months, had distributed its benefits to more than 17,000 individuals suffering under the various diseases and casualties of humanity," and at the conclusion of divine service a liberal collection was made.

On the Chester and Holyhead the directors have issued orders that the clocks at all the stations shall be regulated by the celebrated Craig-y-Don gun, which is 16 min. and 30 sec. after Greenwich time. This cannot fail to prove of great inconvenience to travellers.

The next mail for India *via* Marseilles will be closed at the General Post-office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, on this evening (the 23rd instant). This alteration has become necessary in consequence of the 24th (the usual day for the despatch of this mail) falling on Sunday, and the day following being Christmas Day.

Mr. Smith, of Deanston, it is understood, is to be appointed one of the superintendents inspectors under the General Board of Health. It is expected that, from his knowledge of practical agriculture, his services will be specially applied to those cases where the appropriation of the refuse of towns to agricultural production, and the prevention of the pollution of natural streams, are the more prominent measures required.

Thursday (last week) was observed as a day of fasting and humiliation throughout Scotland, on account of the prevalence of the cholera. The places of worship were all open, and the services were well attended.

The gamekeeper of G. Salvin, Esq., of Croxdale Park, Durham, has been committed for killing a poacher.

Queen Anne's Bounty was distributed on Monday, according to ancient custom at the Royal Almonry Office in Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall. Nearly 700 poor persons (the majority being widows of good character and well recommended), resident in the metropolis, were the recipients. Each individual received 5s.

The directors of the principal railways have perfected arrangements, by which the public will be able to avail themselves of the double-journey tickets during the entire Christmas holidays. The issues on the 23rd or intervening days will be made available up to the 26th; and on the 30th up to the 2nd of January inclusive. The Christmas Day time-tables on most lines are the same as Sundays.

Four sergeants of the 31st Regiment have been drowned by the overturning of a boat at Athlone.

The American packet-ship *New World* having, within the last few days, arrived at Liverpool, the Humane Society of that town at once notified to Captain Knight their desire to present him with their gold medal, and others of his crew with suitable rewards, in acknowledgment of their services on the occasion of the burning of the *Ocean Monarch*. Captain Knight, however, declined, on conscientious principles, to accept the honorary distinction intended him. He had only done his duty, and wished no reward for it.

The High Sheriff of the Queen's County, who had a writ to execute for £23,000 against the property of the Duke of Buckingham, in that county, has made a return of £4, the property having been previously conveyed away to trustees.

It is expected that Abbas Pasha, aware of the inefficiency in the several cotton manufactories now at work in Egypt, and the great expenditure they give rise to with but little profit, will abolish them all, which will be acknowledged a very judicious step by all who understand the prosperity of Egypt.

Mr. Peel has closed his canvass of the borough of Leominster, and issued another address to the electors, in which he says:—"Some weeks will probably elapse before a new writ can issue, and the election can take place. For the present, therefore, I take my leave of you, with the earnest hope that those friends who have so actively exerted themselves in my favour will continue their exertions until I can again visit you, and will thus confirm the sanguine expectations of ultimate success which you have entitled me to form."

The arrivals of oranges are now taking place in large quantities, and are a welcome addition to the supplies of various kinds of fruits for the approaching festive season of the year.

The public are cautioned against the renewed attempts at imposition by the notorious Joseph Ady. Alderman Woolmer, of Exeter, has recently received one of his epistles, referring to his having obtained £10,000 for Sir Herbert J. Fust, and offering, for a remittance of £1, to interfere in a similar case, "only not so much money."

We see, by the *South Australian Register* of July 19, that the *Sibella*, Captain Colman, which left Plymouth on the 6th of April, with emigrants, anchored safely in the port of Adelaide on the preceding Sunday morning, having made the passage in 101 days.

While an old gentleman named Nottage was at chapel on Sunday morning last, at Saffron Walden, some thieves entered his house and stole £170. On retiring with their booty, they had the profaneness to write in chalk on the door—"Watch while you pray."

Alderman Hooper, the late Lord Mayor of London, has received a gratifying testimonial from the French National Guards, who a short time back experienced his hospitality at the Mansion House. On Monday last, Mr. Weale, of Holborn, waited upon the Alderman with a splendid copy of Mr. Hector Horeau's "Panorama d'Egypte et de Nubie," with proof impressions of the plates, as a gift from the author, one of the Garde National de Paris, and one of those who had experienced so much kindness and attention at his hands.

The refuse of the streets of Paris now sells for 500,500f., when sold by auction in the mass, and for 3,600,000f. when, after having lain in the receptacles until fit for manure, it is sold by the cubic foot. In 1823 the streets of Paris were leased for 75,000f. per annum; in 1831 the value was 166,000f.; and since 1845 the price has risen to the sum first named, viz. 500,500 francs: from this must be deducted the expense of cleansing the streets.

A line of packets between Dublin and New York, to be called the Shamrock Line, will henceforward sail regularly.

Mr. Baines, Q.C., it is understood, will succeed the late Charles Buller at the head of the Poor-law Board.

Her Majesty in Council has been pleased to appoint the Rev. W. Kennedy, M.A.; the Rev. H. L. Jones, M.A.; and T. W. Marshall, Esq., to be three of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint John Gregory, Esq., to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Bahama Islands and their dependencies.

The Emperor of Russia has lately presented to Sir W. Snow Harris, F.R.S., a magnificent ring, richly set in diamonds, and further embellished with the imperial cypher, as a mark of his Majesty's high sense of the value of Sir W. Snow Harris's scientific labours.

No less than 400 married couples have been separated *quant aux biens*, by the Royal Court of Jersey, during the last ten years.

A gentleman of Bristol, a dissenter, has offered to bring from Caen 100 tons of stone, freight free, for the restoration of St. Mary's, Redcliffe, in commemoration of the transfer of the Bristol Docks to the Corporation, and the consequent great diminution of the dock dues.

It is reported that one of the first acts of the new President of the French Republic will be to create General Cavaignac a Marshal of France.

Forty-five out of 60 stockbrokers voted for Prince Louis Napoleon, and but 15 for General Cavaignac.

A number of workmen are at present engaged in laying down, in the E. and vestibule of the Town-hall, Liverpool, a beautiful floor of encaustic tiles, manufactured at Stoke-upon-Trent. It forms a splendid tessellated pavement, with the Liverpool arms in the centre, and a variety of rich patterns filling up the entire space.

Accounts from Upper Egypt and Cairo state that an extensive mine of good coal had been positively found in the vicinity of the town of Esneh, on the Nile.

The opening of the railway from Lincoln to Hull took place on Monday last. It is part of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire system, and furnishes a direct route from Hull to Lincoln, and, by means of the Nottingham and Lincoln line, to Derby, Leicester, Birmingham, and the Midland district of England.

The Congress or Conference to be held at Brussels on the affairs of Italy will not take place immediately, as has been stated, having been postponed until after the proclamation of the President of the French Republic. These Conferences will be attended by the representatives of England, France, and Austria, the two former as mediating powers; and on the Italian side by the representatives of Naples, the Holy See, Sardinia, and Tuscany. The princes of Modena and Parma will be represented by the Austrian plenipotentiary. As yet only France, Sardinia, and England have named their representatives.

Mr. Hudson is about to take in hand the entire completion of the docks at the Tyne, which will give to the York, Newcastle, and Berwick a perfect water terminus.

The first visit that Abbas Pasha, the new ruler of Egypt, paid on his arrival at Cairo was to his grandfather, Mehemet Ali, who was much gratified with this mark of attention, which contrasted greatly with the deportment of Ibrahim Pasha, who from the time that the old man fell into his present childish state never went near him.





GAETA, THE PRESENT ABODE OF THE POPE.

## THE POPE AT GAETA.

The flight of the Pope to Gaeta, a town and seaport, containing 10,000 inhabitants, in the Neapolitan territory, has already been detailed in our Journal of the 9th inst. We are now enabled, by an obliging Correspondent, to present our readers with a view of the town and harbour, sketched from the ruins of Cicero's Villa, at Mola.

A letter in the *Times* of Wednesday gives some interesting particulars of the Pope's sojourn at Gaeta, where his Holiness remains for the present, as the foreign diplomatists insist on his not leaving the immediate frontier, and as hopes are still entertained by France and Spain that he will select one of the steamers as a refuge. Meanwhile, the King of Naples is not idle on his part, and his Majesty and the Royal Family pass the greater part of their time at Gaeta, not only out of respect for their illustrious guest, but, it is presumed, for the purpose of watching the manœuvres of the allies. The Correspondent adds:—

"The anxiety to obtain the Pope is not confined to the King of Naples and the representatives of France and Spain; and I see that the Provisional Government of Rome are anxiously desiring his return. A deputation came to the frontier on Saturday to implore his Holiness to restore his person to the care of his beloved subjects; but the Pope refused to receive them, and the gentlemen were not allowed to cross the line. I am told the Minister of France complained that the deputation was so unceremoniously treated: but the officer

in charge showed him an order written by Cardinal Antonelli, Chamberlain to the Pope, in which it was expressly and formally stated that he was determined not to communicate, directly or indirectly, with an usurping Government. It is said at Rome, and may be said at Paris, that the Pope, in consequence of the deputation being sent back, is under duress by the King of Naples; but the order was written by the proper officer, and the foreign Ministers at Gaeta are the best witnesses of his perfect freedom. I have seen letters of yesterday from Rome, which state that this determination had created a great sensation among the friends of the Provisional Government. The diplomatic circle at Gaeta is strengthened by the arrival of M. de Boutenief and M. de Pareto, the one the known Russian Minister, the other the Sardinian Envoy, and by the Prussian *chargé*, the Baron Kanitz, and the Belgian, M. de Ravenstein. No less than 29 cardinals have also arrived, and the Pope has been enabled to hold a consistory. From every quarter the nobility, the gentry, and the people are flocking to receive the Papal benediction, and nearly the whole time of his Holiness is devoted to receiving the anxious crowds that implore his aid. What will the effect of his voluntary exile be, on Italy in particular, and on the Roman Catholic world in general? The consideration of these important points cannot be long deferred, but I find that to-day the general feeling is, that his Holiness will be recalled to Rome by a demonstration of the people being made in his favour, and that the armed intervention of no Italian or foreign power will be necessary."

## CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS AT ROME.

ONE of the most imposing ceremonies of the commemoration of this holy season takes place on Christmas Eve, at Rome, when (hitherto) the Pope has proceeded from his Palace of the Quirinal, in grand procession, to St. Peter's, in the form and state shown in the Illustration (sketched from the celebration of last year). The great variety of costumes and uniforms; the halberdiers, cross, and crozier-bearers; the Pope borne on high, wearing his triple crown; the priests of every rank and order; the blazing of torches, and the rising of clouds of incense—all combine to form a most picturesque scene, as the procession advances into the noble architectural Church of St. Peter.

The service performed in the choir is chiefly musical, and its solemnity is much heightened by the hour. Then follows the procession of the Cradle, consisting of the whole body of the clergy present, who proceed to a sort of cell, where the Cradle lies enshrined in a blaze of tapers, and guarded by groups of devotees. Thence it is borne with solemn chants to the Chapel of Santa Croce; a musical mass follows; lastly, the Cradle is deposited upon the altar; and the spectators retire, usually just as the dome of St. Peter's catches the first light of the morning; and the cupolas and spires which crown the Seven Hills rise on the eye above the dim mists of night, in which the city and its ruins are still involved.



MASS AT ROME ON CHRISTMAS EVE.





MATCH COURSING, NO. I.

## COURSING.

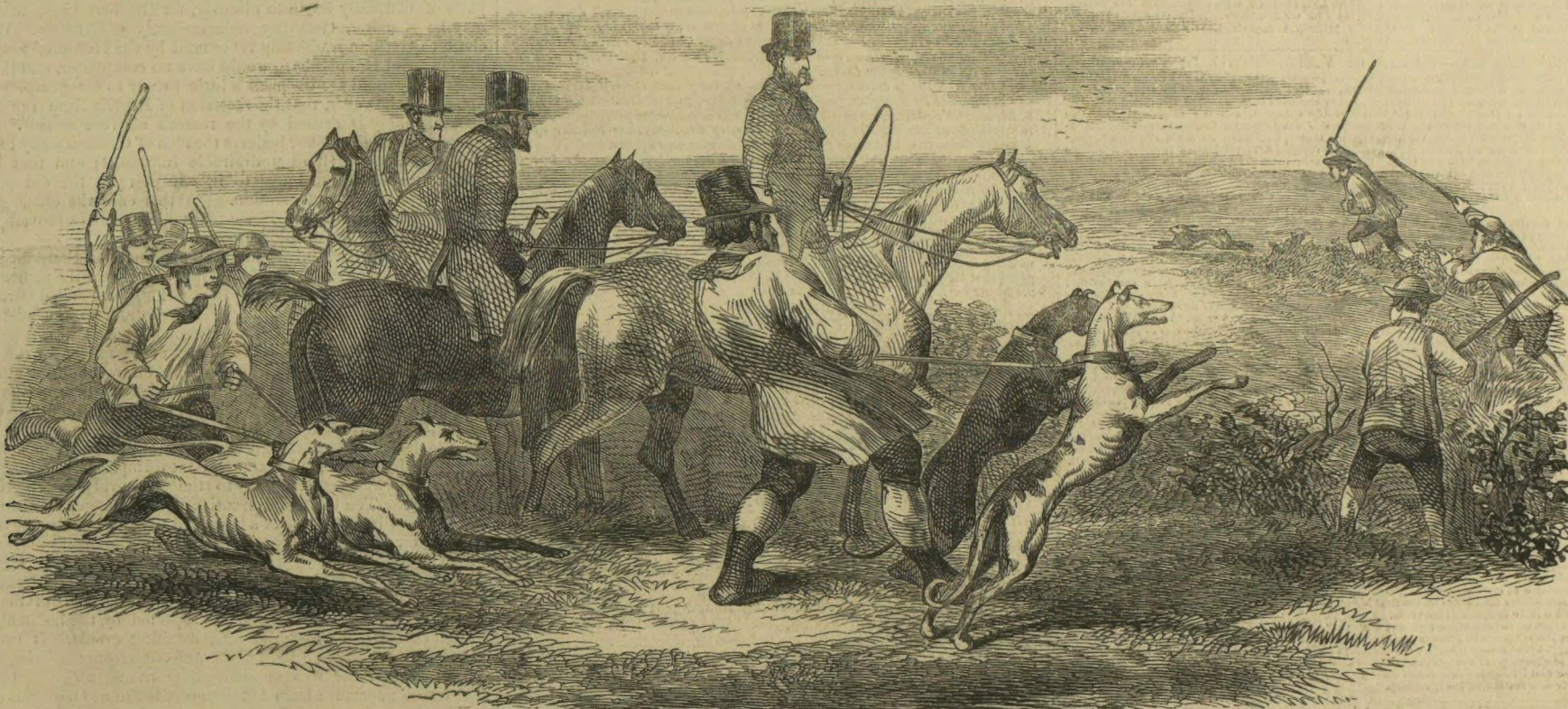
Philosophy!  
Wilt thou say that Life is short—  
That Wisdom loves not hunters' sport,  
But Virtue's golden fruitage rather,  
Hopes in cloister'd cells to gather?  
Gallant Greyhounds! tell her, here  
Trusty faith and love sincere—  
Here do grace and zeal abide,  
And humbly keep their master's side.—REV. E. W. BARNARD.

The fine sport of Coursing may be truly distinguished as "old English;" it is

as more ancient than horse-racing, and we may safely say in no country is the sport carried to such perfection as in England at the present day. The English greyhound, the dog used in the sport, is a perfect model of graceful action, of speed in running, and is altogether by far the finest of any breed of dogs, ancient or modern. The Engravings with this article represent what is called *Match Coursing*, on Epsom Downs. No. 1, is a Party on the Downs. No. 2, the Hare Finders; and the Slipper, who looses the Hare from the slip, when the judge gives the word "Go." No. 3, the Hare and Dogs at full speed. Mr. Blaine, in his "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports," says—"Match Coursing, it must

be confessed by all, offers a vivid picture. Its practice throughout is social and animating in the extreme; and, if its excitements are more transitory than those of the fox chase, they are certainly greater while they last, and, moreover, are usually repeated several times in the same day."

Match Coursing may be seen at many localities in the neighbourhood of London Hampton Court Park and Epsom Downs are both splendid places for the sport. Should any of our readers not have witnessed this interesting sight, we think they cannot do better during the Christmas holidays than take a trip to either of these places, when the "hounds are out." *Unmatched*, or private

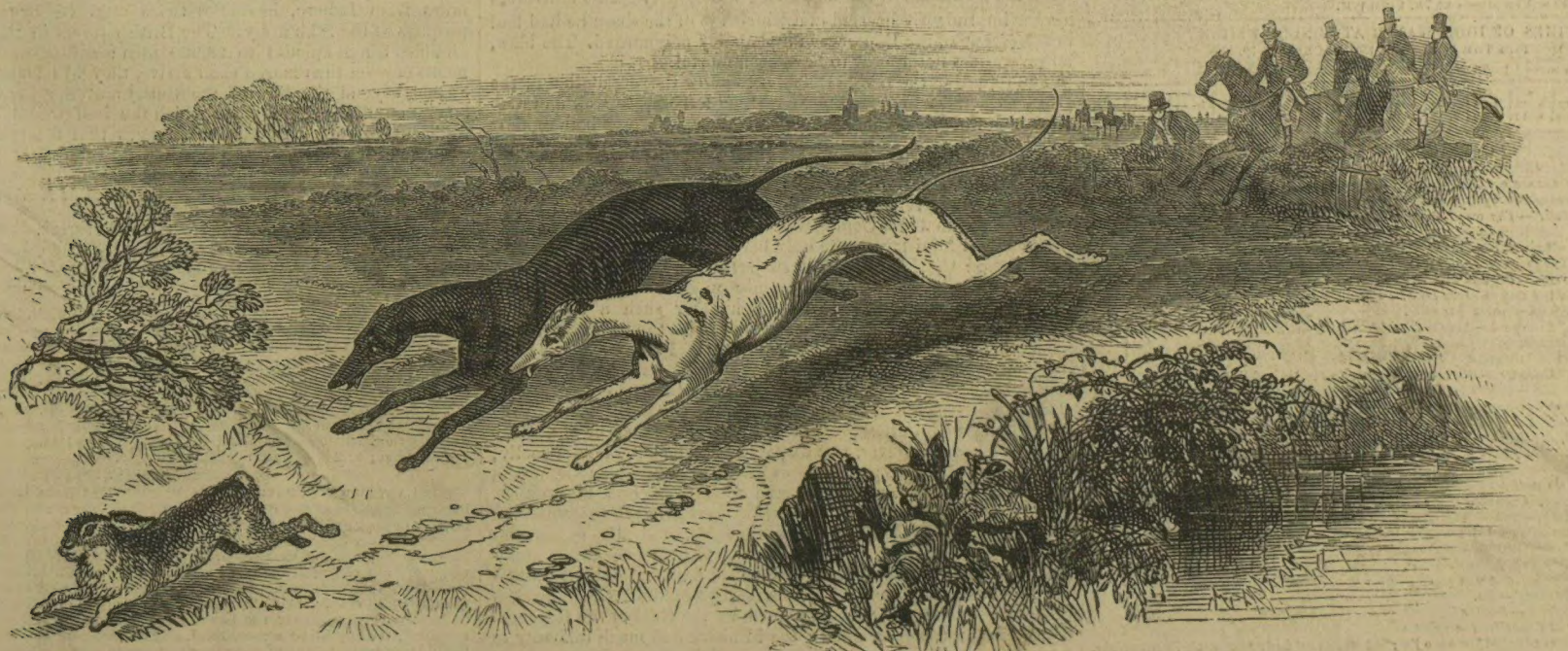


MATCH COURSING, NO. II.

*Coursing*, however, we think possesses greater attraction, and more sport; since it is not attended with difficulties of awards, sometimes very displeasing to individuals, nor with the mortification of seeing a favourite dog beaten in public.

With respect to the best sort of greyhound coursers should breed, there is a contrariety of opinions, as may be seen from the variety of size of the dog at Coursing matches. At Hampton Court, on Monday last, we saw, however, all

the South small-bred greyhounds beaten by two Lancashire dogs not two years old. We intend to resume our Illustrations of Coursing, with a view of Hampton Park, in a week or two.



MATCH COURSING, NO. III.



**ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.**—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. W. BATTY.—The most extraordinary Novelties for the Christmas Holidays in the Metropolis.—A Gorgeous Spectacle.—Brilliant Scenes of the Arena.—The Arabs in their Wondrous Performances.—And a new Comic Fantomime.—On TUESDAY, December 26th, 1848, the curtain will rise, at Seven o'clock precisely, to the new Magnificent Spectacle entitled the WARS OF THE JEWS; or, the Fall of Jerusalem, the Doomed City. To be succeeded by BATTY'S SCENES OF THE ARENA, supported by the first equestrian talent of the present day. To conclude with the new Equestrian Christmas Comic Fantomime, written by Mr. Nelson Lee, and entitled BOLD ROBIN HOOD; or, the Pretty White Horse and Enchanted Princess of Sherwood Forest. Produced on an unprecedented scale of grandeur, with entirely new Scenery, Dresses, Tricks, &c.—Box-office open from 11 till 5.—Stage Manager, Mr. W. West.

**NEW SURREY THEATRE.**—Lessee, Mr. SHEPHERD and Miss VINCENT.—This splendid new Theatre will OPEN for the Season on BOXING NIGHT, TUESDAY DEC. 26, 1848.—New Decorations, New Scenery, New Dresses, New Company, &c. &c.—When will be presented a Tragic Drama in Three Acts, written by Charles Webb, Esq., expressly for this Theatre, entitled THE SECRETARY; a Tale of Old Winchester Castle. Folly Varley, Mr. Lyon; Matthew Hard, Mr. Emery; Lord Wolsingham, Mr. H. Butler; John Peep, Mr. H. Widdicombe; Andrew Dorrington, Mr. Neville; Bottlenose Bustle, Mr. S. Smith; Gruel, Mr. J. Rogers; and Arthur Lester, Mr. Shepherd; Lady Vaudrey, Madame Ponisi; Patsypanny, Miss Lebart; Gertrude, Mrs. Morison Brooks; and Jessie Dorrington, Miss Vincent.—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, by the Company.

To conclude with a Grand Comic Christmas Fantomime, which will be produced on a scale of magnificence hitherto unprecedented, to be called HARLEQUIN LORD LOVEL; or, Lady Nancy Bell and the Fairies of the Silver Oak. Lord Lovel (afterwards Harlequin), Herr Duellin; Baron Allamain (afterwards Pantaloon), Mr. J. B. Johnstone; Lady Nancy Bell (afterwards Clown), the inimitable Tom Matthews, the celebrated Clown from the Theatres Royal Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden; Mistress Alice (afterwards Columbine), Mdlle. Theodore.

**LOVE'S POLYPHONIC ENTERTAINMENTS.**—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—On TUESDAY, Dec. 26, Mr. LOVE will give an ENTERTAINMENT at the Assembly Rooms, Kensington; on Wednesday, Dec. 27, and Thursday, Dec. 28, he will appear at the Institution, 17, Edward-street, Portman-square; on Monday, Jan. 1, and Tuesday, Jan. 2, at the Albany Rooms, Bristol; on Wednesday, Jan. 3, at the Hall, Devizes; on Thursday, Jan. 4, at the Town Hall, Chippenham; on Friday, Jan. 5, and Saturday (morning), Jan. 6, at the Assembly Rooms, Bath; on Monday, Jan. 10, at the Institution, Leicester-square; on Wednesday, Jan. 17, at the British School Rooms, Brompton; on Thursday, Jan. 18, at the Lecture Hall, Tottenham; on Wednesday, Jan. 31, and Friday, Feb. 2, at the Star Rooms, Oxford; on Thursday, Feb. 1, at the Town Hall, Abingdon.—Begin, on each occasion, at 8.—First-class seats, 2s.; second-class seats, 1s.

**ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—DUMBLTON'S SERE-NADERS.—LAST WEEK BUT ONE.—This celebrated Troupe, whose Performances have excited universal admiration throughout the United States, will repeat their popular ETHIOPIAN ENTERTAINMENT at the above Theatre on WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 27, and FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 29. The Programme will include a variety of original Songs, Glees, &c., entirely new to this country, written and composed expressly for this company.—Doors open at Eight; the Entertainment to commence at half-past Eight.—Boxes, 4s.; Pit 2s.—Private Boxes and Stalls at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and at the Box-office of the Theatre.

**ROBERT-HOUDIN.**—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—M. ROBERT-HOUDIN will have the honour to repeat his extraordinary SOIREES FANTASTIQUES Every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS, until the end of the Christmas Vacations. The Programme will include numerous Experiments, entirely new, composed and invented by Robert-Houdin expressly for these performances.—Doors open at Eight. Boxes and Stalls may be secured at Mr. MITCHELL'S Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and at the Box-office of the Theatre.

**ROYAL CYCLOPORA AND MUSIC HALL, Albany-street.**—A new extensive building annexed to the Colosseum, OPEN on and after DECEMBER 26th with a colossal Moving Cyclopore, representing LISBON, and DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY BY EARTHQUAKE IN 1755. Designed and produced under the direction of Mr. Wm. Bradwell; painted by Messrs. Danson and Son. The Views will be illustrated by appropriate Music, by Mr. Pittman, on the new grand Apollonion, producing the effect of a full band. Open daily at 5; first representation, at half-past 3; second ditto, at 4; Evening at 7; first representation at half-past 7; second ditto at 9. A Grand Overture will precede each representation.—Admission 2s., reserved seats 3s. Children and Schools half price.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**  
**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—A Lecture on the Popular Subject of the ELECTRIC LIGHT, by Dr. Bachmayer, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evenings. Popular Lectures on CHEMISTRY, with Brilliant Experiments, by Dr. Ryan, daily, and on the evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. First Exhibition of an Entirely New Series of DISSOLVING VIEWS IN MEXICO AND SWITZERLAND, with Historical Descriptions. Child's PHANTASMAGORIA, with very curious New Effects, Mornings and Evenings. MICROSCOPE at One o'clock daily. NEW CIRCUITROPE. DIVER and DIVING-BELL. WORKING MODELS explained. Music directed by Dr. Wallis.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

**WALHALLA.**—SALLE DE VALENTINO, Leicester-square.—MONS. A. MUSARD.—The Public is respectfully informed that an engagement has been concluded with this celebrated Artist, as Musical Conductor, who will appear on MONDAY next, when will be performed some of Musard's most admired Compositions. The Band has been considerably enlarged, and is second to none in this country. It is composed of the first members of the following Orchestras:—The Philharmonic, Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian Opera, and Mons. Jullien's Promenade Concerts.—All the other attractions with which this delightful Terpsichorean Temple abounds as usual.—Doors open at half-past Seven; Overture commences at a quarter to Eight; Dancing at Eight precisely; and the whole to conclude at half-past Eleven.—Admission, One Shilling.

**WHITTINGTON CLUB AND METROPOLITAN ATHLETIC CLUB, 189, Strand.**  
This institution has been founded with a view to throw open to classes which have hitherto been debarred from their enjoyment those increased physical comforts, and facilities for moral and intellectual education, refined social intercourse, and rational recreation, which are the most attractive characteristics of modern civilisation, but which, in the absence of individual wealth, associated numbers alone can command. Its members thus enjoy the advantages of being able to make themselves more efficient and valuable in their respective occupations, while, at the same time, their hours of relaxation assume a double value from the opportunities afforded of spending them in a manner at once improving and delightful.

The various departments of the institution are now in full operation. The dining and recreation rooms (where the members may obtain dinner and refreshments at prices calculated merely to cover expenses, and free of gratuities to waiters), reading, news, chess, and smoking-rooms, are open from eight in the morning till night.

Classes are established for the study and practice of languages, chemistry, vocal music, elocution, mathematics, history and dramatic literature, discussion, fencing, dancing, &c. Weekly reunions are held every Monday evening, in the drawing-room, for conversation, music, and other amusements, to which the members are free, and every facility is afforded for such other studies and amusements as are demanded by the members.

**LECTURES.**—The following Lectures will terminate the Session 1848-49:—January, 4, 11, 18, 1849: Three Lectures on the Value and Importance of India as an Integral Part of the British Empire. By George Thompson, Esq., M.P.—January 25 and February 1, 1849: Two Lectures on the History of Secret Music in England during the 17th and 18th centuries. By Sir Henry R. Bishop, Prof. Mus. Oxon.—With vocal illustrations by the Misses Williams, Mr. A. Novello, and Mr. Williams.—February 8, 1849: One Lecture on Social Development. By the Rev. J. A. Baynes, B.A., of Nottingham.—February 15 and 22, 1849: Two Lectures on the Chemistry of the Sun's Rays. By Robert Hunt, Esq., author of "Researches on Light." "The Poetry of Science," &c.—March 1, 8, 15, and 22, 1849: Four Lectures on Palestine or the Holy Land. By James Silk Buckingham, Esq.—March 27, 29, April 3, 5, 10, 12, 1849: Six Lectures on the Physical Structure of the Solar System. By a distinguished Astronomer, with whom negotiations are in progress.—April 19 and 26, 1849: Two Lectures on Things Not Seen. By George Dawson, M.A., of Birmingham.

The members have free admissions to the Lectures, of which detailed syllabuses may be had on application at the Institution.

The Assemblies take place on the first Monday of each month till May inclusive, and the Concerts will be resumed at intervals.

Subscriptions.—Gentlemen residing, or having a place of business, within seven miles of the General Post-Office, two guineas yearly; gentlemen not within the above district, one guinea yearly. Ladies' subscription, half-a-guinea yearly. The subscriptions are also payable half-yearly or quarterly, at the option of the members. No entrance fee.

Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of becoming members, may obtain forms of application, and all other information, of the Secretary.

P. BERLAIN, Secretary.

#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 24.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.  
MONDAY, 25.—Christmas Day. New Moon at 4h. 22m. P.M.  
TUESDAY, 26.—St. Stephen.  
WEDNESDAY, 27.—St. John.  
THURSDAY, 28.—Innocents.  
FRIDAY, 29.—Silvester. The Moon and Venus are near together.  
SATURDAY, 30.—Venus sets at 7h. 21m. P.M.

#### TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 30.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
M 10 10 1 30	M 11 50 2 10	M 12 30 2 45	M 1 3 3 20	M 1 35 4 10	M 1 40 4 50	M 1 45 5 15

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Alpha."—To insure carefully-worked impressions on the Engravings in our Journal, we recommend you to order the Saturday's edition.

"Kirby Lonsdale."—The weather vane at Lloyd's has not been engraved in our Journal.

"Astrea" may obtain tickets to view Windsor Castle of Ackermann and Co., Strand.

"W. K. N."—The price of Taylor's work on "Singing" is 7s. 6d.

"A. P. Q." Survey.—The sun does not rise at the same precise time on either the longest or shortest day in every year.

"A. B. G." Lurgan.—About one mile.

"A Subscriber." Liverpool.—See the Christmas Song in the Supplement published with the present Number.

"An Old Subscriber" should apply to a stockbroker.

"An Admirer." Leicester.—See the intelligence in the United Service Magazine.

"Falstaff." Strand.—Apply by letter, respecting the Shakspeare House Fund, to Mr. Peter Cunningham, Audit-Office, Somerset-House.

"E. B. D." Dunstable.—Apply to the Norwich Union Reversionary Interest Society, Bridge-street, Blackfriars.

"A Reader." Dublin; and "An Old Subscriber." Kingston.—We do not interfere in wagers.

"A. W."—We do not.

"A. E." Crathorn, is thanked.

"Antrim Quaker."—Apply to the Registrar of your district.

"T. P."—See the advertisements. The passage in question is in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and quoted from Scripture.

"G. L. A."—Inquire of a music-seller.

"G. F. C."—We cannot advise you.

"A Constant Reader."—No.

"S. M." Warford.—Declined.

"A Subscriber at Tours."—Ineligible.

"J. W." Devon, is thanked for his offer; but we cannot find room, or the Illustrations.

"P. Q."—We cannot quite receipts.

"J. W." West Bromwich.—The price of "Wilkinson on Australia" is 10s. 6d.

"J. P. J." Derby.—Declined.

"A Constant Reader."—The "National Cyclopædia" is a sound work. For price, &c., inquire at the publisher's, 90, Fleet-street.

"G. W." Lull.—We cannot spare time or room.

"G. P." Liverpool.—Apply to Ackermann and Co., Strand.

"D. E. R. F."—The article on music in the last published number of the Quarterly Review is, we believe, by Mr. George Hogarth.

"Evergreen."—The husband of Georgina Isabella, daughter of Sir George Francis Seymour, is Charles Corkran, Esq., of Long Ditton.

"W. A." will find it difficult to meet with a publisher for the Royal Table.

"T. A. D." Militaris.—The age of 21 is, we apprehend, too advanced. However, an application at the Horse Guards will ascertain the fact.

"An Old Correspondent."—It is impossible to fix the expense.

"G. F. S."—A second son is fully entitled to use his father's arms. The seal sent us is thus hereditarily described:—"Argent, on a bend, between two unicorns' heads, couped, azure, three lozenges, or." Crest, out of a ducal coronet or, a demi bull salient argent, attired of the first."

"C. le B."—An English newspaper passes through the General Post without a postage head. The person christened after a French Viscount is certainly not allowed, in consequence, to bear the title of Viscount either in England or France.

"A Country Reader."—The translation in the "European Library" contains all of Guizot's work that has been published. We believe that the course of lectures of which they form a portion were interrupted by the jealous interference of Charles X's Government; and that when Louis Philippe succeeded, Guizot was appointed Minister, and has had no time to complete them.

"Railroad."—The principal railway improvements are recorded, from time to time, in the "Mechanics Magazine."

"Lexicon."—Richardson's "English Dictionary," abridged.

"C. W." and "J. H." Nottingham.—Perch-a.

"R. S." Givendale.—We had not room for the Illustrations.

"C. L." Devizes.—Respectfully declined.

"A. W." is thanked, though we cannot spare room for the Shropshire Church.

"G. C." Gloucestershire.—See Fortune's "Guide to the Funds."

"A. M."—Received.

"H. H. H." must excuse our omitting his long note upon the Sea-Serpent.

"W. S." Drogheda.—Box wood, for engraving, may be had of Mr. Wells, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

"F. H. J." Lime-street.—Either.

"J. D." Northampton, is in error.

"A. Z." Bath.—We have not room.

"M. O. S." Chester.—The property can only be secured to the children by will, or legal settlement.

"All Hail." Winchester.—Address your letter to 15, Essex-street, Strand.

"J. R. T." Dublin.—All Acts of Parliament may be obtained through a bookseller.

"R. D. and Co."—The Lithographs have been received: we cannot engrave them.

"E. G. C. S."—Grammars and Dictionaries of the Irish language may be had of Duffy, 10, Wellington Quay, Dublin.

"Rienzo."—The "Christmas Lyric" will not suit.

"W. N."—See a little book, entitled "A Companion to the Ball-room."

"C. D." Manchester.—Received.

"Z."—In England, at the present time, Aristocracy, as the name of a class, is generally applied to the rich, as opposed to the rest of the community. Sometimes, however, it is used in a narrower sense, and is restricted to the nobility, or members of the peerage.

"Verax."—"A Constant Reader." Bridgewater; "A. B." Lyme Regis; "Fitz Mars;" "An American;" "M. A. H." Brighton; "W. W. W." Chelmsford; "S. H. G."—It does not fall within our province to reply to your questions, most of which are of no public interest.

"Christmas Day."—We regret that we cannot find room for this long poem; more especially as it partakes of the holier influences of the season.

"Anglo-Saxon."—See the "Irish Catholic Directory."

"G. B." Cheltenham.—We have not room.

"W. S."—The address of Mr. Macgregor, M.P., is Porchester House, Bayswater.

"Geraldine."—A new "Gazetteer" is announced for immediate publication.

"Sylvanus" is thanked.

"A Subscriber" should consult a solicitor respecting the mortgage.

"Isabelle."—The National Debt is owing by the aggregate of the people—by the nation—for whose benefit, real or supposed, it has been legally contracted. (See a good article upon the subject, in the "Penny Cyclopædia.")

"W. D. B."—The quotation, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," &c., is from Pope's "Essay on Criticism," 2nd part, 15th line from the beginning.

"A Subscriber."—The House of Commons is composed of 500 members for England and Wales, 105 for Ireland, and 53 for Scotland: in all, 658. Next week we will give an analysis of the Lords.

"Thacko."—Every information respecting the Military and County Service Club can be obtained by applying, personally or by letter, to the Honorary Secretary, 8, St. Martin's-place, Charing-cross. The Club is under the patronage of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Napier, the Earl of Cardigan, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and other distinguished noblemen and officers.

"X. Y. Z."—A son cannot quarter the arms of his mother, unless she was an heiress. If she were an heiress, the son is entitled to quarter not only her simple paternal coat, but all the quarterings her father was entitled to, and her mother, too, if that lady were an heiress.

"A Subscriber ab initio."—Professor Challis, at Cambridge, observed the external contact of Mercury with the Sun, at 11h. 5m. 30s.; and the internal contact at 11h. 6m. 47.8s., Greenwich mean time. The monthly notices of the Royal Astronomical Society have been hitherto confined to the Fellows. A notice has just been given that the present octavo half volume shall be sold to Fellows for 2s. 6d., and to the public for 5s.

A NEW COVER FOR VOL. XIII., with a Portrait of the new President of France, will be ready next week.

**NOTICE.**—The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS and SUPPLEMENT, for DECEMBER 23, 1848, are charged together ONE SHILLING, and cannot be had separately.

#### SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.

ON SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1849, WILL BE PUBLISHED

#### A SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

#### ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

With the First Number for the Year, commencing a New Volume—a favourable opportunity for commencing Subscribers.

This Journal may be had, by order, of any News-Agent or Bookseller; and may be received direct from the Office.

#### THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1848.

THE Revolution in the Pontifical States is proceeding with more quietude than might have been anticipated from so excitable a race as the modern Romans. The only act of violence that has occurred since the assassination of Count Rossi has been perpetrated upon the coachman of the Bavarian Ambassador. This individual having imprudently boasted in a wine-shop of the share he had had in the escape of the Pope, was immediately poignarded. The blow, however, does not appear to have been mortal.

The refusal of the King of Naples to allow the deputation of the Roman Chamber to enter the Neapolitan territory to seek an interview with the Pope created a bad feeling at Rome both against the Pope and the King of Naples. The deputation, though not allowed to communicate personally with the Pope, was permitted to address his Holiness by letter. It received a reply signed by the Pope's secretary, referring to the rescript of the 27th ult., by which the Pope nominated a Commission of Government, and displaced the Mamiani Ministry, as the only basis of any future understanding between the Pope and his subjects. When it is recollected that the members of this Commission had unanimously refused to act, it is difficult to account for such a reply. On the return of the deputation to Rome, the announcement seems to have excited both pity and anger. Its first result was to produce a junction between the two Chambers. An extraordinary conference having been called, the Prince de Canino, son of Lucien Bonaparte, proposed a direct rupture with the Sovereign, and the establishment of a Regency and a Provisional Government. The joint Assembly, however, was disposed to take matters more coolly; and the fiery Prince, who dreams of a Roman Republic, with a Bonaparte for its President, found none to second his motion. The Minister Galetti gave the Pope another chance of reconciliation with his subjects; and, as a step towards an amicable adjustment of existing differences, proposed that a Regency should be nominated to act during the Pope's absence, and that Cardinal Castracani, named by his Holiness in his rescript of the 27th as the chief of the Commission, should be named as the chief of the Regency. This point was long debated: the Ministry had much difficulty in persuading the exasperated members of the deputation to agree to any terms short of a rupture; but ultimately the resolution was agreed to. Cardinal Castracani, who belongs to one of the oldest, most illustrious, and most respected families of Italy, expressed his willingness to act, and despatched, in his own name, another deputation to the Pope at Gaëta.

Before, however, the answer could be obtained, the populace began to show signs of impatience. A Provisional Government was proclaimed in the streets, and acceded to by the Chambers. The Pope was declared to have forfeited his temporal power. One of the new Ministers addressed the people, stating that the only character in which the Pope would be permitted to return would be as Bishop of Rome, and that entrance to the city should be interdicted to all the cardinals and prelates. At present, therefore, there seems to be no other chance for a Papal restoration than the armed intervention of the Roman Catholic Powers. We should think that none of them will run the risk of the attempt.

THE proceedings of the Germanic Diet at Frankfort have lately excited but little attention. The events of Berlin and Vienna have been far more important, both upon the fortunes of Prussia and Austria individually, and upon those of Germany collectively. But now that the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, and the accession of a young, able, and popular Sovereign has removed one great difficulty in Austria, and that the success of the King of Prussia in the struggle in which he was involved with the Constituent Assembly has removed another difficulty still greater in the internal affairs of Prussia, the doings of the Frankfort Parliament have once more started into prominence. The question of German Unity, which it was called together to deliberate upon, again becomes a question exciting to the ambition of the King of Prussia. Between his partisans and those of the Emperor of Austria the leadership of Germany is being contested. It does not appear, however, that the Emperor of Austria himself has any ambition to compete for the questionable honour; on the contrary, it would seem that he desires to confine himself to his own dominions. He has refused to acknowledge the new German law relating to bills of exchange; to contribute towards the expense of building a German fleet—one of the most cherished objects of the German patriots who shout about the unity of Fatherland; and he has, moreover, recalled the Austrian Commissioner at the Customs Congress in Frankfort. During the sitting of the Assembly, on the 15th inst., it was announced that Herr Von Schmerling and Herr Von Wurth, the only Austrian members of the Cabinet of the Vicar-General of the Empire, had resigned. All these circumstances strengthen the belief that the new Emperor of Austria is more anxious to disconnect his Empire from Germany than to embarrass himself with the leadership of "Fatherland." To unite and consolidate the Empire of Austria, including its German, Slavonic, Magyar, and Italian dominions, is a task more worthy of the ambition and the energy of an Austrian Emperor than any success that could attend him in his efforts to be proclaimed nominal head of the Germans. The King of Prussia on his part is evidently preparing for such a result; and his partisans in Frankfort and other parts of Germany begin to discover, for the first time, that there may be a united Germany independently of Austria. Were all claim to German leadership renounced by the House of Hapsburg, the House of Brandenburg would have no competitor, and the King of Prussia would see his prize a little nearer to his grasp. It does not follow, however, that the secession of Austria from the Frankfort Assembly is caused by the reasons above specified. It may be that the new Emperor believes the idea of German unity to be one of impossible as well as undesirable fulfilment; and that he will give no further countenance to it, except upon the old principle of a Germanic Confederation. In this case the chances of the King of Prussia would not be greatly, if at all improved by the present proceedings of the Austrian Government.

A new Imperial Ministry has been appointed at Frankfort, under the Presidency of the Baron Von Gagern, perhaps the most eminent of the men whom the German Revolutions have called into public life. He has hitherto been supposed favourable to the pretensions of the King of Prussia. The statement which he made to the Assembly on resigning the Presidency of that body for the higher post of Minister of the Vicar-General, threw no light upon the Austrian difficulty that has arisen. Previous to hearing that statement, the Assembly passed a resolution to the effect that the Central Executive be authorised to dissolve the commercial and navigation treaties existing between single German States and Foreign Powers, to change those treaties, if necessary, into Imperial treaties, and to conclude new ones, subject to the approval of the National Assembly. The Central Executive was also urged to draw up, as soon as possible, the draft of a law for a general tariff and system of customs for Germany.

THE Overland Mail from India brings no decisive intelligence from the seat of hostilities in the Punjab. General Whish remained in his old quarters before Multan, as reported by the last mail; and Moolraj remained in his fortress, awaiting events. It turns out that the Rajah Shere Singh, whose defection from the British on the 14th of September was announced by the next succeeding mail, and whose departure from Multan on the 9th of October is already known, has not yet established communications with his father, Chuttur Singh. The latter is reported to be near Attock. The rumour, that their object was to make a combined attack upon Lahore, still found credence. The British resident in the capital was fully prepared for such a contingency. It seems that one of the two chieftains is hovering about the neighbourhood of the capital, and that a pontoon bridge established over the Ravee, at a few miles from Lahore, has been twice attacked by the advanced pickets of the Sikh army. The British forces in the territory of Dhuleep Singh amount to 28,000 men; and when the reinforcements now on their march shall arrive, they will amount to at least 36,000 beyond the line of the Sutlej and the Beas, with about 30,000 auxiliaries; a force of which the half would be more than sufficient to cope with all the strength that the rebellious Sikhs could muster against it.

#### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

##### HOUSE OF LORDS.—TUESDAY.

**FURTHER PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.**—This being the day to which Parliament stood prorogued, their Lordships met, shortly after two o'clock, for the purpose of further proroguing Parliament until Thursday, the 1st of February next, then to meet for the despatch of business.

The Lord Chancellor, Lord Langdale, and Lord Campbell, having taken their seats as the Lords Commissioners, Mr. Fulman, the Deputy-Usher of the Black Rod, summoned the Commons to the bar, to hear the commission for proroguing Parliament read; shortly after which, Mr. H. Ley, accompanied by several officers of the House of Commons, and only one member (the Hon. Mr. Campbell), appeared at the bar.

The Chief Clerk at the table having read the commission, The Lord Chancellor, in her Majesty's name, and by her Majesty's command, declared the Parliament prorogued to Thursday, the 1st day of February, to be then holden; and it was prorogued accordingly.

**THE LADY HEWLEY CHARITY.**—The Presbyterians have again renewed the litigation in this case, and their appeal is fixed to be heard on the 2nd of January next. On the 23rd of June, 1848, the solicitors for the Presbyterians had a joint consultation with their counsel, Mr. Swanston, Q.C., Mr. James Parker, Q.C., Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Mahns, and Mr. Borton, of whose opinion the following is a copy; viz. "We are of opinion that the decree of the Vice-Chancellor in this cause is erroneous, and that it would be reversed or materially altered on appeal." The Edinburgh Advertiser, which is the recognised organ of the Scotch Kirk, seems to have misgivings about the issue of this proceeding, and says that, if, as is supposed, the appeal be unsuccessful, and the Presbyterians are ordered to pay the Independents their costs, these may amount, in all probability, to about £800. But, in addition to these, the Presbyterians would have to pay their own costs, which would be £600 more. The Lord-Chancellor, if he should reverse the decision of the Vice-Chancellor, would most likely order costs of both sides to be paid out of the large funds in court; and, if he confirmed his decision, he might still do the same, or order the costs of the Independents to be paid by the Presbyterians. To provide for the worst, the Presbyterians are engaged in subscribing a guarantee fund.



## POSTSCRIPT.

LYNN ELECTION  
(BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.)

LYNN, Friday Evening.

The Hon. G. H. Stanley was this day duly elected a member for Lynn. The hon. gentleman was opposed by a Chartist member Dixon, but at the last moment the latter declined going to the poll, although the Mayor announced the show of hands to be in his favour. Mr. Stanley was not present; he is now travelling in America.

## LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

## FRANCE.

The new President of the Republic has announced to the National Assembly the constitution of his Cabinet, which is the same in every respect as that already published, with the exception that M. Bixio, instead of M. Bineau, is the Minister of Agriculture. Marshal Bugeaud has received the Command-in-Chief of the Army of the Alps; and General Changarnier is appointed—with the title of Commander-in-Chief of the National Guards of the Seine—to the command of the first military division, including the command of the Mobs, the National Guards, and the troops of the line in and around Paris. His head quarters are at the Tuilleries.

The Prince of Montfort (Jerome Bonaparte) has been appointed Governor of the Invalides. Jerome Bonaparte was at the Palais d'Elysée Bourbon on Wednesday evening, to receive the new President on his return from the National Assembly. On meeting they cordially embraced. The Prince de Montfort was greatly moved, and shed tears. It was on the same spot he had parted with the Emperor Napoleon for the last time, when he quitted Paris, after the battle of Waterloo.

On the same evening, the President gave his first dinner at the Palais d'Elysée Bourbon. It was attended by his Ministers, the immediate members of his family, and a few private friends.

PRUSSIA.—Advices from Berlin of the 19th inst. state the Government had resolved on prosecuting for high treason those Deputies who voted for the resolution refusing the payment of taxes, which was passed on the 15th of November. The order to the provincial authorities to forward the necessary evidence has been given.

## ITALIAN STATES.

ROME.—Later accounts than those already published state that there is no truth in the report that the Pope has been set aside. The Provisional Government established at Rome is appointed to act specifically "during the absence of the Pope from Rome."

## WEST INDIES.

By the *Great Western* steam-ship, which arrived at Southampton yesterday (Friday) morning, we learn that at Barbadoes the yellow fever had broken out among the troops. About one-third of the artillery, and a large proportion of the 66th regiment, had fallen victims.

At Demerara the crops were flourishing, the weather favourable, and very little sickness prevalent.

At Jamaica there was a good deal of sickness amongst the troops, and many deaths had occurred.

At Santa Lucia, also, sickness prevailed. Mrs. Darling, the wife of the Governor, was one of the victims.

## COURT AND HAUT TON.

On Sunday morning the Queen and Prince Albert, attended by Viscountess Canning, the Lady Caroline Coke, Viscount Elphinstone, Major-General Wemyss, and Colonel Bouverie, attended divine service at Whippingham Church. The service was performed by the Rev. T. Protheroe.

On Monday evening, Admiral Prescott, the Rev. T. Protheroe, and Col. Phipps had the honour of joining the Royal dinner party.

The members of the Royal Family take their usual early open-air exercise every morning.

RETURN OF THE COURT TO WINDSOR.—On Thursday, the Court returned to Windsor from Osborne. The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Royal children, arrived at the Castle at twenty minutes before two in the afternoon, in a carriage and four, from the Slough station of the Great Western Railway.

HER MAJESTY'S PRIVATE THEATRE.—The stage of the Queen's private theatre, which has been during the last six weeks erecting in the painting-room of Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, has received its finishing-stroke, and has since been taken to pieces, carefully packed in two vans, and removed to Windsor Castle. The stage carpenters and machinists of the Italian Opera-House have been sent to the Royal residence, and have fitted up the stage in the apartment set apart for the dramatic performances to take place in. The stage is a splendid piece of workmanship, and is built entirely of timber. The timbers are so formed that they are held together by mortice joints—not so much as a single nail being required to fasten any part, either to the floorings or walls of the Castle. The scenes, which consist of chamber, wood, village, and sea views, have been painted also at Her Majesty's Theatre, and are beautiful productions, in strict keeping with the plays they are to represent, and have been executed by Mr. Thomas Grieve. They are so formed, that, instead of separating in the centre, like the flats of a regular theatre, they are wound round a kind of drum or barrel, turned by means of patent windlasses fixed in the flies. There are three openings on the P.S., and a similar number on the O.P. of the stage, sufficiently capacious to admit of the *corps dramatique* entering and making exits without coming in contact with the wings. The curtain is made of rich silk velvet, and is drawn up in a similar manner as the scenery, and is held straight by a heavy batten at the bottom. The stage, as it stood in Her Majesty's Theatre, was twenty-four feet wide by thirty-four feet deep. The foot-lights are formed by a row of splendid oil lamps, so shaded as to throw the light upon the smallest object at the back of the stage. The wings and flies are also lighted with oil lamps. The building of the stage has been intrusted to Mr. D. Sloman, the machinist of Her Majesty's Theatre.

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE PRINCE DE NEMOURS.—On Friday evening se'nnight, the Queen's *Fairy* yacht steamer came up Southampton Water and entered the docks without any flag or sign that any person of distinction was on board. On entering the dock, she was unable to get alongside the dock wall, and consequently came close to the Peninsular Company's steamer *Sultan*. Dr. Chapman, the surgeon of the *Sultan*, happened to be on board, and he was surprised to find Prince Albert and the Duke and Duchess de Nemours suddenly step from the *Fairy* to the *Sultan*, and ask permission to land from the latter. The surgeon immediately assisted the Duke and Duchess de Nemours in landing on the dock quay. Prince Albert took leave of the illustrious individuals, and returned on board the *Fairy*. The affair was so private that even the Southampton journalists failed to notice it on Saturday.

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE WORKING MEN'S PRIZE ESSAYS.—In answer to a memorial forwarded through Lord Ashley to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, requesting him to preside at the meeting for the announcement of the adjudicators and the distribution of prizes, offered to working men, for essays written by them on the temporal advantages of the Sabbath to the labouring classes, of which there were 1045 competitors, the following answer has been received through Lord Ashley by the adjudicators:—His Royal Highness Prince Albert has desired me to express his regret that he is unable to comply with the request of the memorialists, and take the chair at the distribution of the prize essays on the Sabbath. His Royal Highness, however, feels a very deep sympathy with the striking and meritorious efforts of the working classes, and he concludes his letter by saying "I think that now that more prizes are being collected for the hitherto unsuccessful candidates, I can best contribute towards the object by giving ten of the additional five pound prizes, and asking you to be kind enough to present them to the successful authors in my name. The 'Pearl of Days' has interested and pleased both the Queen and myself extremely." (Signed) ASHLEY.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.—At the Queen's Privy Council held at Osborne, on Saturday last, Parliament was ordered to be further prorogued from Tuesday the 19th inst., until Thursday the 1st of February next; and a proclamation directing that Parliament shall on the said 1st of February be held, and sit for the despatch of business, has been published.

On Monday the Royal alms were distributed by command of her Majesty by the Rev. Mr. Goodenough, the sub-almoner, at the Almonry-office, Middle Scotland-yard, to poor aged men and women, who received the Royal Christmas bounty of 5s. each. The office opened at 6 o'clock P.M., and continued paying till 9 o'clock, between 500 and 600 receiving the bounty, all being above 60, a great many 90, and three upwards of a century old. The payments of the Royal gift were resumed on the following day.

THE POSTAL CONVENTION WITH AMERICA.—The new postal convention between England and the United States was signed at the Foreign-office by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Bancroft, the American Minister, on Friday se'nnight, and was sent off to America by the mail the same evening for the ratification of the President and Senate of the United States. As this final form is not at all doubtful, all the details having been settled carefully by the authorities on both sides of the Atlantic, we have much pleasure in stating that arrangements have been mutually agreed upon to bring the provisions of the treaty into immediate operation. The immediate effect of this treaty will be to reduce the postage rate to or to any part of Great Britain to or from any part of the United States of America to 1s. for each single letter, instead of 2s., to which charge every letter was at least subject by the late practice.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRES AT PRESTON.—Two destructive fires took place at Preston this week. The first occurred on Monday evening at a boiler and engine manufactory, involving the loss of between £4000 and £5000. The second took place on Wednesday morning, about three o'clock, in the flax spinning-mill of Messrs. Hinkman, Farnen, and Co., known by the name of Ribble Bank Mill, Bow-lane, at the west end of the town. The fire was first discovered in a boiler-house at the east end of the building; but with a rapidity almost incredible the flames spread to the other parts of the structure, of considerable extent, and six stories high. Notwithstanding the most energetic measures were taken to suppress the flames, all efforts, so far as the mill was concerned, to save property were fruitless. However, the adjoining building—were saved. About five o'clock half the mill fell in with a tremendous crash. The property was insured in four offices, the Sun, Phoenix, Royal Exchange, and Guardian, to the amount of something like £15,000; but it is said that £20,000 will not replace the machinery destroyed, to say nothing of the building. Between 400 and 500 hands must, for a time, be thrown out of employment by this catastrophe.

## THE THEATRES.

Those important secrets for the play-going world—the names and natures of the entertainments at the different houses for Christmas, have at length been put forth. They are as follows:—

The HAYMARKET produces a new burlesque, by the Messrs. Brough, founded on the charming story of "Camaraizaman and Badoura," in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. J. Bland, Miss P. Horton, and Miss Reynolds, will sustain the principal characters; and if it is half as good as "The Enchanted Isle," it will be attractive and successful.

At the LYCEUM Mr. Planché goes back to his chronicles of fairy history for the subject of his new burlesque—"The King of the Peacocks." The cast comprises all the principal members of the establishment, with the exception of Mr. Charles Mathews, which we regret, looking back to his agreeable *Dandies*. The name promises scope for beautiful costumes, and some of Mr. Beyerley's exquisite scenery.

The PRINCESS has a pantomime, called "Bluff King Hal, or Harlequin and the Charmed Arrow." And the MARYLEBONE has a pantomime also, by Mr. Webb, the clever stage-manager, founded on the old melodrama of "One o'Clock, or the Knight and the Wood Demon." Mr. Jefferies is the Clown.

At SADLER'S WELLS the pantomime is called "Harlequin and the World Turned Upside Down, or Number Nip and the Enchanted Fountain." The pantomime at this house has always been so full of clever hits and allusions, that we have no doubt its character will be sustained.

At the SURREY great things are promised. First of all, the house has been magnificently re-decorated; next, an entirely new company has been engaged for the performance of superior melodrama; and, lastly, a splendid pantomime, called "Harlequin Lord Lovell, or Lady Nancy Bell and the Fairies of the Silver Oak," is promised for its patrons. Our old favourite Tom Matthews is to be the Clown.

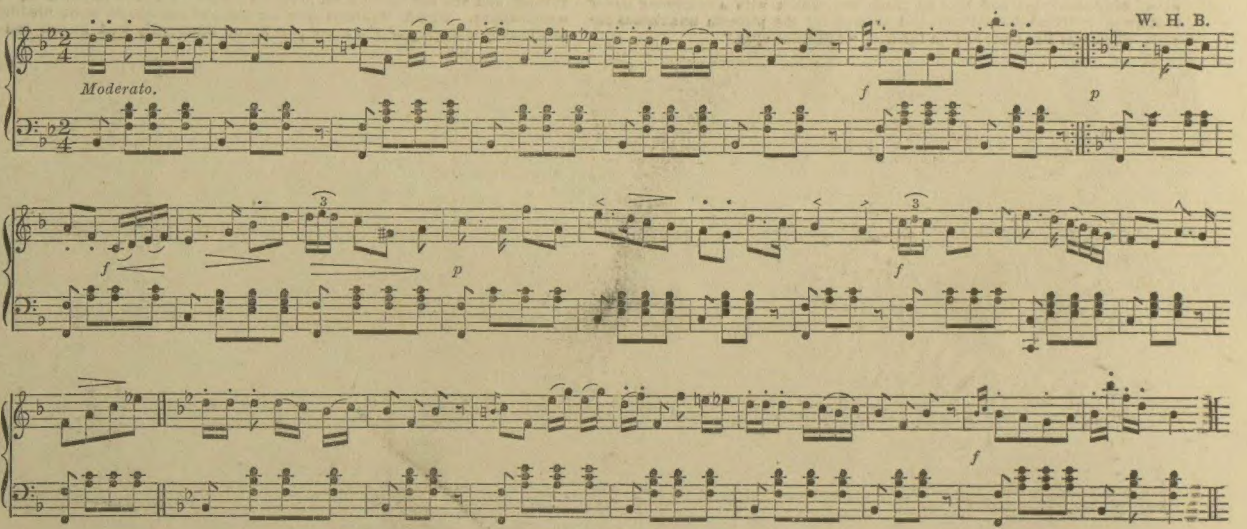
THE STRAND Theatre has been taken by the Wizard of the North for his performances. For those who have not seen his great master, M. Robert-Houdin, his exhibition is worthy of a visit.

## DRURY-LANE.

On Monday evening M. Jullien's grand Bal Masqué took place, and was, beyond all comparison, the most splendid affair of the kind ever witnessed in London: indeed we question if any of the best Carnival balls at the Opera in Paris ever excelled it. Those who remember the scenes of low riot (and we had well nigh added, brutality), which characterised the "masquerades" of even ten years back, cannot have failed to observe the gradual improvement which has taken place in this style of amusement, under M. Jullien's direction; and more especially since dancing has become such a general recreation in England. On Monday the audience portion of the theatre was crowded with most respectable persons; the proscenium boxes were occupied by the officers of the Guards and their friends; all the private boxes had been engaged by members of the most fashionable London circles; and in the galleries nothing could be seen but tiers of heads rising one above the other, until the last row touched the ceiling. The orchestra was, as usual, at the extreme back of the stage; and the vast *salle* was lighted in the most beautiful manner we ever witnessed, under the able superintendence of Mr. Frederick Gye. The wreaths of flowers from the chandeliers were upheld in festoons by brilliant butterflies, which appeared to be actually floating in the air; and over the proscenium was an enormous plate of what appeared to be spangled glass, if we may term it so, twenty or thirty feet long, on which was the inscription "Vive la danse!" in small jets of gas. This was certainly a most exquisite piece of illumination. The usual lights of the Concerts appeared to be tripled, and altogether the *coup d'œil* was one of singular brilliancy.

At half-past twelve the area of the hall was crowded almost to inconvenience. Of the dancers, a large proportion were in fancy costume, and some of these were exceedingly tasteful, speaking well for Mr. Nathan's wardrobes, from which a large quantity had been chosen. Many of the dresses were really very good indeed. Our old friend the General of the Republic was there in full force, launching his good-tempered sallies at the occupants of the boxes. There were some capital Indians and Chinese in authentic costumes; several "Presidents," full of ideas *Napoleoniennes*; a swarm of brilliant *debardeurs*, postillions, and variations of feather costume; with more Louis Quatorzes, Charles the Seconds, Don Césars de Bazans, and other matter-of-course fancy dresses, than we conceived were in London. A matter worthy of remark is, that everybody not in costume was in recognised evening dress; a great step in advance of the tribe of pale-toted gents who once thronged the promenade. In a word, all the arrangements were perfect; and the peal of applause that rewarded Koenig's cornet solo in the Eclipse Polka proved the company were far from being inattentive to the music. The dancing was kept up with unabated spirit and good-humour until five in the morning, in the order of polka, waltz, and quadrille, broken only by "the monster galloppe" just before supper; and we are certain that the beauty and propriety of the scene generally will long be recollected by those who witnessed it.

## THE CHRISTMAS POLKA.



## MUSICAL REVIEW.

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?" Duet, by STEPHEN GLOVER. R. Cocks and Co., Burlington-street.

Here are some beautiful words by Carpenter, founded on the incident in "Dombey and Son," where little Paul talks to his sister Florence of the emotions produced in his mind by the sounds of the Sea. We give the 1st verse:—

Paul.—What are the wild waves saying,  
Sister, the whole day long,  
That even amid our playing,  
I hear but their low lone song:  
Not by the sea-side only—  
There it sounds wild and free,  
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,  
In dreams it is still with me?

To which Florence replies.—Brother, I hear no singing:  
'Tis but the rolling wave  
Ever its lone course winging  
Over some ocean cave.  
'Tis but the noise of water,  
Dashing against the shore,  
And the wind from some bleaker quarter  
Mingling with its roar.

Florence and Paul.—No! It is something greater,  
That speaks to the heart alone  
The voice of the great Creator  
Speaks in that mighty tone.

Mr. Glover has happily succeeded in producing a duet, which is of a high order, without being difficult, and which must be a favourite. Its devotional character will introduce it, in many instances, where music of a lighter character is excluded.

"A VOICE FROM THE WAVES," an answer to the foregoing duet.—We have just glanced over the music, by the same composer, forming an admirable companion to "What are the Wild Waves saying?"

## MUSIC.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—On Saturday night these popular entertainments terminated. The season has been unusually successful, and Mr. Frederick Gye and M. Jullien, who are the speculators, will share very large profits. M. Jullien will now commence his provincial circuits.

WESTERN MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—At the meeting on Saturday last, J. Evans, Esq., President, in the chair, and Mr. Turle acting as Conductor, two new compositions were sung, in addition to the usual selections from the old madrigal writers. The first was by Mr. Brinley Richards, being an adaptation of the first verse of Heywood's song in "Fair Maid of the Exchange,"

## ADELPHI.

Long before this sheet comes into the hands of our readers, thousands of them will, without doubt, have read Mr. Dickens's new Christmas story of "The Hallowed Man; or, the Ghost's Bargain." It will not be, therefore, necessary to describe the story in announcing its re-production in a dramatic form at the Adelphi Theatre on Wednesday evening, only one day after the publication of the book, the usual arrangements having been entered into between author and manager for impressions of the early proofs a month ago.

Possibly no piece was ever placed upon the stage with greater care at the Adelphi—certainly none has been better acted at that theatre. The scenes and situations of the book have been represented with singular and painstaking fidelity; and the characters were personated in a manner that does the greatest credit to all the ladies and gentlemen engaged in their representation. The natural, unaffected pathos of Miss Woolgar in *Milly*, and the homely telling point of Mrs. Frank Matthews as *Mrs. Tetterby*, were really refreshing on the score of their truthfulness; whilst Miss Ellen Chaplin's *Boy* was an admirable piece of forcible—almost painful—acting; and yet possibly these clever actresses never excited, on the whole, less sympathy. Nor did the gentlemen accomplish more. No two better representatives of *Redlaw* or the *Ghost* could be found on our boards than Mr. H. Hughes and Mr. O. Smith; and everybody knows how inimitable Mr. Wright is. A special paragraph should be given to Mr. Munyard, who played *William Swidger*. This gentleman, always clever and effective, is destined to become a very popular actor at no distant period. But still, with all this talent, the play "lagged" fearfully, from the utterly undramatic nature of the book. We do not mean to say that all has not been done for it that could be, by the dramatist, but the audience appeared to take very little interest in the fortunes of the personages. Some portions of it were absolutely dangerous; we may mention the scene in which a sudden change takes place in *Old Swidger's* (Mr. Lambert) character, owing to the influence of the spell. There was also more tendency to moralising than appeared agreeable to a mixed audience.

At the fall of the curtain the applause was very loud, but there was also some unmistakable hissing, which led to a contest between the two parties, in which, eventually, the "ayes" were victorious. The piece will, from the very finished manner in which it has been put upon the stage, have a good run through the holidays. We advise every one going to see it, however, to read the book first; without having done so, much of it will be incomprehensible.

## HAYMARKET.

"Your Life's in Danger!" is the name of an exceedingly good farce, by Mr. Madison Morton, produced with great success at this house, on Wednesday evening. The incidents are by no means of a novel character, but they are so well worked up, and Mr. Keeley, as an English footman (*John Strong*) in a German family, is so irresistibly comical, that the audience are kept in a roar from beginning to end. He is mistaken for a proscribed Baron whom the authorities have offered a reward for, believing him guilty of disaffection to the Government, and those who can imagine what Mr. Keeley would look like, and how he would behave, under such dangerous circumstances, may readily understand the fun he makes out of his dilemma. He is well supported by Mrs. W. Clifford, Miss Reynolds, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Tilbury; and we prognosticate a long and merry run for the farce. The awful information conveyed in the title will probably refer to the split sides of the audience, who shout with merriment. Indeed, without wishing him ill, we would sooner see Mr. Keeley in apparently inextricable difficulties and great distress, than any one else we know.

On Tuesday night, the performances at this Theatre were in aid of the funds of the National Philanthropic Association for the Employment of the Poor as "Street Orderlies," in cleansing the metropolis. Between the play and farce, the "Orderlies" appeared upon the stage, and an incidental prologue in their behalf was spoken. The scene was a very novel one, and excited considerable interest; and we hope it may have the effect of drawing the attention of the benevolent to the encouragement of this very useful plan of employment.

## PRINCESS.

A farce produced at this theatre, under the name of "Cutlets for Two," appears to be an adaptation of the same French piece from which the above is taken. The principal character is a cook, sustained with the usual drollery by Mr. Oxberry.

THE COLOSSEUM.—A new and beautiful exhibition, entitled "The Cyclorama," will next week be added to the attractions of this popular resort. We shall, next week, engrave two Views of this striking novelty.

AN effort is about to be made in Aberdeen for the abandonment of open fishing-boats, and the substitution of small decked vessels, with air-tight compartments to prevent sinking. The boats at present in use cost £50; those proposed would cost £150; but then, instead of being employed as at present, for some six weeks in the herring fishery only, they would be at sea all the year round every kind of fishing trade.

1615; "Ye little birds that sit and sing" This composition afforded great satisfaction, and was encored. The other madrigal was by Mr. George Budd, the Hon. Secretary of the Society, who is deeply versed in madrigalian lore.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S CONCERT.—At the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday last, a concert was given by Mr. Howard Glover, at which his pupils were the singers. Selections from Glück's "Iphigenia in Tauris" were executed, and instrumental solos were played by the Misses Von Millingen—infant prodigies, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Gerhard Taylor.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The opening of this theatre will take place early in March. Mr. Lafield has arrived in town from Paris, to superintend some alterations to be made in the house. He has purchased from Meyerbeer the copyright and right of representation of the new opera of the "Prophète," to be produced in March at the Théâtre de la Nation, in Paris, for this country. Madame Viardot will play at the Royal Italian Opera the character she will create at the Grand Opera in Paris, but the cast here will be strengthened by the addition of Grisi, Mario, and Marini. The Italian adaptation will be done in Paris, under Meyerbeer's direction, and he is engaged to come to London to superintend the mounting, and to conduct the first three performances. Three vocalists of Continental fame, who have not yet been heard in this country, have been engaged, namely, Signora Angri, the mezzo soprano and contralto, now in St. Petersburg; Miss Katherine Hayes, who is the *prima donna* of the Milan Scala, and Pergola at Florence, a native of Ireland, and a pupil of Manuel Garcia; and Mdlle. Merie, a contralto, who lately made her *débüt* in Paris.

HER MAJESTY'S CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC.—These concerts, established in 1776, will not be commenced this year until after Easter; and the number will, therefore, be reduced to six instead of eight. The dates are fixed for Mondays, April 23rd, May 7th and 21st, June 4th, and July 2nd, only one concert taking place on a Wednesday by the new arrangements, that of June 20th, the Waterloo Banquet taking place on the 18th. The public rehearsals will be on the preceding Saturdays. The Royal and noble directors are the King of Hanover, Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Earls of Westmoreland, Howe, and Cawdor, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Reserved seats for the entire season, as at the Philharmonic Society, will be allotted. The band and chorus, and engagements of leading singers, will be on the same scale as formerly.

MUSICAL EVENTS.—On Tuesday, Miss Julia Bleaden, a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, gave a concert at the London Tavern.—At the fifth Wednesday concert, at Exeter Hall, the solo instrumentalists were Miss Kate Loder, M. Thalberg, and M. Vivier; and the vocalists Miss Dolby, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Messrs. Whitworth, T. Williams, Lockey, and Sims Reeves. Mr. Wilby was the director and leader of the band.—Welsh music was illustrated on Wednesday night at the London Mechanics' Institution, by lecture, song, and harp, by Talhairn, Miss Ellen Lyon, and Mr. Ellis Roberts.—Two performances of Handel's "Messiah" are given this week at Exeter Hall, one by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, conducted by Surman, on Friday night, and the other by the Sacred Harmonic Society, conducted by Costa this evening (Saturday).—Mr. Allcroft's twelfth annual concert took place on Friday at the Princess Theatre,—



The two concerts in Manchester in aid of the funds of the Royal Infirmary took place on Tuesday and Thursday. All the tickets had been sold some days previously. Mdlle. Lind singing on both evenings. She will shortly sing at Norwich and at Worcester, in aid of the funds for the two Festivals, having been prevented by other arrangements from singing when the meetings took place in those towns. During her stay in Norwich Mdlle. Lind will be on a visit to the daughter of the Bishop of Norwich.

#### THE MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIPS.—MDLLE. JENNY LIND.

The assemblage of vocal and instrumental talent at the performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," at Exeter Hall, briefly referred to in our last week's publication, was greater than at any previous interpretation of that sublime oratorio. The hall was brilliantly and fashionably attended; including the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe, the Hanoverian and Prussian Ministers, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Norwich, &c.

The band comprised upwards of one hundred first-rate players, with Sainton and Tolbecque as principal violins. The chorus consisted of two hundred members of the Sacred Harmonic Society; two hundred professional chorists, including the boys from the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, &c., one hundred and fifty from Hullah's Singing Classes, and thirty pupils from the Royal Academy of Music. In the aggregate, there were not far short of seven hundred executants; Benedict, as the intimate friend of Mendelssohn, being the Conductor.

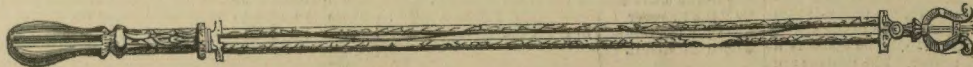
At the head of the leading vocalists was Mdlle. Lind, who, with that alacrity she always displays to aid in a benevolent purpose, had offered her gratuitous services. Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Mrs. Noble (late Miss Duval), Mr. Lockety, Mr. J. A. Novello, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Machin were the other principal singers.

The absorbing attraction was Mdlle. Jenny Lind's first appearance to sing in a sacred work, and in the English language. Her accent is excellent, and nothing could be more distinct than her enunciation. She sang nine times, beginning, in the first part, with the double quartet "For he shall give his angels;" extra in the recitative and duet "Give me thy son;" and thirdly in the quartet "Cast thy burden." In the second part, she opened with the air in B minor "Hear ye, Israel;" then in the trio "Lift thine eyes;" next in the recitative "Night falleth;" again in the quartet "Holy, holy;" and, finally, in the recitative "Behold! God hath sent;" and in the quartet "Oh! come every one."

It reflects the greatest credit on the musical judgment and taste of Mdlle. Lind that she in no one instance departed from the text of the composer; as Mendelssohn has noted down his inspirations, so did Mdlle. Lind conscientiously and zealously interpret them, without the slightest introduction of a cadence or grace to secure any artificial effect. Her meritorious reading of the soprano part entitled her to the warmest acknowledgments of the musician and amateur, but there were delicious gems in the vocalisation, particularly in the concerted pieces. In the quartet "Holy, holy," she led off on the high notes with astonishing steadiness, and held on them throughout with a sustaining power that quite electrified the auditory, and secured for the piece an unanimous encore, which was also bestowed on the trio, "Lift thine eyes."



MDLLE. JENNY LIND, AT EXETER HALL.



MUSIC HOLDER.

Next to Mdlle. Lind, the singing of Miss Martha Williams was the point of interest. The lovely contralto voice of this songstress was never more finely developed, and she was called upon to repeat the air "Oh! rest in the Lord," with acclamations. Miss A. Williams sang her share of the music most creditably. Mr. Lockety's singing of the tenor part is now thoroughly well known and ap-

lode-gate, and is depositing some of its young passengers; the first meetings and greetings are also portrayed. What happy moments are these. The boys feel, as it were, "let loose;" their ecstasy knows no bounds; they whoop and halloo most lustily; the avenue will soon resound with their "loud sincerity;" and thus commence the joys of "Home for the Holidays."

preciated. Mr. Machin gave the difficult music of "Elijah" artistically, but it is not altogether in his register. The overture, accompaniments, and choruses were executed with remarkable fire and delicacy; and the organ part was played with discretion by Mr. Henry Smart. Altogether it was a very fine performance. The result will be a considerable sum, which will be vested in the Leipzig Musical Conservatory for English scholarships of the Mendelssohn foundation, which Germany is now forming as a memento of the most remarkable genius of his age.

The Music-Holder of which we annex a representation, is the registered invention of Mr. Henry Moise, and is manufactured by W. H. Tyler, 1, Great Turnstile. The inventor has just presented to Mdlle. Lind this very elegant specimen. The two shafts of silver and the springs or clasps, are gilt. To hold the music it is merely requisite to introduce the sheet between the shafts and clasps. The handle is of onyx, with gold mounting, chased; and the surmounting lyre is enriched with gold, and set with a pearl between two rubies. The Music-Holder is also made in less costly style; and Mr. Moise has, for general sale, a size of Holder adapted for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

#### "HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS."

Who does not recollect the joyousness of a Breaking-up—the uproarious mirth of Going Home—and the affectionate Welcome on reaching there? There is nothing in after-life to efface the recollection of these happy hours!

The writing of the holiday letter first sets the young spirits dancing; the calendar is watched, and each day anxiously struck out almost ere it expires, thus lessening the interval of schooldom and holiday. At length the Breaking-up day arrives. It is commemorated in various modes. The "Dulce Domum," is sung on the evening preceding the Whitsun Holidays. Westminster has its plays; and at some modern Collegiate Schools there are also dramatic performances. In smaller establishments the festival consists of cake and wine and singing; and every where there is some indication of festivity. In that kitchen-drawer of a book, "Brand's Popular Antiquities," we find a ballad describing a Breaking-up custom at a school at Bridgewater, in which the boys were wont

At breaking-up for Christmas' loved recess,  
To meet the master, on that happy morn,  
At early hour.

Then followed the blowing of a horn to rouse the schoolmates, &c.

At last, "Going Home Day" arrives. The night has been one of restless anticipation. The boys, who have a long journey, in all probability, rise before daylight. The breakfast is soon despatched. The well-appointed coach reaches the door, and is soon freighted with its joyous load. And then commences the fun of the road, with peashooters and volleys of peas fired at wonder-struck gazers; the horn twanging through the silent village; and a host of little practical jokes, such as boys alone can play.

In the illustration, the coach, with its four steaming horses, has arrived at the lodge-gate, and is depositing some of its young passengers; the first meetings and greetings are also portrayed. What happy moments are these. The boys feel, as it were, "let loose;" their ecstasy knows no bounds; they whoop and halloo most lustily; the avenue will soon resound with their "loud sincerity;" and thus commence the joys of "Home for the Holidays."



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—DRAWN BY WEIR.





A HOLY FAMILY.—PAINTED BY PAUL DELAROCHE.



LA VIERGE A LA VIGNE.  
PAINTED BY PAUL DELAROCHE.

LA VIERGE A LA VIGNE "is the distinctive title of the Picture by Delarocche, engraved upon the preceding page, from a beautiful print in the line manner by Samuel Jesi; published by Goupil, Vibert, and Co., Paris; and Gambart, Junin, and Co., London.

Delarocche's picture is the property of Mr. Thomas Baring, and will be remembered in the Exhibition of our Academy three seasons since. It is entitled "à la Vierge," or "with the Vine," the principal accessory of the painting being used to distinguish it from other pictures of the Virgin—just as we have the *Candelabrum* portrait of the Virgin. We have, however, chosen the more popular and descriptive title of "A Holy Family," as more clearly conveying the impersonations of the picture.

THE WEATHER.

The weather this week has been materially different from that of the preceding week; the temperature of the air has exceeded its average values by small quantities only, on Wednesday being below the average. The direction of the wind has varied from the S. to the N., but at most times it has been compounded with the E. The sky has been mostly overcast. The following are some particulars of each day:—Thursday the sky was mostly free from clouds before, and it was overcast after noon; rain was falling occasionally between 4h. p.m. and midnight; the direction of the wind was S.E., and the average temperature of the day was 46½°. Friday the sky was overcast, and rain was falling frequently; the direction of the wind was chiefly S., and the average temperature of the air was 49°. Saturday the sky was overcast, and rain was falling frequently; the direction of the wind was chiefly N., and the average temperature of the air was 41°. Sunday the sky was, for the most part, cloudless; the direction of the wind was S.W., and the average temperature of the air was 40½°. Monday the sky was mostly overcast before noon, and partially clear after noon, and overcast again at night; the direction of the wind was S.E., and the average temperature of the air was 43½°. Tuesday the sky was overcast all day; the direction of the wind was N.E., and the average temperature of the air was 45°. Wednesday the sky was overcast during the day and cloudless at night; the direction of the wind was E., and the average temperature of the air was 34°; and that for the week ending this day was 42½°.

The extreme thermometrical readings for each day were:—

Thursday, Dec. 14,	the highest during the day was 52 deg., and the lowest was 41 deg.	
Friday, Dec. 15,	50	42½
Saturday, Dec. 16,	45	37
Sunday, Dec. 17,	44	37
Monday, Dec. 18,	44	35½
Tuesday, Dec. 19,	49	41
Wednesday, Dec. 20,	41	27

Blackheath, Thursday, December 21, 1848.

J. G.

THE TETTERBY FAMILY.—A small man sat in a small parlour, partitioned off from a small shop by a small screen, pasted all over with small scraps of newspapers. In company with the small man was almost any amount of small children you may please to name—at least it seemed so; they made, in that very limited sphere of action, such an imposing effect, in point of numbers. Of these small fry, two had, by some strong machinery, been got into bed in a corner, where they might have reposed snugly enough in the sleep of innocence, but for a constitutional propensity to keep awake, and also to scuffle in and out of bed. The immediate occasion of these predatory dashes at the waking world, was the construction of an oyster-shell wall in a corner, by two other youths of tender age; on which fortification the two in bed made harassing descents (like those accursed Picts and Scots who beleaguered the early historical studies of most young Britons), and then withdrew to their own territory. In addition to the stir attendant on these inroads, and the retorts of the invaded, who pursued hotly, and made lunges at the bed-clothes under which the marauders took refuge, another little boy, in another little bed, contributed his mite of confusion to the family stock, by casting his boots upon the waters; in other words, by launching these and several small objects, inoffensive in themselves, though of a hard substance considered as missiles, at the disturbers of his repose—who were not slow to return these compliments. Besides which, another little boy—the biggest there, but still little—was tottering to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees by the weight of a large baby, which he was supposed, by a fiction that obtains sometimes in sanguine families, to be hushing to sleep. But oh! the inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which this baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves to stare over his unconscious shoulder! It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiable altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet, in any one place, for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. "Tetterby's baby" was as well known in the neighbourhood as the postman or the pot-boy. It roved from door-step to door-step, in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles who followed the tumblers or the monkey, and came up, all on one side, a little too late for every thing that was attractive, from Monday morning until Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil. Wherever Johnny desired to say, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep, and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake, and must be taken out. Yet Johnny was verily persuaded that it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England, and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flapping bonnet, and to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to anybody, and could never be delivered anywhere. The small man who sat in the small parlour, making fruitless attempts to read his newspaper peaceably in the midst of this disturbance, was the father of the family, and the chief of the firm described in the inscription over the little shop front, by the name and title of A. Tetterby and Co., Newsman. Indeed, strictly speaking, he was the only personage answering to that designation, as Co. was a mere poetical abstraction, altogether baseless and impersonal. Tetterby's was the corner shop in Jerusalem-buildings. There was a good show of literature in the window, chiefly consisting of picture-newspapers out of date, and serial pirates, and footpads. Walking-sticks, likewise, and marbles, were included in the stock in trade. It had once extended into the light confectionery line; but it would seem that those elegancies of life were not in demand about Jerusalem Buildings, for nothing connected with that branch of commerce remained in the window, except a sort of small glass lantern, containing a languishing mass of bulls'-eyes, which had melted in the summer, and congealed in the winter, until all hope of ever getting them out, or of eating them without eating the lantern too, was gone for ever. Tetterby had tried his hand at several things. It had once made a feeble little dart at the toy business; for, in another lantern there was a heap of minute wax dolls, all sticking together, upside down, in the direst confusion, with their feet on one another's heads, and a precipitate of broken arms and legs at the bottom. It had made a move in the millinery direction, which a few dry wiry bonnet-shapes remained in a corner of the window to attest.—It had fancied that a living might lie hidden in the tobacco trade, and had stuck up a representation of a native of each of the three integral portions of the British empire, in the act of consuming that fragrant weed; with a poetic legend attached, importing that united in one cause they sat and joked, one chewed tobacco, one took snuff, one smoked; but nothing seemed to have come of it—except flies. Time had been when it had put a forlorn trust in imitative jewellery, for in one pane of glass there was a card of cheap seals, and another of pencil cases, and a mysterious black amulet of inscrutable intention labelled ninespence. But, to that hour, Jerusalem Buildings had bought none of them. In short, Tetterby's had tried so hard to get a livelihood out of Jerusalem Buildings in one way or other, and appeared to have done so indifferently in all, that the best position in the firm was too evidently Co.'s; Co., as a bodiless creation, being untroubled with the vulgar inconveniences of hunger and thirst, being chargeable neither to the poor's-rates nor the assessed taxes, and having no young family to provide for.—From Mr. Dickens's *New Christmas Tale of the "Haunted Man; or, the Ghost's Bargain."*

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.—On and after the 1st of January, 1849, the following alterations, &c., in the rates of postage, &c., will come into operation, in conformity with the warrant of the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, dated October 13, 1848. The postage on letters to and from the Cape de Verde Islands, when conveyed by packet, will be at the rate of 1s. 10d. the half-ounce, except when posted or delivered at the port of departure or arrival of the packet, in which case they will be chargeable at the rate of 1s. 8d. the half-ounce. Letters for parts abroad, posted with stamps of less value than the full amount of postage to which such letters may be liable, if addressed to places to which pre-payment is not compulsory, will be forwarded, charged with only such amount of postage as shall be equal to the difference between the value of the stamps and the proper rate of postage, instead of being charged as heretofore, with the full amount of postage to which they would be liable if they bore no postage-stamps whatever. If the letters are addressed to places to which pre-payment is compulsory, they must be sent to the dead-letter office, as at present. Printed votes and proceedings of Parliament may be transmitted by post between the United Kingdom and Hamburg, Lubbeck, or Bremen, when conveyed by the Hamburg packet or by private ship, under the following regulations.—1st. The postage must be paid in advance. 2nd. They must be sent in covers, open at the sides. The rates of postage on such printed votes and proceedings will be as follows (a uniform British rate):—Not exceeding 2 oz. in weight, 1d.; above 2 oz., and not exceeding 3 oz., 6d.; above 3 oz., and not exceeding 4 oz., 8d.; and 2d. for every additional ounce up to the weight of 16 ounces; beyond which weight no printed votes and proceedings can be forwarded.

ABBOT'S LEIGH, NEAR BRISTOL.—This church, which was lately destroyed by fire, has been rebuilt at the expense of William Miles, Esq., M.P. for the eastern division of the county, and owner of the manor. It now consists of north and south aisles, chancel and sacristy, in addition to the tower, which was not destroyed.

MILITARY EXPENDITURE.—Amongst other governors of non-existent military fortresses, for whom the country has to pay, is the Governor of Berwick-on-Tweed—an officer who never visits the town. The walls of this ancient burgh, in themselves a nuisance, have, by their dilapidation, become a greater nuisance; and the magistracy of the place have called on the Ordnance Office to repair them. Whereupon, instead of despatching the Governor down, that office sends, at great cost, an architect to report to it; and, in all probability, the repair of these walls will form an item in next year's estimates.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

SERVANTS' PROVIDENT AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—On Tuesday evening a public meeting of the members and friends of this society was convened at the parish school-rooms, Marshall-street, Golden-square, in furtherance of the objects of the institution. The society, which is under the patronage of her Majesty the Queen, her Majesty the Queen Dowager, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, &c., was founded about two years since, for the purpose of encouraging provident habits in domestic servants, and, by the aid of the society, to enable them, on the payment of the small annual contributions, to secure in their old age a Government annuity, endowment, or assurance. The Rev. J. Jackson, rector of St. James's, having been called to the chair, explained the objects of the society.—J. W. Money, Esq., and several other gentlemen, having addressed the meeting, and resolutions in support of the objects of this institution having been adopted, a vote of thanks was passed to the Rev. Chairman, and the meeting separated.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—At a meeting under the patronage of the National Temperance Society, held on Monday evening at Exeter-hall, several able speeches were delivered, showing that much might be saved in the way of police-rates and poor-rates, by the adoption of the temperance principles—principles which would do more to elevate the people morally, socially, and even politically—judging from the impetus given to drunkenness at contested elections—than any amount of political agitation. One speaker proved to the evident satisfaction of the meeting, which he addressed in a humorous strain, that teetotalism was faultless in principle and operation, and that its disciples were better and healthier men than were or could be the votaries of Bacchus; whilst others dilated on the many evils that flowed to individuals and society generally from the use of intoxicating beverages.

CHEAP GAS.—At a meeting of the City Commissioners of Sewers, on Tuesday, a letter was read from the Phoenix Foundry, Clerkenwell, offering to enter into a contract for a term of 21 years to provide the necessary works, main pipes, and supply the City with gas of the purest and best quality at 3s. 6d. per thousand cubic feet, or, in the event of the present mains being purchased by the City authorities, the company would be willing to pay a reasonable rental for the use of the same, or make a reduction in the stated price proportionate to their estimated value, with proper security for the due fulfilment of the contract.—Deputy Harrison moved that the Commissioners do either lay down the pipes themselves or purchase the supply by public competition or contract with any company now existing, or that may hereafter be formed, to lay down pipes throughout the City, at their own expense and risk, upon their effectually binding themselves by act of Parliament to furnish gas equal at least in purity and illuminating power to that which is supplied by the existing companies, and at a charge to the Commissioners not exceeding the present price for public lights, and at a price to the private consumer to be agreed upon not exceeding 4s. per thousand cubic feet.—Mr. Deputy Stevens seconded the motion, which was carried by a majority of 15, the numbers being 15 for and 14 against it.—Mr. Perkins gave notice of a motion for rescinding the proposition of Mr. Deputy Harrison at the next court.

ST. ANNE'S (SOHO) LODGING-HOUSE FOR WORKING TRADESMEN, ARTIZANS, &c.—An establishment has been formed at No. 36, Old Compton-street, Soho, under the superintendence of the Rector and the other clergy of the parish, having for its object the providing bed, sitting, and other rooms, for the residence of the above class of persons, and founded upon a principle analogous to that on which the Society for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes provide healthy residences for those persons who come under their immediate care. It appears that the plan has been cordially supported by a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood, in conjunction with the clergy, and it has hitherto been attended with considerable success. The building now adopted for the lodging-house was originally a dwelling-house, connected with workshops. The prospectus states:—"The house has now been opened for about two months, and accommodation is provided for 130 inmates. The charge for each room is at the rate of 3s. 6d. per week, paid in advance. There are between forty and fifty persons already in the house, many of a better class in life, some of them men of education; and all, as far as is known, of regular and respectable habits. The plan adopted differs in a certain degree from that hitherto proposed by such establishments, having a somewhat higher aim, and reaching to a higher class of persons. \* \* \* The promoters of this undertaking appeal with confidence to the public for two objects:—First, to supply them with pecuniary means; secondly, to aid them in working out the plan. The whole outlay will amount to about £2800, of this about £800 has been already received; an additional sum of £2000 is therefore wanted. Donations of any amount, and sums of not less than £20 by way of loan, will be thankfully received. The calculations, which have been carefully made, afford every expectation that interest at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum will be paid upon the sum so raised, with a reserved fund for paying off the capital." In another portion of the statement, as to the object of this most excellent Association, it is stated that "The house is intended for single men of good character, whose means and position make a cheap and respectable lodging especially desirable. To such it offers, in a very respectable neighbourhood, and at a moderate cost, all the advantages which a large establishment alone can give, being well ventilated, and supplied with gas, coals, utensils for cooking, and every domestic use, provision for washing, hot and cold baths—in a word, with all the comforts and conveniences of a well-furnished home. The establishment contains two large sitting-rooms, kitchens, lavatories, baths, &c. Besides the sitting-rooms, there will be a good library and reading-room, supplied with newspapers, periodicals, &c. In addition to these general advantages, each lodger has a separate bed-room, with bedding, sheets, &c., a small chest for his clothes, and a larder for provisions, all under lock and key. The house is placed under the care of a steward, who will be responsible for its management, and the preservation of due order and regularity. Every attention will be paid to the comfort of the lodgers, on whose part, in return, will be expected quiet and respectable habits and demeanour. The object of the founders of the house is to give a comfortable home to respectable single men; and it is hoped that this, joined with the good feeling and conduct of those who use the house, will be the best guarantee for their mutual satisfaction." We trust that this most philanthropic scheme will meet with the success it so eminently deserves.

A HOUSEKEEPING CLUB.—An association of individuals, consisting chiefly of attorneys, clerks in Government offices, professional men, officers on half-pay, &c., is now being formed in the metropolis, to obviate the necessity of purchasing articles of food or other domestic necessities from shopkeepers. They propose to establish a common larder and store, managed by servants in a similar way to the large club-houses, with a manager to purchase for the common stock at sales and wholesale houses, each member to be supplied at cost price. It is calculated that, in addition to a pure and wholesome article, members will effect a saving of 50 per cent. in household expenses. Great numbers of persons have already joined this novel club.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.—This body on Wednesday transmitted £20 to each of the following police courts:—Worship-street, Bow-street, Marlborough-street, Guildhall, Mansion-house, and Westminster, with the intimation that their usual annual contribution to the poor-boxes was doubled this year, in consequence of the distress which prevailed. The Fishmongers' Company also sent £10 to the poor-box at the Mansion-house.

THE CITY GAS BILL.—The following is the substance of the most important clauses of the new Gas Bill, about which there is so much difference of opinion amongst the City authorities. The 7th clause empowers the Commissioners to agree with the owners of lands for the absolute purchase of such lands as they may think necessary for the purposes of the Act. Clause 9 authorises the Commissioners to lay down all the works necessary for supplying gas. Clause 11 authorises the laying down of pipes against any building. The 13th clause authorises the Commissioners to purchase the lands, works, mains, pipes, and property of all, or some, or one of the present City gas companies within the City, if such companies shall be willing to sell the same, at such price as shall be mutually agreed upon. The 24th clause gives the power to the Commissioners to enlarge works purchased by them, and to unite them with other works belonging to the Commissioners. The 26th clause authorises the Commissioners to grant leases of the whole or any portion of the houses, &c., belonging to them, to any company or person for any number of years not exceeding three years. The 27th clause authorises the Commissioners to borrow or take up at interest, on the credit of the consolidated rate, any sum of money not exceeding the sum of £500,000, in addition to and exclusive of the sums which the Commissioners are authorised to borrow and take up at interest on the credit of the said rate by virtue of the said act, at the rate of five per cent., for the purposes of the act. The 32nd clause enacts that, as soon as the money borrowed shall have been repaid, the surplus profits of the gas-works shall be expended in public improvements.

CHRISTMAS BOXES.—Several meetings of the master bakers of the metropolis, and other trades, have been recently held, and all unanimously resolved to put an end to the system of paying servants and others what are called "Christmas Boxes." Perhaps the most degrading form in which this tax (for such it is) is demanded, is that adopted by the Post-Office letter-carriers. It is a degradation on the part of a great public establishment to permit its servants to go from house to house begging for alms. The fact is, when tradespeople pay the servants of their customers in this way, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they get the equivalent in some other manner.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, THE 16TH INST.—The deaths in London during the week ending December 16, numbered 1130—the average being 1154. Scarlatina, typhus, and hooping-cough are still the most prevalent and fatal diseases. Cholera destroyed 29, and scarlatina 113 lives, during the seven days. The births during the week were 1397.

NEW RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.—On Monday the new arrangements commenced, by which passengers may proceed almost the entire distance between Manchester and Southampton by railway. These arrangements are effected by the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Liverpool, Crosby, and Southport companies, and the entire distance is travelled in little more than two hours and a half, a saving of about one-half the time, in comparison with the old route *via* Exton.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—On Monday, the annual election to the four King's Scholarships established by his Majesty William IV., by the Investment of £2250, part of the profits arising from the Royal Festival at Westminster Abbey, in 1834—took place at the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square. Two of the scholars were selected from the pupils of the Royal Academy, two being left open to the competition of the public, and for which there were 30 candidates.

OPENING OF THE TORQUAY EXTENSION OF THE SOUTH DEVON RAILWAY.—On Monday, the public opening of this extension line took place, with great *clat* and public rejoicing. The weather was most favourable, and thousands of the inhabitants were abroad to be spectators of the first steam caravan careering through the valleys and ravines of that picturesque neighbourhood.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

(Sittings at Guildhall, before Lord DENMAN.)

WIGAN V. GADDERER.—THE STAGE.—The plaintiff in this case was Mr. Alfred Wigan, the well-known actor; and on Saturday last in an action in this court he sought to recover the sum of £20 for two week's salary due to him from Mr. Charles Gadderer, who a short time since was the occupier of the Lyceum Theatre. The plaintiff had formerly belonged to Mr. Keeley's company; and, on the expiration of that gentleman's lease, had engaged himself to the defendant to act at the Lyceum, for the period of two months, at a salary of £10 a week. The plaintiff went on acting till a piece called "Gun Cotton" came out, in which the part of *Alfred Jumble* was assigned to him by the stage-manager. But the plaintiff, whose department was that of light and eccentric comedy, objected to acting that part, as it was wholly unsuitable to him. In fact, it was a mere walking gentleman's part, whose duty generally was to walk on the stage, make some silly remark, and then walk off again. He therefore refused to act it, and it was given to a person named Johnson. However, the piece was produced on the stage, and ran off almost as rapidly as gun cotton, since which "Gun Cotton" had been as much forgotten as its namesake. On two nights during the time when "Gun Cotton" was being performed, the plaintiff had acted in "Marguerite's Colours," and was in a situation to be put into any other part which might be assigned to him; but the defendant had refused to pay him his salary for those two weeks, alleging, as a justification, that, according to the custom of the theatrical profession, which was an implied part of the contract, if an actor refused to perform the part assigned to him, the manager had a right to fine him in the amount of his salary during the time for which he so refused.—Mr. Chambers (who appeared for the Plaintiff), however, denied the existence of the alleged custom, which the defendant would be bound to prove in support of his defence. The learned counsel then called the following witnesses in support of his case:—Samuel Emery, examined by Mr. Aspland, proved the execution of the agreement, dated the 24th of June, 1847.—Cross-examined: Witness was stage-manager at the Lyceum in June and July, 1847. Remembered a piece called "Gun Cotton." The part which witness assigned to Mr. Wigan was that of *Alfred Jumble*, a medical student, who was to imitate bad German and worse French. Mr. Wigan rejected the part about a week before the piece was coming out, in consequence of which it was obliged to be postponed, and another piece substituted, called the "Momentous Question." A Mr. Johnson afterwards undertook the part. Witness was of opinion that in Mr. Wigan's hands the character of *Alfred Jumble* would have been effective, and it might have become a stock piece. From the time Mr. Wigan refused to play in "Gun Cotton," witness believed he performed in a piece called "Marguerite's Colours."—In his re-examination, the witness stated that when an actor refused to play a part, there were various rules at various theatres with regard to fining him; but there were no rules on that subject at the Lyceum. Witness had refused to act many parts, and would do so again. Where there are rules at theatres for enforcing fines, the contracts entered into with the actors refer to that fact.—Mr. Johnson examined: Witness was the gentleman who undertook to play the part of *Alfred Jumble*. There was no bad German or worse French to be spoken in the part. *Alfred Jumble* was not a German student, but a student in disguise of a German.—Lord Denman: Was he not to speak bad German?—Witness: No, my Lord. He merely threatened to blow up an old man with gun cotton, and induces him to give up his daughter. (Laughter.)—Examination continued: The author of "Gun Cotton" told witness that he had written the part of *Alfred Jumble* for him. It was the part of a walking gentleman, and nothing more. According to witness's judgment, it was not a suitable part for Mr. Wigan to perform. The plaintiff was a "dialect actor," and the part of *Alfred Jumble* did not afford any scope for the display of his talents.—Cross-examined by Mr. Archbold: In the piece, witness had to represent to an old linen-draper that he had come from Germany with a patent for gun-cotton. Witness did not say this in German or French, but in the best English he could.—Lord Denman here observed, he did not see, as Mr. Emery had stated there were no rules as regarded fines at the Lyceum, what answer the defendant could make to the action.—Mr. Archbold replied that he should be able to prove the piece called "Marguerite's Colours" was not played during the run of "Gun Cotton."—Mr. Leigh Murray examined: Witness remembered the piece called "Marguerite's Colours" being played at the same time with "Gun Cotton."—Mr. Keeley examined: Witness was lessee of the Lyceum Theatre three years and a half. The rule as regarded fines varied at different theatres. Witness had no rules on this subject at the Lyceum.—Lord Denman: Did you ever fine?—The witness at first answered in the negative, but subsequently said he had on one occasion inflicted a fine, but afterwards returned the money.—This was the case established by the plaintiff; and the defendant's evidence having, in the opinion of the jury, failed to shake it, they returned a verdict for £20, the amount claimed, for the plaintiff.

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

CHARTIST TRIALS.—SOUTH LANCASHIRE.

THE MURDER OF THE POLICEMAN AT ASHTON.—At the Liverpool Assizes, on Friday (yesterday), *Joseph Ratcliffe*, *Joseph Constantine*, and *Thomas Tassiker*, were indicted before Baron Alderson for the wilful murder of *Joseph Bright*, a policeman, at Ashton-under-Lyne, on the 14th of August last, by having first stabbed him with a pike, and afterwards shooting him through the breast—*Ratcliffe* with having committed the murder, and *Constantine* with aiding and assisting.

Upon the three prisoners being brought up for arraignment, the Attorney-General intimated that he would not proceed against *Tassiker* on the serious charge, and accordingly that prisoner left the dock.

The other two prisoners pleaded "Not guilty." The Attorney-General stated the case. Some time prior to the 14th of August arrangements were made in the town of Ashton-under-Lyne, which resulted in an organisation of a most formidable character, and on that day a sort of simultaneous rising took place in the district adjoining. Between eleven and twelve o'clock on that night a large number of men collected in Catherine-street, armed with pikes, guns, pistols, and other weapons of offence, and proceeded from Catherine-street down Bentinck-street, which runs across Old-street, to Samford-street. At this point a police-office, named Smith, was stationed near the corner of Moss-street, at whose head a pistol was presented by one of the party, which, however, fortunately missed fire. When they got to Brook-street, some of the parties who were there said that *Bright*, the policeman, was coming, upon which a fellow named *Sigley*, who had since absconded, went down the street, followed by *Bright*, who was afterwards dragged along Bentinck-street, where he was heard to say that he knew the persons of his assailants. Upon this, one fellow (*Ratcliffe*) thrust a pike into his thigh, and immediately afterwards the poor man was shot, and died. *Ratcliffe* had previously presented a pistol at *Bright*'s head, and attempted to shoot him, but his pistol had also missed fire. *Sigley* had afterwards absconded to America, and *Ratcliffe* was taken on board the ill-fated *Ocean Monarch*. *Ratcliffe*, after being taken into custody, admitted that he had struck *Bright* with the pike, but he denied having shot him.

The case, as thus set forth, was supported by the testimony of numerous witnesses for the Crown; and for the defence, evidence was adduced showing that the pike wound was not inflicted by *Ratcliffe*.

The Court declared there was no case established against *Constantine*, and the charge against him was accordingly withdrawn.

At the close of the trial on Saturday, the jury, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of "Guilty" against *Ratcliffe*, but strongly recommended him to mercy, as *Bright*, the policeman, did not fall by his hand.

Mr. Baron Alderson then passed sentence of death upon the unhappy man. Mr. Lordship was painfully interrupted while pronouncing the sentence, by the sobbing and weeping of a female in court, said to be the prisoner's wife. The prisoner himself betrayed no emotion whatever, and after addressing a few words to his solicitor, was removed from the dock.

CONSPIRACY AT ASHTON.—DISCHARGE OF SOME, AND CONVICTION OF OTHERS, OF THE PRISONERS.—Pending the delivery of the verdict in the last case, the eighteen Chartist charged with conspiracy to obstruct the laws by tumultuous assemblies, &c., at Ashton-under-Lyne, most of whom had been out on bail, were placed in the dock. The Attorney-General stated that the Crown had determined to proceed against only eight of the prisoners for felony, under the late Government Security Act; the others, on entering into the proper recognisances, might be discharged. Two or three of the prisoners were bound over in their own recognisances in £100, and two sureties in £50 each, to keep the peace for two years, and to appear and plead to the charge whenever they might be called upon; the others (in more indigent circumstances) were allowed to depart on the diminished security of their own recognisances in £50, and two sureties in £25 each. The parties, before their discharge, were cautioned to find the necessary sureties, and take them before a local magistrate within a week.

On Monday, at the sitting of the Court, the Chartists reserved for trial by the Attorney-General were brought up, and pleaded "guilty" to the indictments which had been preferred against them. His Lordship, in addressing them, said, that, instead of endeavouring to obtain universal suffrage, they ought to endeavour to obtain universal temperance, sobriety, and virtue. They should begin at the proper end, become good and virtuous citizens, and political power would come to them. All these advantages must come from themselves. He then sentenced John Winterbottom to twelve months' imprisonment; Edward Harrop and Tetlow, to six months'; Jepson and Hunt, to four months'; Healey and James Harrop, to three months'; and all to find sureties to keep the peace for one year from the expiration of their several imprisonments. *Joseph Constantine*, *Thomas Kenworthy*, *Jonathan Walker*, *James Stott*, *John Sefton*, and *Thomas Tassiker* were then placed at the bar, being indicted, under the new Act of the 11th and 12th of Queen Victoria, for having, at Ashton, in August last, conspired together to levy war against the Queen, in order to force her to change her measures. Another count charged them with conspiring together to deprive her Majesty of her Royal title. The evidence, which was supplied by accomplices of the prisoners, was of the same nature as that adduced on the trial of *Ratcliffe*. After the examination of several witnesses, the prisoners asked to be allowed to plead guilty; which having been acceded to, the Court sentenced *Constantine*, *Kenworthy*, *Stott*, and *Tassiker* to be transported for life; *Sefton* and *Walker* to be transported for ten years.

RIOT AND CONSPIRACY AT MANCHESTER.—*William Groot*, *William Chadwick*, *Edward Clarke Cropper*, *John West*, *George White*, *John Nixon*, *Thomas Rankin*, *Michael McDonough*, *David Donnan*, *James Leech* were indicted for a seditious conspiracy at Manchester on the 1st of April and other days. The Attorney-General in opening the case said, that he had hoped that the defendants would









EDMUND BECKETT DENISON, ESQ., M.P. FOR THE WEST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.

assemblage, and said that the 12,000 who voted for him did so because of his views of the separation of Church and State; adding, "this showed that while religious prejudices had been appealed to on the one hand, the battle on the other had been fought on the broad principles of civil and religious liberty."

The Hon. J. Wortley then replied to some observations made by Sir Culling Eardley on his principles; and Sir Culling Eardley next explained. Mr. Denison proposed a vote of thanks to the Sheriff, which was seconded by Sir C. Eardley, and the proceedings terminated at two o'clock.

## MR. EDMUND BECKETT DENISON, M.P.

Mr. Denison, who has just been returned a second time for the West Riding, it will be recollected, unseated Lord Morpeth for that division of the county at the general election of 1841. At the general election in 1847 he was again proposed to the electors on the day of nomination; but, on obtaining only one-fifth of the show of hands, Mr. Lascelles, on behalf of Mr. Denison, declined to go to the poll; and Lord Morpeth and Mr. Cobden, the other candidates, were accordingly returned: this being a signal triumph of Free-Trade over Protectionist principles; although Mr. Denison's defeat of Lord Morpeth in 1841 was regarded as a severe blow to the party of the latter, and their policy of removing restrictions.

At the opening of the Session of Parliament, in 1846, Mr. Denison seconded the Address, in reply to her Majesty's Speech. In his last speech at Wakefield on Monday, he declared himself a friend to the continued and increased selection of persons for the highest offices of the State from the lower classes, and avourable to the reduction of public expenditure.

Mr. Beckett Denison is the fifth son of the late Sir John Beckett, of Leeds, Bart., and assumed the additional surname and arms of Denison by Royal licence, Sept. 8, 1816. He was born in 1787; and married, in 1814, Maria, daughter of William Beverley, Esq., and great niece of the wife of Sir Thomas Denison, Knt., Judge of the Common Pleas; and by her he has a numerous family. Mr. Denison is a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the East and West Ridings of Yorkshire; his family seat is at Grimthorpe, near Pocklington, in the East Riding.

Mr. Denison is the present Chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company, and in that capacity has evinced great intelligence and activity in furtherance of the Company's interests.

The accompanying Portrait is copied, by permission, from a fine print just published, \* from a picture by Pickersgill, engraved by Reynolds.

\* Published by Colnaghi and Co., Pall-mall East.

## THE CATAMARAN.

On Monday, Mr. Alfred Hely, the patentee of this invention, exhibited its capabilities at Portsmouth, before his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

The Catamaran consists of cylinders or bags, of a flexible waterproof material, filled with any article or substance of a less specific gravity than water, as hammocks, clothes, provisions, valuables, stores, and such like, which, being lashed to spars, capstan-bars, &c., are or can be speedily combined into a raft or float, drawing only a few inches water when launched, not liable, in consequence of its flexible nature and open structure, to be swamped, capsized, or stove in; and capable of carrying one man with 30 days' provisions per cylinder, or, in round numbers, 250lb. dead weight at the rate of 64lb. per cubic foot of water displaced. This Catamaran, which may be constructed in ten minutes by 30 hands taught the mode of putting it together, was about 30 feet long by 8 feet wide; she carried a large lug-sail, and was steered by an oar over the stern; independently of which she carried two ice-boards, about 6 feet long by 3 feet wide, thrust down between the cylinders, one forward and the other aft, which answered the purpose of a sliding keel, and kept her to windward.

The Catamaran was launched on Monday morning at Gosport, at 8 o'clock A.M., and was mounted by the inventor and patentee, a coxswain, and four men, and worked out to Spithead, where she was anchored at 10 o'clock, the wind southerly, and awaited the approach of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, who had previously appointed that hour and place to inspect the invention.

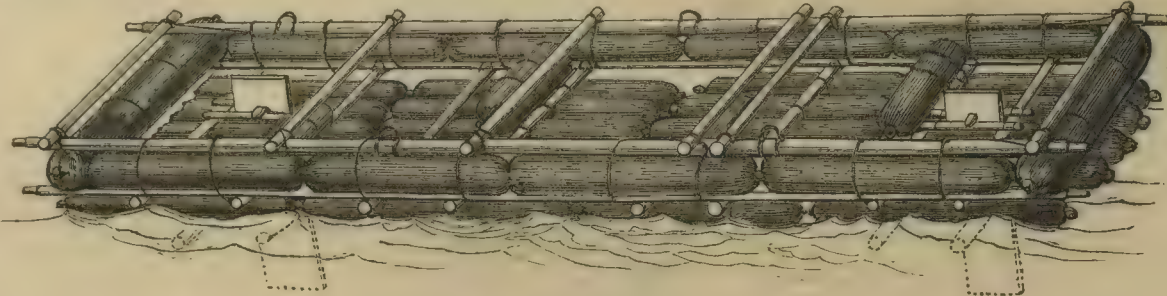
At 11 o'clock his Royal Highness arrived in the *Fairy*, and the Catamaran was pulled alongside, when the Prince inspected the vessel. His Royal Highness then went on board the *Excellent* gunnery ship, where he remained two hours, witnessing a fine series of exercises.

On arriving at Osborne, the Prince again re-appeared in the *Fairy*, and landed on the pier under Osborne; the Catamaran tacked, and in order to save the tide, as the wind still continued foul, was towed to the mouth of Portsmouth Harbour by her tender, after which she proceeded to Gosport-beach, and was taken to pieces, having been afloat about nine hours. She behaved at sea remarkably well during her passage out and home, and in every way sustained the character of seaworthiness and efficiency which she exhibited on her voyage from Dover to Boulogne and back in June last.

## ABODES OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

The present festive season is by no means an ill-timed opportunity for introducing to our readers a specimen of the lodgment of the Labouring Classes, and that within a very short distance of our luxurious metropolis.

The Engraving represents one of two groups of houses at Bows Farm, Edmonton, both of which are inhabited (some of the houses by two families) by agricultural labourers, who pay from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per week; which rent is looked after pretty sharply by the owner, who lives in the neighbourhood. These dwellings are remarkable for their utter wretchedness and neglect. There is scarcely a whole pane of glass in the nine cottages, and neither doors, windows, nor roofs, afford protection from the weather. The place appears to have been originally a farm-house, named "Bows;" at present it is little better than a heap of ruins.



MR. HELY'S CATAMARAN.

We are willing to suppose the existence of this state of things to be scarcely known in the parish of Edmonton, where the juxtaposition of many a handsome mansion suggests that the rich regard the dwellings of their poor neighbours with discreditable apathy. Surely here is a case for the Board of Health, or for either of the active societies in the metropolis, whose aim is to improve the condition of the industrious classes.

## ORNAMENTAL CAST-IRON WINDOW.

The annexed is a drawing of one of a number of Ornamental Windows, made at Belfast (Ireland), during the last few months, for the new Palace of the Pacha



CAST-IRON WINDOW-FRAME FOR THE PALACE OF THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

of Egypt. They are of cast iron, and of very large dimensions, being 20 feet high and 8 feet wide; and each window weighs 5 tons. They are to be bronzed and gilt after being erected. The same firm who have supplied these (Messrs. MacAdam, of the Soho Foundry, Belfast) have recently erected on the banks of the Nile, for the Egyptian Government, a number of very large Steam Pumping-Engines, to raise the water of the river for the purpose of irrigation. We consider these facts extremely interesting. It is not a little remarkable to find a manufacturer in the extreme North of Ireland (the poorest country in



TENEMENTS AT EDMONTON.



## ROBERT-HOUDIN AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

It is fortunate for the agricultural interests, and especially so for Monsieur Houdin, that the days of burning in Smithfield have passed away; otherwise some fine morning he would have found himself compelled to put all his necromantic lore to the proof, in some attempt to escape from the tumbrel, on which he was being dragged to the pile as a wizard and a sorcerer. Habituated to the tricks of conjurors from childhood—knowing most of the popular deceptions in which rabbits, guinea-pigs, pigeons, and other unfortunate animals and birds, transmute into split-peas, pocket-handkerchiefs, bunches of keys, rings, and half-crowns—we confess that many of M. Houdin's tricks are above our comprehension altogether. We are never surprised at deceptions with cards. If a conjuror was to change an entire pack, held in our hands, into knaves of clubs; or make all the aces go into different waistcoat pockets of the company; or, finally, order the entire suits to march, one after the other, round the stage, like "Jack going for mustard"—(although we never could understand why such an elaborate *cortège* was necessary to procure so simple a condiment)—it would not cause the least astonishment. But in some of M. Houdin's great effects, we feel our breath taken away: bringing every possible application of mechanical ingenuity and scientific influence to our assistance—he entirely beats us. He is the sole monarch of the world of wonders; all other conjurors and wizards, from whatever point of the compass they arrive, sink into insignificant imitators before him.

In London, most of his clever deceptions are well known; but in the country they may yet be matters of mere, and almost incredible, report. We have represented him in one of his most startling delusions—that of the production of the gold fish. Where they can possibly come from, swimming so entirely at their case in their crystal bowl, when M. Houdin has been before us all the while, in the centre of the stage, removed from any trap, table, or communication of any kind, is most marvellous. Truth to tell, we have a slight suspicion of our own; but where the pleasure in being deceived is so great—and it really is—we would not deprive our readers of a treat, by betraying a glimpse of the proceeding. And so we recommend them to go to Mr. Mitchell's pleasant theatre; and if they are half as much entertained as we have been there, they will come away our debtors for the hint.

## CHRISTMAS WITH THE YULE LOG.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



WHAT, Father Christmas! here again?

With Yule Log on your back,  
And mighty store of racy things  
Well stuffed within your pack.  
Hail, cheerer! blessed be your face,  
Great King of Frost and Cold!  
For, notwithstanding all your beard,  
You're only twelve months old.

We know you ape the Christmas past,  
And totter in your gait;  
But that bright sparkle in your eye  
Belies your old bald pate.  
You take us in, you sly old rogue!  
You always like your joke;  
You know you've got the mistletoe  
In your capacious poke.

What have you got within that bowl,  
Of odour sweet and rare?  
Is it a potion like the last,  
To wash away dull care?  
To turn the heart from feud and gall,  
And drown the last year's strife—  
And shattered circles join again,  
That should endure for life?

Then light the log of cheering blaze;  
We're waiting to a man  
To sing the songs we've sung before,  
And pass the flowing can.  
See, how the smile and friendly grasp  
Are ready at your call,  
And lips are waiting to be pressed—  
One heart shall be for all!

We know that you are not so old;  
You're full of youth and mirth.  
Where is the robe of white, with which  
You mean to wed the earth?  
We'll at your wedding dance i' faith—  
All friends so good and true—  
And welcome in the young New Year,  
So quickly born of you.

**THE KOH-I-NOOR.**—This famous diamond (the largest and most precious in the world), forfeited by the treachery of the Sovereign of Lahore, and now under the security of British bayonets at the fortress of Govindghur, it is hoped, will ere long—as one of the splendid trophies of our military valour—be brought to England, in attestation of the glory of our arms in India. The mischievous superstition attaching to the possession of this unique and invaluable diamond might be utterly crushed by this retributive consignment; and our august Queen, herself the brightest example of female sovereignty in the annals of England, would be appropriately adorned with a jewel of analogous value to that of the loyal estimation so universally assigned to her in the hearts of her subjects.—*Delhi Gazette.*

**GUNS FOR DOVER CASTLE.**—The officer commanding the Royal Artillery at Dover has received directions from the Honourable Board of Ordnance to have four guns, recently sent from Woolwich, of an improved construction and superior range to any others in Dover, mounted on the east and north sides of the Norman Keep in the Castle. The calibre of these guns is eight inches in diameter, and they will propel a shot, 68lbs., the extraordinary distance of more than three miles.

**AN INDIAN PRINCESS ABOUT TO VISIT QUEEN VICTORIA.**—There are in New York two interesting young Indian girls, one of the Mohican tribe, about twelve years of age, and the other a beautiful maiden of seventeen, a Princess of the Chippewa tribe, with jet black hair three feet long, who has arrived here with a view of visiting England to pay her respects to Queen Victoria, whom she appears fully resolved to see before she returns to her native place.—*New York paper.*



ROBERT-HOUDIN'S SOIREE'S FANTASTIQUES.

JEROME PATUROT  
IN SEARCH OF THE BEST REPUBLIC.  
ILLUSTRATED BY GAVARNI.

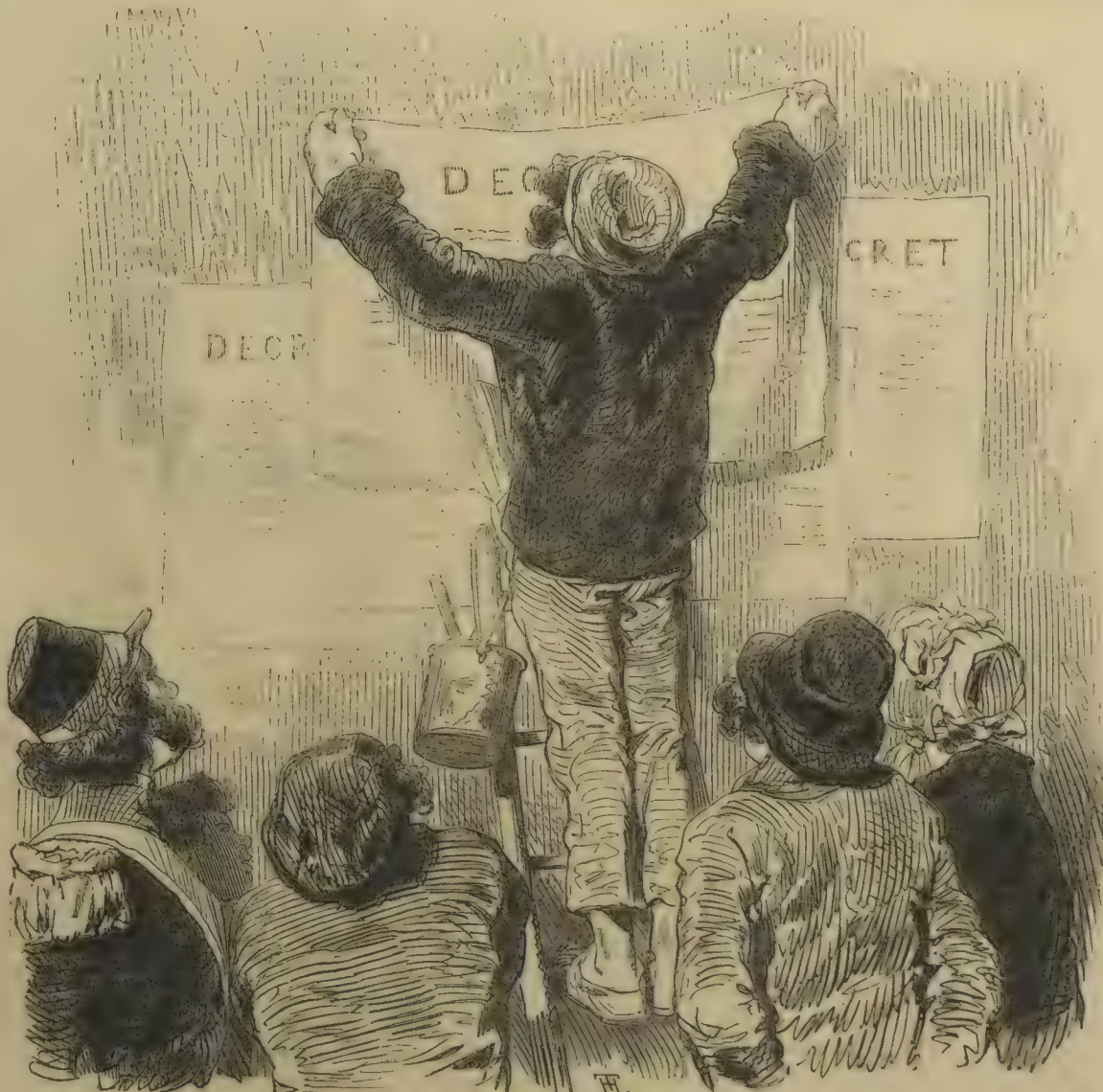
(Continued from page 382.)

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE PATIENT AND THE DOCTORS.

I had only been a few days in Paris, but I could already well conceive the sufferings it endured. Its essential life, the source of its pride and of its wealth, was suppressed. Luxury had abdicated, and with it the trades it supports. A

swarm of rich men and idlers fled to seek elsewhere a less threatening sky and smoother pavements. The great city lost its good customers, while the number of bad ones increased. What was lost in wealth was made up in turbulence and this law of equilibrium did not tend to restore labour and credit. And the ruin was not a fiction; it attacked every one. From the millionaire to the simple labourer, there was not a man in France who had not to suffer some loss or bear some burden. It was a terrible balance-sheet, at which the most steadfast soul was alarmed. A long peace, the prosperity of the middle classes, the extension of credit, had overwhelmed the country with a mass of conventional securities which could not be liquidated without loss, except in a time of universal calmness of mind and perpetual peace. This liquidation had now to be proceeded with in the midst of a storm, and the result may be imagined. The rentes, the railway shares, *bons du trésor*, coupons of the savings-banks, all the issues of public or private enterprise, the banks, canals, trading companies, the bonds of companies and towns all were struck by the same blow, all were in



POSTING THE DECREES.







SENT free, by return of post, by J. WILKINS, 4, Bell's-buildings, Salisbury-square, London, in return for 13 penny stamps.

**ASTHMA, COUGHS, and COLDS.**—One of Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS, allowed to dissolve in the mouth, immediately relieves the most violent asthma, as a cough, cold, and protects weak lungs from the irritation of fogs and frosts. They have a pleasant taste. Price 1s 1d, 2s 3d, and 11s per box. Agents, DR. SILVEY and Co., 1, Bride-lane, London. Sold by all medicine vendors.



## PUBLICATIONS, &amp;c.

**MR. DICKENS'S NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK.**  
This day is published, price 5s. Shillings, elegantly bound in cloth, with Illustrations by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., Frank Stone, John Leach, and John Tenniel.

**THE HAUNTED MAN and the GHOST'S BARGAIN:** a Fanciful Christmas Time.  
By CHARLES DICKENS.  
London: BRADBURY and EVANS, 11, Boulevard-street.

This day is published, handsomely bound in cloth, price 2s. 6d., with 10 Illustrations.  
**CHRISTMAS EVE; or, the Story of Little**  
Antonia: a Present for Children.  
JOSEPH CUNLIFF, 18, Old Bond-street.

Just published, price 1s. 6d., with five Engravings.  
**THE OLD YEAR and the NEW YEAR.**  
A Christmas Allegory, being the Dying Advice of Master Old Year to his beloved Son Master New Year. Forming either a suitable Christmas present or an appropriate New Year's Gift.  
London: WHITTAKER and Co., and sold by all Booksellers.

**CHRISTMAS CAROLS, by ALFRED CROWQUILL.**—Now ready, by Thomas Baker, entitled "The Yule Log," and "Christmas." Written and beautifully illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL. Price One Shilling each.—HAMMOND, Musician and Publisher, 9, New Bond-street, opposite the Clarendon Hotel.

**NEW POLKA.—THE FESTIVAL POLKA.**  
composed by T. BROWNE. Price 2s. (sent postage free).—Mr. Browne, the composer of the new Polka, has just produced his new Polka, and one of the most successful Songs of the season. The melody and words of the present ballad are equally interesting and beautiful as the former, and will no doubt obtain a similar share of popularity.—London: DUFF and HODGSON, 65, Oxford-street.

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## CHRISTMAS MORALITIES.

THE moralities of Christmas! And what are they? Are not moralities always moralities? And is there any season in which it is more proper than in others to exhibit and to practise them? Certainly not. Christmas moralities and virtues are those of the whole year; but at Christmas time the heart, for once, is more our teacher than the world. We are more willing than usual to listen to the promptings of the inner voice, and to encourage kindly sentiments towards each other. We do not speak of Christmas Day merely. That is a day sacred to all hearts, and every pulpit in the land has a privileged expositor of its sanctity. We speak of Christmas time—the period intervening between Christmas Eve and Twelfth Night—the close of the Old Year and the beginning of the New; and we seek to discover the social idea that both embellishes and consecrates it.

To many Christmas is a time of sorrow. The man hard buffeted by the world, who has struggled during a whole year to make both ends meet, and to retain his social position, dreads the examination of his affairs, which he too surely knows will prove that all his efforts have been in vain. To him Christmas is but

the remembrancer of distress, and the shadow of approaching calamity.

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate  
Full on his bloom,  
And crushed beneath the furrow's weight  
Shall be his doom.

Yet even such a man may, if he pleases, find consolation at Christmas, not only by forgetting the perplexities of his position for the one day, in which men resolve to throw off care, but by learning to look the worst steadily in the face, and so gather strength to rise above it. But it is only to the struggling—and they are, unfortunately, a large class in this world of keen competition—that Christmas comes robed in terrors. To the rich man, who is master of his own wealth, and to that happy character, the rich poor man, whose wants are measured by his means, Christmas times are ever genial. The social sentiment which fills the minds of all who reflect, or of multitudes who do not reflect, is that of a rubbing off of scores with all men, moral as well as pecuniary; of a beginning again with new hopes, and of a celebration of the compact with ourselves and the world—by hospitality, good fellowship, and good wishes. The main idea is derived from the religious character of the festival: it is that of

forgiveness. Of all the social virtues forgiveness is, perhaps, the most prolific. Like all unselfish feelings it is a blessing to self. We forgive for the delight of forgiving; and we increase thereby our own chance of forgiveness. It is not in the bargain, but it is paid to us. We did not sow the one seed in anticipation of such a harvest; but we gain an abundant crop, all the more precious because utterly unexpected. To banish animosity from our breast is to get rid of a disagreeable and troublesome visitor; to expel hate is to free ourselves from a corroding disease. But it is far better even than that; for we not only expel that which is unpleasant and hurtful, but in the place of it we receive, and make one with our own being—spirit of our spirit—that which is pleasant and beneficial. Go out, Hatred—come in, Love! Get thee gone, Rancour: and welcome, most welcome, thou sweet-visaged and full-souled Charity! The heart being once opened to forgive, cannot be shut again immediately. A whole train of generous feelings, that only want encouragement and an open door, rush in and take possession, and cannot be extruded again in one day, although we should try ever so much. Forgiveness may not, like Mercy, be twice blessed. It may not bless the man who is forgiven. It may be scorned and con-



CAROL SINGING IN THE COUNTRY.—DRAWN BY DODGSON.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



temned; but what of that? The more it is scorned, the greater is its brilliancy; the greater the contempt or ingratitude with which it is received, the greater its own merit. Besides, the man forgiven may not know that he is forgiven. There is no ostentation in the matter. There may be Mercy without Forgiveness; but wherever Forgiveness is, Mercy cannot be absent. Mercy, too, may be proud and haughty, and even revengeful; but Forgiveness is always humble. A savage may be merciful; but it takes a Christian to forgive.

The minor virtues of Christmas time are all contagious. When all the world forms good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, who is the churl that would refuse to respond to them or share them? If it be true that "one fool makes many," it is still more true that good wishes beget good deeds. Kindly feelings are as epidemic as foolish ones; perhaps more so. In ordinary seasons the distance between the tongue and the heart may be somewhat long and devious; but the good wishes that are upon the tongues of all men must perforce take up their habitation in the hearts of some of them.

The hospitalities of an English Christmas are proverbial all over the world. From the Monarch in the halls of Windsor down to the humblest peasant or mechanic in his cottage or lodging some hospitality is exercised at Christmas. Every family, according to its means, makes merry for this day. And while there is feasting among the rich the poor are not neglected. The good old English gentleman of the ballad is a type of all English at the period of Christmas—

For while he feasted all the rich  
He ne'er forgot the poor.

The palace and the hall rejoice, and the workhouse shares the universal feasting of the occasion. Paupers for once, at least, in the melancholy round of the year are made partakers, not of the good feelings, which, we trust, they always share, but of the good cheer that is in fashion for one day in the three hundred and sixty-five. So strong is the sentiment of the day that even grim justice has been known to relax, and permit the cell of the prisoner to be irradiated by such hospitable sympathy, as roast beef and plumb pudding can afford to their recipients. There are thousands upon thousands of magnificent spectacles that no eye ever sees in the aggregate of their magnificence, but which the active brain can nevertheless imagine. What a spectacle, for instance, England would afford on this, or any other 25th day of December, to an eye so far raised up above our atmosphere, and so penetrating, as to be able to look into its myriad habitations—palaces, castles, towers, halls, villas, cottages, and hovels; whether in hamlet, village, town, or metropolis, all at the same time! What an irradiation of smiling faces would look up into the cold wintry air! What genial gathering together of families and friends would dot the large and living map with multitudinous spots of light; small as the glow-worm's lamp in some places, but still clear and visible; and in others, large and varied as a city illumination! But though we cannot see these things, we know that such things are. We know that parents and children, friends and lovers, are associated for the purposes of intercommunion and hospitality; and that love, under some one or other of its various manifestations—of parents for children, children for parents, the young for each other, and of neighbour for neighbour—is the presiding spirit of these homely and homeful festivals.

With joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,  
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet.  
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years.

We know that under thousands and tens of thousands of mistletoeboughs kind words are said, and sweet vows registered often without the aid of words at all, though certainly not without the aid of lips, and eyes, and pressure of the palms. We know, too, that acquaintanceship becomes warmer, friendship more cemented, and love more loving, under the influence of this day! and we forgive Christmas its bills (which would have to be paid some time or other), for the sake of the clarity and goodwill which it fosters through all ranks of society. Therefore we say, Blessings upon Christmas, and to each and all of our readers may it prove a Merry one!

## ON CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BY R. H. HORNE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY DODGSON.

In preparing to take a seasonable, and therefore a genial survey of the half festive half religious songs, entitled Christmas Carols, we are stopped at the outset by two considerations, each claiming precedence. Since it is quite clear they cannot both stand first, we must attend to them separately. The two considerations to which we refer are these: the claims of the ancient Carols, such as were sung in the days of the Anglo-Saxon Kings after their conversion to Christianity, and in the festivities of the same season among the Danish and Anglo-Norman Kings, all of whom "wore their crowns in public" on the occasion, which, with other less remote dates, take precedence in respect of time; and the claims of the modern Carols, dating from Herrick, or rather from Milton's Hymn to the Nativity, which must certainly take precedence of all others for its poetic grandeur, and, we may add, its divine fervour. Settled, however, this point must be before we can proceed; and it may be as well, therefore, to commence at once with our friends in the olden time.

As early as the first and second centuries, we find that the Birth of Christ was celebrated. In the third century, this "holy night" was kept with so many festivities, that Gregory Nazianzen, who died A.D. 389, and other Christian teachers of the time, considered it necessary to caution the people against making the hilarities resemble a heathen rite, by forgetting the heavenly objects in an excess of feasting, singing, and dancing. It would also appear that these exhortations to sobriety were partly intended as a wise caution and salutary warning; for, in the same age, there is the record of a horrible atrocity, in the shape of a wholesale massacre, committed when an indulgence in these festivities had thrown the people off their guard. A multitude of Christians—men, women, and children, of all ages—had assembled in the temple, at Nicomedia, in Bithynia, to commemorate the Nativity. In the height of their happiness, when all the wickedness and cruelties of the world were forgotten, Diocletian the Tyrant surrounded

the temple with his soldiers, who set it on fire, and nearly twenty thousand people were burned alive, or otherwise destroyed on the occasion.

The Anglo-Saxon Kings, having been converted, held the festival of the Nativity with great solemnity and splendour, and displayed the greatest hospitality to all strangers of rank. A similar course was adopted by the Danish and Anglo-Norman Kings. Nor were these ceremonies by any means confined to solemn observances; on the contrary, the descendants of those who, in Pagan times, had been used to quaff great bowls of wine in honour of Thor and Odin, now drank them to commemorate the Apostles, the Virgin and other sacred names. A curious Anglo-Norman Carol, of the date of the thirteenth century, is given by Mr. Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities" (vol. 1, p. 371), which is, to all intents and purposes, a jolly bacchanalian song, for a bass voice. The greatest rejoicing and merriment prevailed, particularly as displayed in dancing, and singing Carols; and, to such an excess had this been carried, that a preposterous legend has grown out of it, carefully handed down by William of Malmesbury, who gravely relates how that fifteen young women and eighteen young men were dancing, and singing Carols (A.D. 1012) in the church-yard of a church dedicated to St. Magnus, on the day before Christmas, whereby they greatly disturbed one Robert, a priest, who was performing mass in the church; how that the said Robert sent to tell them to desist, but they would not listen; how this Robert offered up prayers for a suitable punishment; and how that the whole party were miraculously compelled to continue singing and dancing for a whole year, night and day, without ceasing—feeling neither heat nor cold, hunger nor thirst, weariness nor want of sleep: and, though their clothes did not wear out with all this inordinate exercise, yet the earth beneath them did; so that, when they left off, the earth had worn away all round them to the depth of several feet, while they danced in the hollow.

The earliest Carol is, of course, the Nativity Carol mentioned in *Luke* (c. ii. v. 14), which was sung by the angels. In the twelfth book of "Paradise Lost" this hymn is thus mentioned:—

His place of birth a solemn angel tells  
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night:  
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
Of squadron'd angels hear his Carol sung.

Other hymns were gradually composed on this subject; and it is stated by Mr. Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," on the authority of an ancient Ritualist, that "in the earlier ages of the Church, the bishops were accustomed, on Christmas Day, to sing Carols among the clergy." So say Durand and others.

But it is time to give the reader a few specimens of the "Christmas Carols" of our forefathers.

Amidst a great mass of very questionable stuff, not to call it rubbish, some of our earliest Carols possess a peculiar beauty—a sort of devout innocence and happy faith, very refreshing in themselves, and more especially when compared with the modern, as well as the elder rubbish to which we have alluded. The first we shall select is from the Harleian MSS. (No. 5396—time of Henry VI.); printed, also, in Ritson's "Ancient Songs." Bishop Taylor considers it identical with the earliest one, which the Angels sung to the Shepherds:—

### CHRYSTO PAREMUS CANTICAM EXCELSIS GLORIA.

When Chryst was born of Mary, free,  
In Bethlehem, that fayre citee,  
Angels sang with mirth and glee  
In excelsis gloria!

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,  
To them appearing with great light,  
And sayd God's Son is born this night,  
In excelsis gloria!

This King is coming to save mankind,  
Declared in Scripture as we fynde,  
Therefore this song have we in mind,  
In excelsis gloria!

Two words, illegible in the M.S., we have been obliged to supply, and to modernize several Anglo-Saxon characters, and abbreviations. All the rest is verbatim.

In one of the Coventry pageants, in the early part of the 15th century, several songs are introduced, rude in structure, but, as Sandys thinks, fairly entitled to be regarded as Carols. The one we are about to quote is unquestionably a Carol:—

### SONG BY THE SHEPHERDS.

As I rode out last night, last night,  
Of three joyous shepherds I saw a sight,  
And all about their fold a star shone bright—  
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.

### SONG BY THE WOMEN.

Lul-lee, lul-lay, thou little tiny child—  
Bye-bye, lul-lee, lul-lay!  
O sisters too, how may we do  
For to preserve this day,  
This poor youngling, for whom we do sing  
Bye-bye, lul-lee, lul-lay.  
Herod the King, in his raging,  
Chargéd he hath this day  
His men of might, in his own sight,  
All young children to slay.

Then wo is me, poor child, for thee,  
And ever we mourn and say,  
For this journey wild, thou little tiny child,  
Bye-bye, lul-lee, lul-lay.

Carols were much in request during the whole of this century, as we learn from the above and other authorities. Tusser mentions one to "be sung to the tune of 'King Solomon,'" and in the time of Shakespeare Carols were continually sung about the streets at Christmas.

A Latin poem by Naogeorgus, a Bavarian, written in the sixteenth century, and made English, after a fashion, by Barnaby Goode, alludes to the Carol singing of the time, with its various customs, which were evidently far more jocund than reverential.

Three weekes before the day whereon was born the Lord of Grace,  
And on the Thursdays, boys and girls do runne in every place,  
And bounce and beate at every doore, with blows and lustie snaps,  
And crye the Advent of the Lord, not born as yet, perhaps,  
And wishing to the neighbours all, that in the houses dwell,  
A happy yeare, and everything to spring and prosper well.

We must conclude, with one or two more specimens, our account of the ancient Carols, together with the merry songs of the season; and we cannot refrain making our selection once again of a song on the head of the forest lord of yore. It is ushered in, as usual, with trumpets and minstrelsy:—

### CAROL

On bringing Boar's Head, used before Christmas Prince, at St. John Baptist's College, Oxford, Christmas, 1607.

The boare is dead,  
See, here is his head;  
What man could have done more  
Than his head off to strike,  
Meleager like,  
And bringe it as I doe, before?  
He, living, spoyled  
Where good men toyled,  
Which made kind Ceres sorrye;  
But now dead and drawne,  
Is very good for brawne,  
And we have brought it for ye.

Then set downe the swineyard,  
The foe to the vineyard,  
Let Bacchus crowne his fall;  
Let this boare's head and mustard  
Stand for pig, goose, and custard,  
And so you are welcome all!

The other Carols with which we intended to terminate our account of these songs of the olden time, we find, on further consideration, to be too long for extract. As, however, they are of the legendary character, we must content ourselves with telling the story of one of the best.

The first is called "The Carnal and the Crane." The Star in the East was so bright that it shone into King Herod's Chamber and alarmed him. He questioned the Wise Men about it, who told him that a babe was born this night who should have power which no King could destroy. Herod pointed to a roasted cock which was on a dish before him, and said, "That bird shall as soon be able to crow three times as this thing be true which ye tell." Whereupon feathers instantly grew over the roasted cock, and he rose high on his legs and crowed three times standing up in the dish!

We pass on to the popular broad-sheet Carols, of a rather more modern date. Though the majority be very wretched stuff, there will sometimes be found verses that appeal directly to the feelings by their homely strength, and coming from the heart of the writers.

Oh, pray teach your children, man,  
The while that you are here;  
It will be better for your souls  
When your corpse lies on its bier.

To-day you may be alive, dear man,  
Worth many a thousand pound;  
To-morrow may be dead, dear man,  
And your body laid under ground:

With one turf at your head, O man,  
And another at your feet,  
Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,  
Will all together meet.

In the century preceding the present, the wassail bowl was commonly carried, on Christmas eve, to the houses of the nobles and gentry, with songs, in return for which a small present was expected. As midnight approached, the carol-singers and bell-ringers prepared to usher in the morning of the Nativity with the usual rejoicings, so that all at once bells rang in the middle of the night, singing was heard, and bands of music went playing through the towns and villages and outskirts, and round about to all the principal houses of the county families. In the West of England the Carol-singers often used to repair to the church porch, or to the porch of some ancient house, to sing-in Christmas morning; and it is a rural scene of this kind which the Artist has portrayed in the Illustration that accompanies the present account.

A similar scene is described by the author of the "Sketch-Book," on his visit to Yorkshire at this time of the year. He awoke in the night with the sound of music beneath his window, which then floated off to a distance. Then there was singing, which sounded in the porch. "In the morning," he says, "as I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently, a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas Carol, the burden of which was—

Rejoice! our Saviour, he was born  
On Christmas-day in the morning.

It is extraordinary, considering the beauty and grandeur of the subject—comprising, as it does, in its essence, the whole history of humanity, its errors, its sufferings, its hopes, and final victory—how very few poets have written Carols. We only know of one great poet who has done so—need we say that this one was Milton? (Göthe and Coleridge have each written a Carol, but of no very remarkable kind.) It must not, however, be forgotten, that Herrick has written several very beautiful Carols, not displaying any strength of vision or divine ardour, but characterised by a sweet poetical playfulness. Here is a verse from his

### ODE ON THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Instead of neat enclosures  
Of interwoven osiers;  
Instead of fragrant posies  
Of daffodils and roses,  
Thy cradle, kingly stranger,  
As Gospell tells,  
Was nothing else  
But here a homely manger.

Another, by Herrick, is entitled

### THE STAR-SONG.

The flourish of music; then followed the song.

1st Voice. Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly tongue,  
Where is the babe but lately sprung?  
Lies he the lillie-banks among?

2nd Voice. Or say, if this new birth of ours  
Sleep, laid within some ark of flowers,  
Sparklet with dew-light; thou canst clear  
All doubts, and manifest the where?

3rd Voice. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek  
Him in the morning's blushing cheek;  
Or search the beds of spices through,  
To find Him out?

Star. No, this ye need not do;  
But only come and see Him rest  
A princely babe, in his mother's breast.

Chorus. He's seen! he's seen! why then around  
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground.

To Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" we need only allude once more, as the highest composition that has yet appeared on this subject, beyond all compare. We shall not make any extract from it, as it is within everybody's reach, which the specimens we have quoted from other sources are not.

Those who would seek further information on this subject, and read more of these songs of the olden time, will find abundance (in addition to those authors we have already quoted) in the Sloane, Harleian, and



other MSS. in the British Museum; Ritson's "Ancient Songs," &c. A small, but very choice, collection has recently been brought out by Cundall—bound, of course, according to the most perfect models of the ancient art, with carved boards, embossed covers, and illuminated pages. Those who are desirous of obtaining modern Carols, carefully written to scriptural texts, and adapted to the ancient tunes (the music of which is given), may be amply supplied from a little work published by J. W. Parker, entitled "Christmas Carols, with Appropriate Music," and adorned with a frontispiece, engraved from some picture by one of the old masters; of the beauty of which it is not too much to say, that it is worthy of the subject.

FRIENDS TOGETHER.

A CHRISTMAS CHANT AND CHORUS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Friends, together met this day,  
In the good old Christmas way,  
With its merry pastimes rare,  
And its jolly unwholesome fare,  
And its fire too good to bear,  
And the old amazing noise  
Of its young and its old boys,  
And the misletoe, which Molly  
Hopes will make 'em still more jolly,  
And the berries on its holly,  
Like delighted Melancholy,  
And a world of wise old folly;  
Say, oh say! and let the sound  
Run this happy circle round,  
What's the height, the topmost blessing,  
Of the bliss we're thus possessing?  
What the crown of Christmas weather?—  
Friends together.

CHORUS.

Friends together;  
Friends, well met and long together,  
That's the crown of Christmas weather.

Friends together! words divine;  
Sweetest test of Auld Lang Syne;  
First, two small friends, full of glee,  
Brotherly and sisterly,  
Link'd in those fast-holding bands—  
One another's little hands.  
Schoolmates then, who, as they pace,  
Arms o'er shoulders interlace.  
Lovers next, ah! friends indeed,  
If their loves their youth exceed  
(I have heard that some, for life,  
Have been husband call'd, and wife).  
Friends like us, then, met in mirth  
In a corner of old earth,  
And, in spite of earthly leaven,  
Hoping we may meet in Heaven;  
Hoping there for tearless weather,  
Friends together.

CHORUS.

Friends together;  
Knowing not a care together,  
Such as spots e'en Christmas weather.

Care be welcome, if it be  
Comfort's friend, not enemy;  
Manhood's nerve, affection's test,  
And the work secure of rest;  
And to that good end withal,  
And the weal of great and small,  
Let us rise, sire, one and all;  
Not against one right possessor,  
Not against the Queen, God bless her!  
Not against the very assessor,  
If he spare the poor man's dresser;  
But with glasses, full and high,  
Like the prospect in our eye,  
And this wish to drink it by—  
May the whole earth, like this table,  
Making Christmas faith no fable,  
Stand, ere long, in bloodless weather,  
Friends together.

CHORUS.

Friends together;  
Rain or shine, not caring whether,  
Bright in soul, and friends together.

PLUM-PUDDING.—A CHRISTMAS RHAPSODY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY KENNY MEADOWS.

Who, that has lived to years of discretion, or floundered into an age of indiscretion, can say that maturity has ever afforded him such an object of intense gratification and pleasure as has been afforded him in a pudding? Not an ordinary pudding, of apple, cherry, or plum, or nut, or other every-day material, but a Plum-Pudding!—the pudding, in diet, because the pudding is the pudding, and the pudding is the pudding, and the pudding is the pudding. Remember, my friends, that the pudding is the pudding, and the pudding is the pudding, and the pudding is the pudding. Have you ever lived to the age of three years, or five, or seven, or eleven years old? You may have loved some dear baby, or Ellen, or Louisa, when you were nineteen or twenty; but was the love so all-pervading, so deeply possessing, so utterly absorbing, so infinitely so long dwelt upon, as your love for pudding? Ah, in I must answer that it was not, and could not have been. You may have loved Mary, or

Ellen, or Louisa, very devotedly, and may even have deluded yourself with the romantic idea that you know what true love is; but if you never loved Plum-Pudding, before you reached your teens, with an unspeakable intensity of delight and fervour, and if you did not long for Christmas with a yearning affection, in order to behold, possess, and enjoy the idol of your stomach (and the stomach, if not the seat of the mind, is very often its master), you have missed an experience of life. You have not loved thoroughly. You are but half a man in the riches of your memory; and no future time can give you such a joy as you have lost. No! there is nothing in after life that yields such unalloyed delight as pudding yields to the boy. Is the man's money worth the boy's pudding? No! The money may be dearly prized, gleated over, and hardly won; but it never did and never can afford the deep satisfaction of pudding. The Plum acquired by Smith or Jenkins, and upon which he retires into the country, at the age of sixty or thereabouts, to attend to his rheumatism and cultivate his cabbage-garden, does not give him the same fierce joy to think of, and rapturous delight to hold, as the Plum-Pudding of that same Smith or Jenkins gave him when he wore a pinafore. The heart is seared and dry as a leaf before the "Plum" is gained. Experience has proved all things to be "vanity and vexation of spirit;" even gold itself; but the heart is fresh and new, and full of all sweet imaginings when Plum-Pudding is the prize.

If money be not comparable to pudding, neither are the other prizes for which men struggle. Fame? Pooh! What is fame in comparison with pudding? Rank? It is preposterous to imagine, if we weigh the delights of the one against the delights of the other, that rank would not kick the beam, and thus show, in the most convincing of modes, the superior weight and solidity of the boy's gratification.

Deep love, as we all know, is allied to sorrow. "The course of true love never did run smooth;" and what sorrow in love is there in that story of the boy, who, upon one delicious Christmas Day, having eaten his fill of pudding, was observed to burst into an uncontrollable passion of tears. "What are you crying for, Johnny?" said his father's guest, unaware of Johnny's weakness, or rather of the strength of his affection for pudding; "Because," said Johnny, sobbing vehemently, "I can't eat any more pudding!" "Fill your pockets, my little man!" said his father's guest, with consolatory sympathy and sage advice. "Oh!" replied Johnny, as distinctly as the paroxysm of his mighty tribulation would permit him, "I have! I have!"

Oh happy love, where love like this is found!  
Oh heartfelt rapture!—bliss beyond compare!  
I've paced much this weary mortal round,  
And sage experience bids me thus declare:  
If heaven one taste of heavenly pleasure spare,  
One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
'Tis—

'Tis in delicious boyhood, on Christmas Day, when the pudding is served, and a large slice, smoking hot, is put into our plate by our fond mother. To talk of love under a lawthorn tree, in comparison with such delight as that, shows little knowledge of the real sources of enjoyment.

This quotation from Burns reminds me of the loss that literature has sustained in the ignorance of that poet of the merits of Plum-Pudding. He tasted a Scotch pudding—an unshapely, if not unseemly thing, called a "Haggis," and he became inspired. What would his inspiration have been had he known what an English pudding was? Would he then have exclaimed, as he has done, that Haggis was

The great chieftain of the pudding race?

I should think not. Scotchman as he was, he would have degraded Haggis to its proper place, and thought it treason against the majesty of the real monarch of puddings, to have exalted into his high place so miserable and so plebeian a pretender. "They never saw dainties that think haggis a feast," says a proverb of his country, and like most proverbs it says truly. But

The sturdy Saxon, pudding-fed,  
The trembling earth resounds his tread,  
Clap in his strong right fist the blade,  
He'll make it whistle;  
And cut off leg, or arm, or head,  
Like top of this tistle!

I have often wondered who invented Plum-Pudding. The name of that benefactor of our species is lost in the night of ages. We may, however, speculate on this subject. It is, doubtless, to a woman that the world is indebted for this glorious discovery. Could she re-visit this earth that she once adorned with her presence, and enlightened with her genius, and see how many homes she makes happy in this Christmas of 1848, and what thousands of dear little boys and girls do honour to her invention, what a felicity she would enjoy. I see her in my mind's eye at this moment, "fat, fair, and forty." She must have been moderately stout, for good-tempered people generally grow to a comfortable rotundity; and good-tempered she most assuredly was, or she could never have compounded so kindly and so genial a mixture as Plum-Pudding. Fair, I am positive she was. In her youth she must have been surpassingly so, and her mind, upon her face, spoke gentle peace, soft contentment, and purest serenity. She had, moreover, a large family of children whom she dearly loved, and who dearly loved her, for her own sake, as well as for the puddings. Then she must have been about forty (rather under, perhaps) when she applied the powers of her mind to the great work which was her appointed mission on earth. Such a work could not have been accomplished without much experience, and deep thought; unless we are to believe (and I would not lightly reject even that theory) that she was inspired for pudding as Shakespeare was for poetry. I feel, and know—though I cannot prove—that she was the model of a good mother, and a happy wife, and the adorer of her kind. I am certain that she was the benefactress of her country. It is a pity that we do not know her name, or any particulars of her history. We cannot even discover as much about her as of Shakespeare's father. The great fact about him is, that he could write his name. Whether she could do so it is impossible to say. Ye literary antiquarians, investigate this matter. What a priceless autograph would fetch! The City of London, that bought Shakespeare's autograph at a large price—not without sore grumbling, however, at the extravagance (lost money for City feasts)—would have given a double or a treble price for hers, or pudding is not pudding, and aldermen are not aldermen. Then, the age in which she lived has not yet been ascertained—so little does the world know of its truest and best friends. It seems to me, that the lady must have been a Saxon—a contemporary, probably, of King Alfred. There were pancakes in those days, for Alfred himself cooked, or miscooked them in the shepherd's hut; and if pancake, why not Plum-Pudding? There is something so truly Saxon in the whole compound—strong and sweet, substantial, but not heavy—generous and sufficing, but in no degree stupefying—that Plum-Pudding must be pronounced, on internal evidence, to be an invention of the Saxon mind. The time of Alfred gave a title to his pudding, and it is very likely that the

pears! these are the triumphs of the Saxon! Do homage to the genius of the inventor of Plum-Pudding! Celebrate her merits, all ye mothers of the land! Love her, all ye little boys and girls! Bow down to her, Miss Acton! Mrs. Rundell! and Mistress Meg Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's! And M. Soyer, of the Reform Club, confess, with humility, that, did she appear on earth again, you would kneel before her, and ask permission, like a gallant Frenchman, to kiss the ground upon which she trod.

Another theory might be started as to the invention of Plum-Pudding. As it is alleged that Homer did not compose the "Iliad;" that the poem is a kind of pudding of which the materials were furnished by many hands—the plums by one, the spices by another; so it is possible that no one person invented Plum-Pudding. There is a tendency to rob the authors of immortal works of the glory of their handiwork, or brainwork, and to deny even their existence. Many have denied that Homer lived at all; and, in our day, Shakspeare has been treated as a "Myth." Now, if these great names have suffered, I do not see why the inventor of Plum-Pudding should escape unscathed. Happily, however, for her memory, she has no name, or most assuredly it would not have been left unassailed. Obscurity is almost unassailable; nothingness is entirely so.

But we have pondered too long upon the past. Let us fix our thoughts upon the present. In a household where there are five or six children, the eldest not above ten or eleven, the making of the pudding is indeed an event. It is thought of days, if not weeks, before. To be allowed to share in the noble work, is a prize for young ambition. The chief reward for youthful merit in the early days of December, is to be allowed, on the 24th, to assist in picking the plums for that occasion. Little miss, with pride in her heart, and satisfaction in her eyes, sits that day at the table, and says in her soul, "I helped to make it!" The very father of such children, if he deserve pudding himself, shares their pleasure. If he be at all imaginative, all the faculties of the mind may be made available for the love of pudding. He has glorious visions at the very name. *Roisins!* They recall Turkey, and its men with long gowns, black beards, crooked scimitars, dark sparkling eyes, to say nothing of Giaours, Zuleikas, Bulbul, and gardens of roses. *Currant!* They suggest Greece, and the Levant, and the old Greek city, which gave their name to these berries. *Spice!* That is still better; the word conjures up all Arabia, all Asia, Sinbad the Sailor, and fine old Haroun-al-Raschid. *Sugar!* The word is suggestive of Jamaica, hot sun, and Crow, and Old Dan Tucker. *Milk, Eggs, Fresh butter!* These remind him of the country, and of rambles in the fields for buttercups and daisies, when he was a boy, and of many other things which he would not, perhaps, like to unfold in all their completeness to his wife. But this *en passant*. *Flour!* That suggests the sturdy miller, and the mill-stream, and the miller's daughter:—

On the banks of Allan water,  
When the sweet spring-time did fall,  
Was the miller's lovely daughter,  
Fairest of them all.

*Lemon-peel!* That recalls groves of citrons and oranges. *Suet!* This is the most disagreeable reminiscence; but even that, with a little effort, may be turned to pleasurable account; and the live oxen climbing the sunward hills may do duty for the butcher's shop. But I am wandering from the boys and girls: the pudding is theirs, not their father's. He is to dispense, and pay for it; but cannot expect to enjoy it as they do. He has gone through that phase of existence. He has had his daylight, and can only renew it by looking kindly upon theirs. Banished from the kitchen upon all other occasions, the boys and girls are permitted to enter into its precincts on that grand day when the pudding is to be compounded. They are allowed a sight of those inexpressible mysteries. If it be cook that makes the pudding, great is cook, and much to be respected: if it be mother, greater than usual is mother, and dearer to the imaginations of those busy, excited, anxious, and most desirous little ones. But the taking up of the pudding is an event even more important. Lo! the lid is raised, curiosity stands on tip-toe, eyes sparkle with anticipation, little hands are clapped in ecstasy, almost too great to find expression in words. "The hour arrives—the moment wished and feared;"—wished, oh! how intensely; feared, not in the event, but lest envious fate should not allow it to be an event, and mar the glorious concoction in its very birth. And then when it is dished, when all fear of this kind are over, when the roast beef has been removed, when the pudding, in all the glory of its own splendour, shines upon the table, how eager is the anticipation of the near delight! How beautifully it steams! How delicious it smells! How round it is! A kiss is round, the horizon is round, the earth is round, the moon is round, the sun and stars, and all the host of heaven are round. So is Plum-Pudding. Sharon Turner, in his "History of the World," affirmed the earth itself to be but a Plum-Pudding of a larger growth. It is cast in the type of Eternity. "The eye," says Mr. R. W. Emerson, "is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end." The philosopher did not give us pudding as an illustration of his thought; but he might have done so. It is almost a pity that such lovely roundness should be invaded by the ruthless knife; but it must be done. The "expectant wee things" sit and watch. Their eyes glisten; their mouths water. The pudding is divided, and eaten. Let us draw a veil over its ineffable delights. They are to be felt—not written about; and never until the same festival returns, in a twelvemonth, shall anything eatable inspire the same emotion in these youthful hearts.

Let no young reader be tempted by these praises to love pudding "unwisely and too well." Plum-Pudding, like all good things, is to be used and not abused:—

Little fools will eat too much,  
But great ones not at all.

And too much pudding on the 25th of December renders necessary the rhubarb and magnesia, or the salts and senna of the 26th. "Punishment," says our philosopher of "Circles," in a wise and beautiful essay upon Compensation, "is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause." As with all other things, so with that crown of things—a Plum-Pudding. Love it wisely, and it shall love you. Love it unwisely, and you shall pay the penalty.

GRANDPAPA'S PRESENT.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY DUNCAN.

CHRISTMAS benevolence is of a household quality. Moreover, it descends from the oldest to the youngest, and is strong in proportion to its seniority. Children expect from their parents all manner of gifts at Christmas time. "Christmas Presents" is a stereotyped advertisement head-rail—an attractive title for the disposal of wares which have hung on the walls of the parlour, and which, for the sake of the Christmas





MAKING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

culiar sort of expectation, and from whom to receive a gift is, as it  
 ere, to receive a blessing. We allude to the Grandfather. The rela-  
 tion is a sort of patriarchal one, and the accompanying sentiment is de-  
 vout even to solemnity.

Grandpapa's Present at Christmas, as illustrated by the Artist, is a  
 Hamper, well stuffed with most miscellaneous contents—such a Hamper



TAKING UP THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)





GRANDPAPA'S CHRISTMAS HAMPER.—DRAWN BY DUNCAN.—(SEE PAGE 403.)



CHRISTMAS SPORTS.—DRAWN BY WEHNERT.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



as might well be called a Hamper, and esteemed to hold a Royal Exchequer, so rich it seems in all that is good, so boundless in the amount of its wealth. And when it arrives, a Comptroller of the Hamper would seem to be no inexperienced officer, so riotous is the onset made on the precious casket, and the jewels it enshrines, by the various claimants on its treasury.

The long-expected evening has at length come, when, as usual, the mysterious pannier is brought into the hall of the happy mansion—your's or mine, dear reader?—that is, every man's who is rejoicing in the Wife of his Youth and the Children of his Love. The Parcels' Delivery waggon stops at the door. How well are the sounds of its coming and its stopping known and distinguished! It has not passed by—the knock is heard—it is not designed for a neighbour. It belongs to this house. It is Grandpapa's Hamper!

The mother has said it, and said it with that joy which only mothers know. The father's countenance is also suffused with a smile. At length, the huge burthen is fairly deposited in the passage—with much difficulty is conveyed into the parlour, and found, of course, to be "carriage-paid."

And now comes the sense of mystery—the force of curiosity. What does it contain? That is the question lithographed on the anxious countenances of every child—boy and girl. What eager impatience! what vehement desire! what transport of expectation! When will it be opened? Why should there be a moment's delay? "O, do let us see what there is in it!"

It is opened! Why, it is a basket of baskets! Out with one, out with the other, out with all. Why, here is a basket of game! splendid addition to our Christmas dinner! and here a basket of fruit for the dessert afterwards. The game may be reserved—held sacred until served up by the cook, in due order, in season and place. But the fruit is irresistibly attractive. One boy plunges in his hand, and brings out a bunch of grapes in j'y and triumph equal to a conqueror's! And here is a drum of figs! And there are apples, oranges—a countless store of all the season's fruit! Well, right well has grandpapa provided for his grandchildren. And, were he present, how would he delight in the joy which he has thus produced. The laughter of the ocean-waves, still dimpling in the golden sunlight, is comparable only to the ecstasy with which this magnificent gift has illuminated every countenance. On all faces there is the same expression of joy. Father, mother, sister, brother—all harmonise in the same feeling. And he, the author of this picture, though afar from the spot, may be certain, still sympathising with the joy which he has thus produced.

happiness he designed to create; and now, by a mysterious law of commutation, it is our belief that he partakes it in this moment of its realisation. At such an hour, said he, the Hamper will reach them! And now that it has done so, the old patriarch notes the time; and, seated in his easy chair, concentrates every thought and feeling on the imagination of a scene, distant, indeed, in space, but never absent from his mind.

"Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

## CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

BY UNCLE TOM.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY EHNET.

Let me suppose that the Christmas Dinner has been served and eaten—and that the reader has heard so much about Christmas cheer and old English fare as to render unnecessary any further expatiation upon their abundance or their excellence—that the pudding, prime favourite and very symbol, as far as eating is concerned, of the great English festival of the year, has been displayed, steaming and delicious, and has been pronounced by all tasters, whether young or old, to have been super-excellent—that the dessert has been placed upon the table—and that all has been enjoyed that weak human nature can enjoy in the way of edibles and potables: what is next to be done at any comfortable circle, to which the reader is supposed to be invited? The thought arises in all minds—especially in the young ones—that something more should be done in celebration of the day. Eating and drinking are but vulgar modes of enjoyment (and it is astonishing how prone people are to come to this sage conclusion after they have feasted sufficiently)—and something else is therefore to be thought of to keep up the genial hilarity of Christmas Night. What shall it be? I suppose a family circle, the members of which, both young and old, are aware of the claims of the poor and unhappy. They have distributed their bounty, according to their means, among all the needy within reach of it; they have not forgotten the servants that are warm in the kitchen, nor the beggar that is cold at the gate; and they have clear consciences, and nothing to trouble them, either done or undone, for the remainder of the day. The question is asked at such a board as this; and a little musical voice of a boy of eight or nine, or of a girl of six or seven years of age, pronounces in favour of "Snap-Dragon." A voice more musical still, from blushing seventeen, of the softer sex, pronounces for a dance, possibly with some lurking visions of the Mistletoe-Bough; while a rough voice from the less interesting sex hints that "Hunt-the-Slipper" is a most delightful sport, the "sky-speaker" having probably a sweetheart in the room, the "servant" having said; and being anxious to come into such close proximity with her as "Hunt-the-Slipper" not only allows, but imperatively commands. Another voice, that of a boy from school, entering upon twelve or thirteen, hints that the exhibition of the Magic Lantern would be the best thing to begin with; and it is decided, after some dubiously all round, that the Magic Lantern shall, first of all, display its wonders to the impatient juveniles; that, if they behave themselves, "Snap-Dragon" shall come next; that "Hunt-the-Slipper" will be a pleasant variety after "Snap-Dragon;" that after "Snap-Dragon" "Forfeits" may be tried; and that the whole festivity may wind up with music and the dance, and kisses under the Mistletoe-Bough, to those who are fond of kisses.

This being agreed to, the next thing is to

Put out the light, and then—

the magic lantern shall display its marvels and its mysteries. The lights are extinguished accordingly; the magic apparatus is mounted, and turned to the darkened wall, and little inquisitive boys and girls look on with almost breathless interest, and in pleased yet fearful anticipation of the revelations which are to be made. Behold! a mighty crocodile floats unwieldily over the bright space upon the wall. He is not quite so large as the Sea-Serpent of Captain M'Quib, whose existence has been as logically disproved by Professor Owen, as Napoleon Bonaparte's was by the Archbishop of Dublin; but, nevertheless, he looks very large and gorgeous, and opens his leathern jaws to swallow

tremendous than grim Death himself. The King of Terrors brandishes his fatal dart, and grins horribly, in all the majesty of bone, jaw, skull, and teeth, with which the popular imagination has invested him. He, too, disappears; but his place is not left vacant. A figure somewhat more graceful and agreeable succeeds. It is Columbine—fresh, agile, and beautiful. At her feet, soliciting her smile, kneels our old friend Bottom, the weaver, his ass's head firmly fixed upon his shoulders. He has followed her from Titania's bower, to sue for the love that has long been promised to that identical Harlequin who comes next, kneeling at the feet of Queen Victoria. Titania follows, and dances a jig with Richard III., while Paganini, fiddling with might and main, ushers in Lady Macbeth and the King of the Cannibal Islands. And, last of all, comes a more coherent story, the whole adventures of Jack the Giant-Killer; that hero dear to all boys who have a particle of generosity and imagination in their souls. Does there exist a man who never envied Jack his seven-league boots and his invisible coat, and who never laughed at that inimitable trick by which he made the gluttonous, false-hearted Welsh giant commit suicide? If there do exist such a man, he is like the man who hath no music in his soul, and is most assuredly

Fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.

Let no such man be trusted. He may possibly make his way in the world—he may pay his bills when they become due—he may be an alderman or a sheriff; he may die and leave money to endow an hospital; he may do all the fine things that wealthy men can do, but he will not be a kindly man; he will not lead a forlorn hope, or put himself out of his way to be of striking and paramount service to anybody;—he will not set the Thames on fire, put his name to a bill to serve his friend, or do anything very chivalrous, romantic, foolish, or generous. No. The man who did not, when a boy, admire Jack the Giant-Killer, and sympathise, at the same time, with the woes, and rejoice in the good fortune of Jack who climbed the bean-stalk is a hard, dry man, with no poetry in his composition; and does not deserve to see Jack reproduced even in a magic lantern.

But this digression over, turn we to the giant of our lantern, and behold him struggling in the pit which Jack has dug for him, and which, as we all know, the cunning hero has covered over with turfs, rushes, straw, and loose earth—a flimsy covering upon which the unsuspecting monster has no sooner set his foot than down he goes—deep—deep—deeper—irretrievably deep—to be decapitated at the bottom of the bean-stalk. Well! how is it to be done? It is not enough to swallow Jack, boots and all! How his hair bristles on his head—each individual hair standing upright, not like the quills on the porcupine, but tall as a pine-tree of the forest. See how his eyes glare portentously large, like the broad disc of the orb of day shining, of a bright copper colour through the dense spoon-meat of a metropolitan fog in the month of November! For the benefit of this particular exhibition of his prowess, Jack has doffed his invisible coat, that he may be seen of all the world; and has donned his seven-league boots, that he may scamper faster than the wind; over hill, over dale over bog, over brake, over river and lake, and pass over a whole city at one bound! O boots of delightful memory! How often, in the days ere the beard grows, and ere the young heart learns to think that it belongs to a man, does Fancy, believing in your existence, long to get possession of you. Would we not astonish the good people of the nineteenth century, with our boots and our spurs! Would we, also, not kill giants and rescue distressed damsels! I should think we would—or we should not have the stuff in us, which enters largely into the formation of the true gentle-

man. Jack's adventures, it may not be known to all readers, are founded upon the old Norse mythology; Jack himself being a personage no less mighty and remarkable than Thor, the godfather of our English Thursday. "Thor, the thunder God," says Mr. Carlile, "has been changed into Jack the Giant-Killer of our nurseries, with his miraculous shoes of swiftness; coat of darkness, and sword of sharpness." Mr. Carlile says truly. "They are one and the same, with this difference in their adventures, that Thor, god as he was, did not always succeed in his undertakings, or in his warfare against the giants; while Jack, the friend of our boyhood, is invariably successful." And, on closing the magic lantern for the night, having seen the last of Jack and the giants, it may be an agreeable variety in the amusements to hear another story of Jack's, or Thor's failures, recorded from the Norse Mythology, in the quaint language of our good friend, Mr. Carlile, who, among the other heroes deified in his book on "Hero-worship," speaks with much unction of Jack, under his more grandiloquent name of Thor.

"After various adventures," says he, "Thor, accompanied by Thialfi and Loke, his servants, entered upon Giantland, and wandered over plains, wild uncultivated places, among stones and trees. At nightfall they noticed a house; and, as the door, which indeed formed one whole side of the house, was open, they entered. It was a simple habitation—one large hall, altogether empty. They stayed there. Suddenly, in the dead of the night, loud voices alarmed them. Thor grasped his hammer, and stood in the doorway, prepared for fight. His companions within ran hither and thither in their terror, seeking some outlet in that rude hall: they found a little closet at last, and took refuge there. Neither had Thor any battle; for, lo! in the morning it turned out that the noise had been only the snoring of a certain enormous, but peaceable, giant—the giant Skrymir, who lay peacefully sleeping near by; and this that they took for a house was merely his glove thrown aside there: the door was the glove-wrist; the little closet they had fled into was the thumb! Such a glove! I remark, too, that it had not fingers, as ours have; but only a thumb, and the rest undivided—a most ancient, rustic glove!

"Skrymir now carried their portmanteau all day; Thor, however, had his suspicions, did not like the ways of Skrymir, and determined at night to put an end to him as he slept. Raising his hammer, he struck down into the giant's face a right thunderbolt blow, of force to rend rocks. The giant merely awoke, rubbed his cheek, and said, 'Did a leaf fall?' Again Thor struck, as soon as Skrymir again slept, a better blow than before; but the giant only murmured, 'Was that a grain of sand?' Thor's third stroke was with both his hands (the 'Lundell's' I suppose), and seemed to cut deep into Skrymir's visage; but he merely checked his snore, and remarked, 'There must be sparrows nesting in this tree, I think; what is that they have dropped?' At the gate of Utgard—a place so high, that you had to strain your neck leaning back to see the top of it—Skrymir went his way. Thor and his companions were admitted; invited to take share in the games going on. To Thor, for his part, they handed a drinking-horn; it was a common hint they told him, to drink this dry at one draught. In the first day, three times over, Thor drank, but made hardly any impression. He was a weak child, they told him; could he live that out he saw there? Small as the last seem I, Thor, with his whole strength, could not lift up the creature's back, could not raise its feet if the giant called at the utmost raise one foot. 'Way, you are no man,' said the Utgard people; 'there is an old woman that will wrestle you.' Thor, heartily ashamed, seized this hardy old woman, but could not lift her. And now, on their quitting Utgard—the chief Jotun, escorting them politely a little way, said

to Thor—"You are beaten, then; yet, be not so much ashamed: there was deception of appearance in it. That horn you tried to drink was the sea; you did make it ebb: but who could drink that, the bottomless? The cat you would have lifted—why, that is the Midgard Snake, the Great World Serpent—which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the whole created world. Had you torn that up, the world must have rushed to ruin. As for the old woman, she was Time, Old Age, Duration: with her, what can wrestle? No man, nor no god, with her. Gods or men, she prevails over all! And then, those three strokes you struck—look at these valleys—your three strokes made these." Thor looked at his attendant Jotun—it was Skrymir. It was say old critics, the old chaotic rocky earth in person, and that glove house was some earth cavern! But Skrymir had vanished. Utgard with its sky-high gates, when Thor raised his hammer to smite them had gone to air, only the giant's voice was heard mocking: 'Better come no more to Jotunheim!'

And, with this fine legend, I leave Jack to the better acquaintance of all who desire to know his true history, the more especially as time fails us in consequence of the preparations having commenced for Snap-Dragon. The large pewter dish, filled with spirit, is placed upon the floor, and attracts the attention of all the party. The light is applied—the flame burns beautifully azure, tipped with amber and scarlet, and whisks and frisks in a manner delightful to the joyous eyes of infancy and childhood to contemplate. All children have a hankering after fire. Its beauty charms and fascinates their sight, but rarely are they allowed to look save at a respectful distance, and never except at Christmas are they permitted to toy with flames. But the dangerous and too-beautiful sport is legalized for this one night, and for this only; and the pleasure, great in proportion to its rarity, causes their eyes to glow with a brilliancy almost equal to that of flame itself. Throw in the plums. The spirit burns, the dish is a lake of fire; and he who can gather the prize from the jaws of peril, is welcome to it. "Fortune favours the bold." "Faint heart never won a plum." These are the maxims upon which those must act who expect to win the honours or the rewards of Snap-Dragon, and of human life also. The prizes however, are but small in Snap-Dragon—the glory and the excitement are in the circumstances under which they are sought—like fox-hunting, in which there is next to nothing to be gained by the paltry animal pursued; but much to be gained in the lusty jollity and pleasurable exercise of the pursuit itself. But while the youngest members of a Christmas party are at first more enamoured of Snap-Dragon than of any of the other sports of the night, they weary of it after awhile; and on small solicitation consent to join in the somewhat less boisterous, but equally exhilarating game, of Hunt-the-Slipper, and share the delight of those who are a few years their seniors. The frolic is of a different kind; and morose and unsocial must those be that never enjoyed it. It is not a little amusing to note the struggle with pride that sometimes assumes a place upon the countenances of middle-aged and old people when they are pressed into the service of Hunt-the-Slipper, and how at last the solemn man of business, and the staid matron, yield to the solicitations and to the example of the lighter-hearted folk around them, and, with comic gravity sit down on the floor and play their part in the game. A grave sergeant-at-law, or the elderly author of an incomparable and incomprehensible treatise upon metaphysics, or a spectacled physician of sixty sitting upon his hams on a carpet, and passing the slipper under them with all the dexterity, if not with all the glee, of a school-boy, is a sight to be enjoyed. Christmas alone affords it; and Christmas is none the worse the day after, in the estimation of these sober and sensible people for having taken them off their stilts, and given them a new and pleasant lesson in the humanities.

Kissing Under the Mistletoe-Bough is a sport of a tenderer kind. It is to be delicately done, or to be left undone; and requires a discretion which almost lifts it out of the rank of sports. Nevertheless, it is excellent sport when the right lips meet; and such as gives Christmas its paramount interest above all popular festivals whatsoever.

But who talks of sport when the Punch is made? It casts its pleasant fragrance upon the air; and rum, brandy, schiedam, whiskey, and wine, woo in their various ways the taste of those who love to celebrate Christmas after the old fashion! And hark! the sound of music: the dance begins; and Polka—the universal Polka—summons all hands and feet to another celebration; and to a sport in comparison to which all others are of small account. Reader, let us go; Uncle Tom has said his say. He cannot resist the Polka!

## THE OLD YEAR'S REMONSTRANCE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The Old Year lay on his death-bed lone,  
And ere he died he spoke to me,  
Low and solemn in under tone,  
Mournfully, reproachfully.  
The fading eyes in his snow-white head  
Shone bright the while their lids beneath;  
These were the words the Old Year said—  
I shall never forget them while I breathe:—

"Did you not promise, when I was born"—  
Sadly he spoke, and not in ire—  
"To treat me kindly—not to scorn—  
And to pay the debt you owed my sire?  
Did you not vow, with an earnest heart,  
Your unconsidered hours to live?  
And to throw no day in waste away,  
Of my three hundred sixty-five?"

"Did you not swear to your secret self,  
Before my beard was a second old,  
That whatever you'd done to my fathers gone,  
You'd prize my minutes more than gold?  
Did you not own, with a keen regret,  
That the past was a time of waste and sin?  
But that with me, untainted yet,  
Wisdom and duty should begin?"

"Did you not oft the vow renew  
That never with me should folly dwell?  
That, however Fate might deal with you,  
You'd prize me much, and use me well?  
That never a deed of scorn or wrath,  
Or thought unjust of your fellow men,  
Should, while I lived, obscure your path,  
Or enter in your heart again?"

Did you not fail?—but my tongue is weak  
Your sad shorn comings to recall:  
And the old year's tale—he could not speak—  
He turned his thin face to the wall.  
"Old Year! Old Year! I have done you wrong—  
Hear my repentance ere you die!"



Linger awhile!" Ding-dong—ding-dong—  
The joy-bells drowned his parting sigh.

"Old Year! Old Year!" he could not hear,  
He yielded placidly his breath.  
I loved him little while he was here,  
I prized him dearly after death.  
New Year! now smiling at my side:  
Most bitterly the past I rue.  
I've learned a lesson since he died,  
I'll lead a better life with you.

## THE STREETS AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARVEY AND FOSTER.

OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS is a great receiver of goods. Our Artist has depicted him on his throne, receiving the offerings of his subjects. Doves of oxen, of sheep, and of pigs; flocks of geese and turkeys; men and carts laden with all descriptions of game in season; carts of fish; baskets of fruits and vegetables; barrels of ale and wine—all are proceeding to the feet of the King of Good Cheer. Boys and girls are rushing pell mell from school, delighted at the prospect of catching a glimpse of his jolly and kindly face.

For a few weeks before Christmas the streets of London begin to assume a new aspect. It is not in Regent-street, or Oxford-street, or the fashionable streets where linendrapers, jewellers, and other traders who administer to fashion and to all the wants and adornments of the outward man or woman reside, that the change is perceptible. Such streets are uniformly cheerful. Such shops are always luxuriant, and always display to the greatest possible advantage the commodities upon which their owners thrive. To them all seasons are alike. Christmas and Midsummer, Spring or Autumn, sees them equally attractive. The jeweller's shop is splendid of necessity; the mercer but changes from muslins and cottons to silks and satins, and from these to woollen textures and furs, according to the season; but it is in the minor streets, inhabited by dealers in eatables of all kinds that the approach of Christmas is manifested by outward and visible signs, about which there can be no mistake. Regent-street is too proud to show any symptoms of rejoicing at Christmas; but more homely Tottenham-court-road puts on a new face for the occasion, and decks herself out with attractions never thought of at any other time. Oxford-street would scorn to be too Christmas-like; but her tributary streets on either side, except those sombre and highly-respectable streets in which there are no shops, look upon Christmas as an era, and rejoice accordingly.

The immense increase of population in London has not only led to the multiplication of these signs of Christmas, but to a greater competition among shop-keepers to attract notice. London is not merely a city. It may be called a nation. Any one who would wish to examine the manners and customs of its people could have no better opportunity for the purpose than Christmas. It is to be questioned whether he could have any so good. Formerly—say thirty or forty years ago—ingenuity was not much taxed to tempt the purchasers of good things. People knew it was Christmas without being told so by advertisements, and knew where to go for the commodities they required to celebrate the festival, without any announcement by placard or hand-bill; but year after year, up to the present period, the rivalry of business consequent upon the immense number of streets opened up in all quarters, and the establishment of thousands of new shops in almost every parish, the old shop-keepers have been gradually compelled to resort to something like publicity to preserve their custom.

Among shops, those of the butchers stand pre-eminent, and give us prospects not alone of the good feeding for which December is famous, but of the good lighting that we may expect in January and February. Old Father Christmas has a capacious stomach; and the maw of London—not easily filled at any time—becomes all but insatiable towards the close of the year. The droves of oxen in the streets—a nuisance which has antiquity in its favour, but nothing else—increase in numbers—and in the bulk of the animals that form them. The future dinners, as well as the future candles of the million, wend their way to Smithfield, in all but countless multitudes. The butchers shops soon give evidence of the new demand that is certain to spring up. Beef rises twenty per cent. in value, and mutton at a somewhat smaller ratio, as soon as the carcasses of prize animals are displayed in the great thoroughfares of the people. Prince Albert's oxen, and the Earl of Leicester's sheep, or other animals bred by celebrated agriculturists, are exhibited—the oxen in portions, and the sheep whole, with labels upon them, pointing out to the admiring crowds that gather around the shops, the place where, and the owner by whom they were fed, as well as the amount of prize they obtained. In many instances the carcasses are adorned with ribbons, or wreaths, and in almost all cases with sprigs of holly. It is a glorious time for the butchers of London. There is a vastly increased supply, and there is a vastly increased demand; and these tradesmen contrive, upon what principle is "a mystery of London" never thoroughly explained, to make an extra profit of both circumstances. Suet which, in those quiet and ordinary times when suet is neither abundant nor scarce, fetches 8d. a pound rises to a shilling, when all the world is bent upon making plum-pudding. Happy, sometimes, is the housewife that can obtain it even at that price. But it is not only in meat—there is, in fact, a general rise in the price of all agricultural produce at this time. Butter, for which it cannot be supposed there is any extra demand, or any diminished supply at Christmas, is an instance of it. The price is increased by twopence or threepence a pound, as every house-keeper knows—although she may not be able to account for it on any known principles either of political or domestic economy. The reason may be that the buttermilk, having to pay an extra sum to the butcher, takes it out of the pockets of the public. The butcher, too, may plead that he has to pay extra to the agriculturist for the flesh that Londoners will consume: so that the farmer and grazier, after all, may be the grant recipients of the profits or the plunder of Christmas. Beef eating London must submit, even although it grumble. The infliction, it is to be feared, is wholly irremediable.

Next to the butchers' shops, the porkmen's, the poultryer's, and the dealers in game are the most crowded with the future good cheer of the London nation. If the streets of the metropolis give unpleasant evidence of the living beef and mutton that are to be offered up at the shrine of old Father Christmas, they give evidence equally strong, and a vast deal more pleasant, of the old gentleman's capabilities in the way of game and poultry. The porkmen may be passed over; they share the good fortune of Christmas like their neighbours. But the dealers in domestic poultry, and in game of all descriptions, reap a more abundant harvest; and offer more tempting inducements for the expenditure of the million. The family that never taste game or poultry at any other period of the year indulge themselves in it at Christmas, and chickens, geese, and turkeys, dead and alive, are despatched to the metropolis to help in the honours of Christmas, in numbers commensurate with the magnitude of the city and the joviality of the occasion. While

poultry, which is bought, has its thousands and tens of thousands of purchasers—game, which is given away, has also its thousands and tens of thousands of grateful recipients. Blessed is the London family that has friends in the country. Blessed at Christmas time is he who has a relative or friend who loves sport, and who, knowing how to enjoy his sport, knows quite as well how to cultivate friendship, and render relationship agreeable. To him comes the welcome present from the fields, the moors, or the mountains; and for him the railways bear the welcome gifts from all quarters of the land. This large portion of the Christmas consumption of the metropolis does not grace the shops. It is only to be seen in its transit from the railway station to the houses of the grateful recipients; but a portion equally large finds its way to the dealers. In the days of stage and mail-coaches, it was a pleasant sight to see how picturesquely they were loaded; but the railway which does more business, does it without a tithe of the display. All game is not given away; would it were; but a goodly share of it becomes merchandize, and is set forth with tempting beauty in the shops. The butchers' shops may be disgusting, and the *are* so to all who think upon the subject (which, however, the majority of man and woman-kind do not); but the shop of the dealer in game cannot be considered repulsive. The victims of our appetite which he supplies are not always stripped of their beautiful plumage, and the pheasant dead is only less lovely than the pheasant alive. Even poor puss, the hare, with her warm jacket on, suggests no ideas akin to those which are felt on the contemplation of the joints that hang from the rafters of the butcher's shop. *Mais, ne revenons pas à nos moutons!*

But far more attractive than those of the game-dealers are the shops of the grocers. The grocers look upon Christmas as their peculiar time, and they take all due pains to set themselves forth in their fairest trim. Neither do they take such advantage of the day as the dealers in home agricultural produce. The grocers provide large and abundant stores of raisins, currants, spices, and preserved fruits, and put no additional price upon them. On the contrary, they often ask less for their wares than at other seasons—a piece of good generalship on their parts, which our friends the flesh-dealers might imitate with advantage to themselves as well as to the public. The grocers are not greedy. They encourage the manufacture of pudding. Their pleasant and wholesome shops, which meet the eye in all our great thoroughfares, are shrines to which the devotees of Christmas pay a willing visit. Many are their devices to attract notice. Sometimes a flag is displayed from the first-floor windows, or the whole front of the house is beplastered with placards, announcing the arrival of millions of pounds of currants and raisins, all for the use of the pudding-loving people, and to be obtained within at prices defying competition. One placard, exhibited this year by a grocer, is in the form of a play-bill, announcing the production of a new pantomime, to be called "Harlequin Peel; or, the Magic Pudding." This is not intended as a political sneer at a great statesman, though at first glance it would seem suggestive of such an idea. It is simply a social and domestic affair to attract customers. Sometimes the grocer gives his customers the additional attractions of a pictorial pudding in his window, with the figure of a sturdy John Bull, surrounded by his family, cutting into the dainty. His face is redolent of good humour, and a scroll issuing from his mouth informs all men (sometimes in a couplet of choice doggerel) that the plums and spices of which that pudding was compounded were bought at Mr. Snooks's or Mr. Jones's, or whatever the name may be of the enterprising trader. Very often, a long string of rhymes, almost as good as those remarkable lyrics with which Mr. Moses and his poets amuse the public, is printed in large type, and affixed to the grocer's door-post, that all who run may read. Indeed, of late years, the majority of grocers in crowded streets think it necessary to become poetical. "There's a good time coming, boys," says one effusion of the kind which has this year made its appearance. "There's a good time coming—Raisins will be cheap at Robinson's!" while a rival grocer, on the other side of the way, has put up a placard with the more delightful announcement, "The good time has come, boys—Raisins are cheap at Smith's!"

The grocers, and the keepers of those compound establishments—half grocers and half Italian warehouses—have of late years very much increased their trade of large importations of preserved fruits. The English, as a people, do not excel in this manufacture; but the French and Italians, who have long been famous for it, improve in it every year. The English demand that has arisen, and which this Christmas seems to be greater than ever it was, will doubtless give a further impetus to their ingenuity. It is worth while to spend a few hours in the shop of a large importer of these elegant articles—not merely for the sake of the fruits themselves, crystallised and encrusted, but for a sight of the boxes in which they are packed. The French priests used for the purpose have long been celebrated for their beauty and fancy; and the boxes in which plums, and those delicious little oranges known as "Chinois" are packed, are worth preserving for their own sakes, after the fruit has been consumed. Some of the larger receptacles are fit to convert into work-boxes, after they have served their original intention; and many are prepared with a view to such a purpose. In these times it might be worth the while of capitalists to devote their attention to the home manufacture of these articles, and also to the preservation of fruits. Sugar is as cheap in England as in France, and there is no reason why jams and marmalade, good as they are, should be the sole products of English industry as regards the preservation of fruit.

The most pleasing, as well as the most common, symptom of Christmas in the streets, is the holly displayed in shops of every kind wherever eatables or drinkables are sold, and which is almost invariably to be seen at kitchen windows for a week or two before and after Christmas-day. Love in the kitchen could not prosper without the holly; and the policeman, in search of affection, or of cold mutton, would think the kitchen of his "fair friend" unseasonable in its appearance, if the sprigs of dark green, intermingled with the bright red berries, were absent from the window. The holly-cart, of which a most admirable representation is given in our engraving, is also a pleasant sight in the streets—either of the outskirts of the metropolis, as represented by the artist—or of the dense heart of the old city. Holly is a great article of commerce at Christmas time, and yields a good profit both to those who cultivate it and those who vend it in the streets. Never was it more in request than it is now; never may it be less sought after, as the verdant symbol of the loving-kindness of the season!

There is one other aspect of the streets of London at Christmas, which requires notice, the more especially as this year it is painfully prominent. The public heart being open at Christmas, beggars usually venture out, with more certain hope of our charity than at other times. Nor is their hope disappointed. To say nothing of the carol singers—who seem to look upon themselves as privileged for the sake of the old familiar chant which they musically or unmusically pour into our ears, and who, of all ages and of both sexes, swarm in every street, in numbers of which an accurate estimate would convey a somewhat alarming idea of the poverty of London—troops of unmusical beggars have made their appearance in the streets this year, in numbers surpassing all precedent of experience. Ireland has evidently contributed a large portion to this multitude of misery; and the mind is driven to reflect, amid the gaiety and joviality of the time, not only upon the pauperism of that unhappy land but of

the pauperism of this, which is made more wretched by the influx of these interlopers. The pauperism of England amounts to one million four hundred thousand people. The Irish vagrants that come over to take their chance amongst us cannot amount to many less than three hundred thousand—and, possibly, they amount to many more—forming an aggregate of one million and three quarters. When we fancy that this is almost equal to the whole population of London, Westminster, Lambeth, Southwark, Finsbury, Marylebone, the Tower Hamlets, Kensington, Hammersmith, Greenwich, and Woolwich—and when we attempt to realise to our mind how vast a multitude this is, and how fearful it would be if it were all congregated together in one place, we are compelled to ask if there be not something radically wrong in our civilisation, which not only permits the growth of such a sore in the body politic, but which actually favours its growth. Let the minds of our great thinkers be directed to it. The chief difficulty of a time not far distant, will be the existence and maintenance of this immense standing army of poverty. If there ever be a time when it is the duty of individuals to attempt to relieve it, that time is Christmas. At a period of feasts, when the paupers in the Union Workhouses are embraced in the large circle of our sympathies, and cared for a little more liberally than usual, let us draw a circle around the circle, and include within it the beggars in the streets. It may be wrong, as a rule, to encourage street beggars by donations of any kind; but Christmas is an exceptional period; and though, possibly, in being charitable to all, we may be charitable to many worthless persons, the good Will and the good Day Will consecrate the deed. At least, although political theorists may dissent—and although the man who paid a very heavy poor's-rate yesterday may see reason to be unconvinced, such is the opinion until Christmas has passed—of

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

## FETCHING HOME THE CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

BY COUSIN CHARLES.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEECH.

"SOMETHING poetical is required about this Engraving—representing Londoners fetching home their Christmas Dinner." Such was the request made to us. Poetical? thought we. It is all very well to ask for poetry—but where is it to come from?—how is it to be extracted from such a subject as that? Look at that comfortable young man, for instance, with the self-satisfied expression upon his vulgar countenance—he in the very middle—and declare, oh! ye powers that preside at the birth of all things beautiful, what can be said of such a snob? Yet, why not? Have not good, ay, and poetical, articles been written about sticks and broomsticks? Are there not sermons in stones? Have they not been written and preached? Did not Béranger, the illustrious songster of the French, write beautifully about a little salt that was overset at table? and did not Burns write as beautifully about a mouse? and about a smaller creature, with a name only differing from a mouse's by a single letter? Have there not been poems about grass, and floating straws? Is not a grain of sand prolific of ideas to the man who has ideas in his head? And cannot a man with a full mind write well about anything? Not that we pretend to have a full mind, though we do flatter ourselves that it is not altogether empty. However that may be—and it is a delicate and difficult question, which we do not intend to go into—is the subject of the Christmas Dinners of the People so very bad, after all? Is it not, on the contrary, a very good subject? On looking at the Engraving again, behold the poetry stares us in the face. If we seek it, we find it. If we are determined to be pleased, how easily we can become so. It is not every day in the week or year that the poor can dine; and however vulgar may be the snob that arrays himself in his best on Christmas Day and brings home his dinner steaming hot from the convenient shop of Rusk, the baker, it would be both churlish and snobbish in us, or any one else, to look with unsympathetic eyes, or turn up our noses contemptuously, upon the harmless and well-won enjoyment that is expressed upon his countenance. Has he not earned his dinner like a man? Has he not a right to the enjoyment of it? Is Christmas not a day of good tidings for him as well as for his supererogatory fellow-mortals who have a score of servants to wait on him? And why should we call him a snob? A man with such a smile on his face must have paid for his dinner—must have earned it by his honest industry—must be in the proper mood of mind and frame of body to relish it, and derive advantage from it—must be at peace with himself and with all mankind—must have allowed the odours of Christmas to pervade his whole being, and lift him from one short day into a more refined appreciation of his life and duties than is customary with him. We retract, therefore, the word snob. There is nothing in the dinner, in the mode of fetching it, in the place in which it was cooked, or in the man himself, that will justify us in affixing the epithet to so honest a fellow. Doubtless, he has a wife at home in their one little room on the two-pair front—a wife who has no kitchen, and who is obliged to make use of that good Mr. Rusk's upon all such great occasions as Sundays and Christmas; but who, being without a kitchen, and without worldly wealth, is not necessarily without a heart. A good appetite to them both, and many happy returns of the jovial season. No poetry in such a subject? Look at that venerable old lady—the occupant, doubtless, of an attic, or two-pair back, in some squallid street hard by. Does she not seem impressed with the happiness of the day? Is she not one of those who, for once in the year, are permitted to throw off care, and drink a little deeper than hard fare, will usually allow at the fountain of enjoyment? Doubtless, in her humble household, one awaits her coming, with whom her modest feast is to be shared. It is clear that she has guests this day. She does not dine alone at Christmas. That joint, small as it is, has been prepared for more than one—perhaps for a son, or grandson, or an old husband, feebler and more aged than herself, but not so feeble or so aged as to have lost all interest in a day so dear to all Londoners, if not to all Englishmen. Upon them, too, may Christmas look genially: and may they never, as long as they live, lack their Christmas dinner, or appetites to enjoy it. And that decent old gentleman, too (who puts us in mind of our old friend and acquaintance, Trotty Veck) with what satisfaction he seems to reflect that Christmas has not come round without putting the means in his pocket to be jolly as well as his neighbours! As for the little boy with the Glegarry bonnet and the short trousers—proof alike of his poverty and of his growth—the mode in which he carries the pie, and the look of intense hunger as well as of deep admiration which he bestows upon it, is proof positive of a foregone conclusion in his mind that he will do more delightful duty to the pie than that of carrying it in his hands. We fear, however, from the shortness of his trousers, which is symptomatic of a household not so overburdened with means as it is with children, that he will not be allowed *carte blanche* at the dainty. Nevertheless





THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY CART.—DRAWN BY FOSTER.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

what he receives he will, most assuredly, enjoy—and we trust he may. But, amid our good wishes, let us not forget to bestow some of them on that tidy and buxom daughter of the people, who trips along with the family dinner with all the elasticity of youth and good spirits. She has, doubtless, helped her mother to prepare the dinner. She is initiated already in the mysteries of cooking and of housekeeping. For her the day will assuredly be one of enjoyment. She is at the period of life when leisure is sweet. And after dinner this day there will be leisure for her for a walk with some one nameless—a walk to Highgate or Hampstead, perhaps; or through the Squares, or down Regent-

street, or into St. James's Park, or to the Serpentine; anywhere for the sake of the walk, and the society of him who is to share with her both her Christmas walk and that longer walk of life of which marriage is the starting-point, and the tomb the termination. May the road between the two be long and sweet! and may they come to the inevitable terminus prepared with good consciences! And oh! thou sweet little girl at the potato-can—forgive us that we have omitted to take notice of thee sooner. We saw thee and thy kind action from the very first, and loved the subject for thy sake. Were there no other poetry in it than thy gentle and pitying face

there would be quite enough to hallow it in our estimation. The near companionship of misery has made thee compassionate. Sorrow and want have been close enough to thee to make thee familiar with their harsh features, and to fill thee with a sympathy which none can feel so deeply as those who have themselves suffered. We mean no disparagement to the lords of the creation; but we do say, that if a boy and not a girl had presided over that potato-can, the ragged and starving little urchin who has received the humble but welcome donation of a potato from the hands of that sweet girl, would have received neither pity nor relief. The girl's heart is ever precocious. The



FETCHING HOME THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.—DRAWN BY LEECH.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)





CHRISTMAS TREE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—DRAWN BY J. L. WILLIAMS.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



boy is usually a selfish animal; but the girl (blessings on all girls, big or little!) has sympathies alive and vigorous at an age when the boy has none. That charming girl has no Christmas Dinner herself; for her, no steaming joint; for her, no pudding; she is out in the streets gaining a few pence by the sale of her humble merchandise, and will make her dinner in the streets off some of the potatoes which she is endeavouring to sell; but she sees one before her more wretched than herself, and her heart being open as day to melting charity, she furtively bestows her scanty alms upon a need that is much greater than her own. Yes, we saw her from the first. We have been thinking of her ever since we began writing; and we have reserved her and her good deed for the climax of our article. If there be no poetry in her pale and interesting face, and in the heavenly charity of which she has been the instrument, there is no poetry in truth, and no truth in poetry. May she be saved from all the perils of mighty London! May that kind heart be her blessing, and not her bane; and may the poor who are kind to the poor find times grow better every succeeding Christmas.

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE Christmas Tree represented in the above Engraving is that which is annually prepared by her Majesty's command for the Royal children. Similar trees are arranged in other apartments of the Castle for her Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the Royal household. The tree employed for this festive purpose is a young fir about eight feet high, and has six tiers of branches. On each tier, or branch, are arranged a dozen wax tapers. Pendent from the branches are elegant trays, baskets, *loulounières*, and other receptacles for sweetmeats, of the most varied and expensive kind; and of all forms, colours, and degrees of beauty. Fancy cakes, gilt gingerbread and eggs filled with sweetmeats, are also suspended by variously-coloured ribbons from the branches. The tree, which stands upon a table covered with white damask, is supported at the root by piles of sweets of a larger kind, and by toys and dolls of all descriptions, suited to the youthful fancy, and to the several ages of the interesting scions of Royalty for whose gratification they are displayed. The name of each recipient is affixed to the doll, bonbon, or other present intended for it, so that no difference of opinion in the choice of dainties may arise to disturb the equanimity of the illustrious juveniles. On the summit of the tree stands the small figure of an angel, with outstretched wings, holding in each hand a wreath. These trees are objects of much interest to all visitors at the Castle, from Christmas Eve, when they are first set up, until Twelfth Night, when they are finally removed. During this period two trees of similar magnitude and general design stand on the sideboard of the Royal Dining-room, and present a brilliant appearance when all the tapers are lighted up, among the branches. These trees are not accessible to the curiosity of the public; but her Majesty's visitors accompany the Queen from room to room to inspect them when they are illuminated. Her Majesty's tree is furnished by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, whilst that of the Prince is furnished according to the taste of her Majesty. The other trees are jointly provided by her Majesty and the Prince, who plan and arrange the gifts on the table. The trees are constructed and arranged by Mr. Mawditt, the Queen's confectioner.

As the exhibition of the Christmas Tree is somewhat more of a German than an English custom, we present our readers with the following sketch by the author of "Orion," which will throw some light upon the festive purposes for which they are employed in Germany:—

### A GERMAN CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY R. M. HORNE.

THE bright-eyed holiday children's "Christmas Tree" possesses everywhere the same general characteristics of fabulous splendour; but, as all these Trees are the product of imagination, their varieties are infinite, and in accordance with the individual mind of the "growers," and also with the length of their pockets. We will describe the last of these delightfully impossible specimens of the horticultural science, at the ceremony of whose verdant illumination we happened to be present. It was at the country-house of Dr. Claudius Shillingkrite, of Cologne.

All the sons, daughters, nephews, and nieces of Dr. Claudius Shillingkrite, together with many juvenile friends, down to little boys and girls of four and five years old, were assembled in the court-yard of the Doctor's house on Christmas-eve, which was white all over with snow. In the centre stood a gigantic Man of Snow, which the elder boys had been engaged, during the last three days, in making and setting up in an attitude, intended to be of great dignity. His dark and expressive eyes were formed of two large coals; a small bush covered with icicles made his beard. In his breast was a huge bouquet of mistletoe and red holly-berries. Hand-in-hand the children all danced about him in a circle, raced round and round him in a joyous whirl, and then leaped up and down, and shouted and sang. Every year they were indulged with a *Weihnachts-feier* (Christmas festival) of the most enchanting kind.

It was now evening; and as the shades of the sky grew more dusky, the elder boys and two of the elder girls gradually slipped away from the merry throng, one by one, mysteriously, and with signs to each other, and little pluckings of frocks and touchings of elbows. Something was to be done in the house which was to overcome all the rest of the children with wonder and ecstatic delight.

Now, we have forgotten to mention, and we hasten to repair the omission, that among this merry group of the juvenile members of the Shillingkrite families and their small friends of various sizes, there were also several little rustics, children of peasants who lived on the outskirts of Cologne. These peasants were the tenantry of the Doctor, and sent him large quantities of grapes every year from their vineyards to make his physic with. Every year their children were invited in this way to join the party on Christmas Eve, and a most wonderful pleasure and honour it was felt to be. Among these latter on the present occasion we must mention two in especial—Zachary and Jane, the boy being nearly eight years old, and the girl just seven. The little rustics were brother and sister, both dressed alike in new Prussian peasant blouses of light blue, except that Zachary wore a very small leather cap with a peak, and Jane had the attempt of a hair-plait behind, not unlike the curl of a little pig's tail, and wore a pretty wreath of small ivy-leaves besides.

And Zachary and Jane were now about to behold a CHRISTMAS TREE for the first time in their lives! We shall, therefore, describe everything from this moment, not exactly as it was, but as it appeared to their all-wondering and enraptured eyes.

Lights flashed from the sides of the closed window-curtains of the largest room in the house! All the children ceased their merriment, and cried, "Look!" They quite forgot the Man of Snow; but he, also, showed signs of excitement, for a smile of light gleamed across his pale countenance. The children clustered together in a group, looking at the lights that glanced from behind the curtains of three large windows on

the ground-floor, and then suddenly, by some secret, yet unanimous impulse, they all began to leap up and down, as though this would enable them to see what was behind the mysterious curtains.

A bell now rang loudly in the house. Away flew all the children, pell-mell; and Zachary and Jane, being the smallest of those who made this delighted rush to the door, were both overturned, and rolled in the snow. Several young Shillingkrites, however, instantly turned back, and helping them up, hurried them along, and into the passage after the rest.

"We are not hurt, and we don't mind," cried Zachary.

"And I don't care for a mouthful of snow; do I, Zachary?" said little Jane.

The passage which they entered, and where all were now huddling and laughing, and groping about, was quite dark.

"Where are we?—which is the way?—where are we going?" cried many voices at the same time.

Again the bell rang in the house, while a voice cried "*Auf's schnellste!*" (quick! quick!) from a room not far distant, to judge by the sound. Meanwhile the throng continued to press onward somehow or other, led by several children of the family, who of course knew the way very well, but pretended to be in as much doubt and confusion as the rest. Suddenly a side door opened, and displayed another dusky passage with a green star at the further end. Thitherward moved all the little feet in a tramping crowd, though getting slower and slower as they approached the green star, which turned out, on a closer inspection by two of the oldest and most courageous of the children, to be a hole in a dark curtain, with a beautiful piece of coloured glass fastened over it. The curtain was now drawn aside by an invisible hand, and a great light burst through, as the children found themselves urged onward by a strong pressure from the crowd behind into the very room where a blaze of illumination told them that the Christmas Tree was placed. Dr. Shillingkrite himself, attired in a long white robe bordered with ivy-leaves, a black cord round his waist, a bear-skin cap on his head, and wearing a huge pair of spectacles with red glasses, received them at the entrance, waving one hand in a most polite yet important manner.

Dazzled and intoxicated with the light and splendour around them, the children all remained in one close group, little Zachary and Jane being placed in front, and standing hand-in-hand, gazing with bright round eyes at the astonishing Christmas spectacle that rose up before them at the opposite end of the room.

In a vase of enormous size, which seemed to be made all of ivory, with bands of gold (though, in truth, it was an old wine barrel covered with glazed paper and gold leaf), stood the stem of a dark fir-tree which rose up into a succession of expansive branches, putting out their arms in varied lengths, so as to form the outline of a fine pyramid. But the outline was scarcely visible, owing to the glancing rays of light that shot from every part. On every branch stood up a number of bright flames, sometimes like the flame of a candle, sometimes like the sparkling of steel or glass, sometimes like lamps of scarlet and violet and green light, sometimes like little brilliant peeping stars. The number of the lights was only equalled by the number of minute fairies dressed in white, who floated about in the air all round the Tree, so as almost to touch it, and of little elves dressed in short jackets, made of the peel of russet apples, who popped in and out of the openings between the boughs, in all directions.

The children had remained motionless and breathless for some time; and then they all said "Oh!"—and began very slowly to approach a few steps nearer towards the wonderful Tree.

But the fairy-land inhabitants of the boughs and around them were only a part of their many charms and treasures. As to fruit of an edible kind, the abundance and the variety were alike unspeakable. Grapes, both white and red, hung in large bunches beside clusters of dried raisins; and now and then a wind seemed to shake the boughs, and down fell a shower of nuts and sugar-plums of all sizes, shapes, and colours, and rattled about over the floor, till Zachary and Jane, unable to contain themselves any longer, clapped their hands and laughed aloud, in which the whole company immediately joined.

But again the little rustics grew silent, and continued to gaze with rapture and a degree of awe at the beautiful Christmas Tree. New enchantments and fresh objects of curiosity were discovered every moment; so that they grew giddy with the vision of golden oranges and silver apples, rings and bracelets of all sorts of jewelled fashions, and sugar-work in all sorts of colours and devices, dangling by invisible threads from the same bough; while on the next bough, above, grew small picture-books and toys; and on the next bough, below, sat a row of canary-birds and bullfinches, who sang and piped every now and then, and danced up and down on their twigs.

"Suppose," said Dr. Shillingkrite, "we should venture to advance close to the Christmas Tree! Now the youngest go foremost. Who are the youngest? Several of those have hidden themselves. It must be Zachary and Jane, I think. Yes, my small friends, it is your privilege to advance before all the rest."

Zachary felt little Jane's hand tremble in his; indeed, it was evident that they both trembled.

"Don't be frightened, dear Jane," said Zachary, in a whisper. "The good Tree will not set us on fire."

"It is a great light to go near," answered Jane, drawing back; "I feel it."

"But if it does burn us," said Zachary, "it would be with beautiful fire, like the dear God's heaven, and not hurt, you know, Jane."

"No," said Jane, trembling, "not to hurt us."

"Now," exclaimed Dr. Shillingkrite, "approach! Enjoy, Baron Zachary, and you, Princess Jane Rosenkohl, enjoy to the utmost the *Weihnachts-spiele* (Yule games). Why do you stand still, Baron Zachary? Do you not know that this beautiful Tree, covered all over with brightness, and happiness, and the gifts of all the riches of the four quarters of the earth—a Tree whereon no living thing makes war upon another, and where fairies, and elves, and canary-birds, and bullfinches sing together in harmony—a Tree where Turks of baked dough and currants, and Jews who rejoice in preserved citron faces, and are dressed in light yellow robes of fresh lemon-peel, sit under the same tent with Christians, as you see there to the left, where they all sit round an egg, painted like the terrestrial globe—do you not know that the nearer you approach to the light and the warmth of this Tree, the more safe you are from all the scorings of life which may happen in the house, and all the cold storms which may blow when you are unprotected in the fields; therefore, approach, Zachary and Jane, and fear not."

"And so we will," said the little fellow. "Come, dear Jane."

The two little rustics now advanced hand in hand. On coming closer to the Tree they descried between the lower and broader boughs small stages made of straw. On one of these was represented a field in harvest time, with all the peasants at work with their horses and carts, piling up and carrying away the corn. On another stage they saw four lions and four lambs in a green meadow, dancing a quadrille; their music being the singing of goldfinches and nightingales who were perched on the backs of slumbering hawks and purring cats. A wonderful manufactory, full of machines and wheels all at work, filled a third and very

large space. On another stage they saw a fine soldier in his helmet, but with a muzzle and chain, who was dancing round with a pole in his hands, while a handsome brown bear sat near him, holding the end of the chain with one hand and a Christmas pie in the other. On another stage they saw the waves of the sea, all moving and glittering; and presently a ship came bowing and swaying, and gliding on its way till it gracefully passed out among the dark green boughs, and a soft music was heard for a moment in the distance, as it disappeared.

"Oh, take me with you!" cried little Jane, enraptured at the fair vision of the ship, not knowing what she said, and holding very fast by Zachary's hand.

On another stage was represented a large infirmary or hospital; and an old green dragon, dressed in a nurse's gown and cap, was very busy in attending upon the sick; while a remarkably fine figure of St. George was seen in the dispensary, stirring up some medicinal ingredients in a mortar—his breast-plate and helmet being full of cordials, and his shield covered with pill-boxes.

The youngest but one of Dr. Shillingkrite's daughters called particular attention to this. "It is our dear father's favourite one," said she. "He furnished us with the figures himself, all made of corks out of his drawers, and the cordials and pill-boxes are all his own."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed all the children in a loud chorus.

"Do I stand here for this?" ejaculated the Doctor, in a great flutter of offended dignity. "Bring Lieschen before me, that I may give her something to do her good."

But Lieschen had vanished in the throng, and was nowhere to be found.

Again attention was called to the stages, and a new one, which had hitherto been unobserved, was discovered. It was a scene in a forest, where, at a rustic table in front of a pretty wooden hut, sat a Bengal tiger, playing chess with a young gentleman a student of natural history.

There is yet another stage. It is the highest of all, and not very distinctly seen; but there it is to a certainty. Upon it there rise the walls of a Temple which is being built. Artists and workmen are all labouring away, and there is a great crowd, also very busy, and doing its usual part of looking on, and doubting if the thing in hand can ever be accomplished.

One more stage—the last—has hitherto been quite overlooked. It is the lowest of all on the Tree, and lies in a direct line beneath the stage with the Temple. This stage, just discovered by the children, is a very dark one, nearly hidden by the fir-boughs. Two hostile armies are arrayed in the background, with needle spears and rout-cake shields, and cannons formed of broken sticks of peppermint painted black, while two Kings, all made of rich sugar-work, and with bright sceptres in their hands, are standing in front, ready to order the armies to fight for a particular sugar-plum.

This was in direct opposition to all the Doctor had said of the universal peace and harmony and love of which the Tree was the illustrious emblem. Several of the children remarked this to each other; but their attention was again called to the military stage, where a tiny trumpeter was almost blowing his eyes out in sounding a charge. The two Kings advanced towards each other, and raised their dainty sceptres to fight. The deadly swords and spears of the armies were advanced—the cannons pointed—when, at this moment, a large corner-stone fell from the hands of the workmen above, who were building the Temple, and down it went between the two warlike sugar-work Kings, knocking them both into red and grey powder.

A shout, partly of alarm and partly of merriment, burst from the children; but this was changed into a more real alarm, with no fun at all, when they saw that some of the burning stars of the Tree, and lights, and coloured lamps, had set fire to a part of the boughs below. The two hostile armies were burnt up to nothing in no time; and even the records of the particular sugar-plum for which they were about to fight were lost to the page of history in the general conflagration.

Noble music now sounded from behind the Tree. Dr. Shillingkrite and his two eldest sons, with Lieschen and another little girl, exerted themselves successfully in extinguishing the fire, so that it extended no farther among the boughs, with all the precious fruits and fancies. Again, the grand music sounded; and as it proceeded with its harmonies, the walls of the Temple were seen to rise in the light, higher and higher, till crowned with cupolas and screen-work, with statuary and spires.

"Want to go there!" ejaculated little Jane, with devout eyes.

"There won't be any more fire to climb up, to hurt the Temple, will there?" asked Zachary, in a most anxious tone.

"No," said the Doctor. "The fire of that Tree burns nothing that is good, or burns it only for its good; so that dust and ashes alone are destroyed, while the good life of things remains. As for all these wonders of the Tree—its toys, and elves, and ornaments, and fairies—these are the Gifts of Christmas Eve—the happy memorials of peace, abundance, and universal love. Share them among you, my children; and in the mode of sharing, remember that ye 'love one another.'"

## THE NEW YEAR'S PROMISES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE New Year came with a bounding step,  
Jovial, lusty, full of glee;  
While the brazen rhymes of the church-bell chimes,  
Like an eager crowd exultingly,  
Hurried along on the crisp cold air,  
To herald his birth to thee and me.

He stood beside us fair and young,  
He laid his warm hand upon mine;  
Our hearth glowed bright with a cheerful light,  
And our eyes lit up with a keener shine,  
As we raised a goblet brimming o'er,  
And pledged him in the ripe red wine.

I know not if the merry guests  
Heard the words that I could hear;  
If on that morn when he was born  
They held communion with the year;  
But this I know, he spoke to me  
In low sweet accents, silver clear:—

"My sire," quoth he, "is dead and gone;  
He served thee ill or served thee well,  
But only did as he was bid;  
Thou wert the master of his spell;  
He took his character from thee—  
Most willing and most tractable.

"Such is my promise, weigh its worth,  
If thou'lt be sad, I'll help thee sigh;  
If thou wilt play thy life away,  
What friend shall aid thee more than I?"



Whate'er the colour of thy mind,  
I'll wear it for my livery.

"If thou'lt be busy, I will toil,  
And aid the work that thou hast planned;  
If thou wilt quaff, or jest, or laugh,  
Mine hours shall waste at thy command;  
If thou'lt endeavour to be wise,  
I'll aid thy soul to understand.

"Do with me as thou wilt, good friend;  
I'll be thy slave in time to be,  
But when I pass—whate'er I was—  
I am the master over thee.  
My father's ghost inspires my words;  
Take heed!—make friends with Memory.

"To-morrow and to-day I'm thine,  
But all my yesterdays mis-spent  
Shall live as foes to thy repose,  
And clog thy spirit's free ascent;  
Pursue thee when thou know'st it not,  
And haunt thee to thy detriment."

The New Year's face was calm and sad;  
His words still floated through my brain;  
When the guests around with a joyous sound  
Gave him a welcome once again:  
"May he be better than the last!"  
Was aye the burden of their strain,

And the New Year's face grew bright as ours;  
Friends, kinsmen, lovers, true and tried,  
We formed the prayer that Heaven might spare  
Our hearts to bless him when he died;  
And thus we ushered the New Year in,—  
And welcomed him to our fire-side.

## CHRISTMAS EVE, AND WELCOME TO OLD FRIENDS.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL.

CHRISTMAS EVE! The Eve before the great Festival of Birth. On the sandals of the Morn the motto written was "*Esperance!*" and the day has not yet worn out the pleasing epigraph. Few have learned, with the Hebrew preacher and our own Twickenham poet, to regard the mysterious fact of Birth with other than joyous anticipations. To almost all, the Day of Birth is the best of days. We are born—to live; and reason—to become wise. What! though Death close a certain series: Birth, in order of time, has precedence. What! though Death crown the human with immortality: he may not crown what never has been born. The stern Angel's highest honour is still to be "gently considered" as a new or second birth. By such soft epithets we would bribe the universal despot to smile upon us. But Birth is, from the first, known as a cherub visitant, and causes us at once to recognise the Divine in the human. Contemplate the new-born child!

Heaven lies about us in our Infancy!

Christmas Eve! Those now assembled in its celebration even await such an Advent, such "a good time coming," as the birth of a man-child—such as ensures the completest joy, the fullest gratification to the maternal longing. They await it, mystically—representing thus an imagined waiting, on such an eve, nearly two thousand years ago. They are, in fact, engaged in a kind of drama—and that drama a truly domestic one. In Italy, on the contrary, they make of such representations a public affair. They are enacted in churches, under cathedral roofs, before gorgeous altars, with set rituals, by priestly performers, accompanied by sublime harmonies, and set-off with new dresses, scenery, and decorations. And so, likewise, it was in England, in the days of "the Coventry Mysteries." But in these we are less vicariously inclined. We now take our piety home with us, and seat it by the family hearth, and expect it to become identified with the household moralities, and realised in the practical charities of daily life—not reserved as a thing exclusively for state occasions and public ceremonies—a show, and nothing but a show. These are not the days of sham, but of realities. Whatsoever is good must now be made common; must be numbered among the private amenities; found involved in the world's actual business, as its ever-guiding soul, its ever-inseparable spirit. English piety is less ostentatious, but it has more of the heart. Its influences are vital, and its fruits looked for in the personal conduct and character—not elsewhere.

The domestic drama here enacting is, in its nature, *impromptu*. Each individual does in it what is pleasing to him or her. Nevertheless, there is a certain tradition observed—that of Kissing under the Mistletoe, for example. Such a part, surely, might be soon learned—yet are some youths so bashful as to make it not seldom of difficult performance. But then this same delicacy of sentiment is an incident proper to the rôle; a situation is got out of it, an effect. The bashful must of course be encouraged—nay, knowing what is expected from the time, will probably himself seek to rid him of his now inconvenient reserve. "Him," we say—for it is the masculine biped that is most easily beset with this strange infirmity. But here your true lady will be adroit enough to help the gentleman out of his amiable difficulty; and, by making his part easier for the evening, may make her own the happier for life. Nor let her fear subsequent admonition—for still of every parental *Brabantio*, however harsh, this will be the creed—

If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head if my bad blame  
Light on the man.

At such a season, too, the heart may be allowed to speak—for it is at such that conventional restraints are accustomed to be thrown off. It is then that the better feelings have license of utterance. See that young man and maiden; in their sequestered nook, how, like stockdoves, they murmur their passion, by other ear than their own unheard. He is evidently putting the most important question of his life to her whom it most imports. "To be, or not to be." Look, what a happy thing is marriage, observe its blessed results; remark here a holy family—father and mother, and son and daughter. Let us, too, multiply felicity fourfold; and, *maugre* the political economists, do justice to human nature. Time was, when the numbers of the people were esteemed the riches of the nation—time must be, when this truth shall again rise into the ascendant, or the world dreams idly of a paradise restored.

The scene is altogether a gay, a joyous one. It is not only a festival but a festivity. Here are music, song, dance, sport, good cheer, "cakes and ale;" all things that make glad the heart of man, woman, and child. And "ginger," too, is "hot in the mouth." For there is the merry jest, the good-natured gibe, the riddle, and the roundelay.

If I give thee honour due,  
Mirth! admit me of thy crew.

And let no cynical *Malcolio* censure our cheerfulness for profanity. "To the pure all things are pure;" the loudest laughter may be as sacred as the most silent of tears, let the motive to it be no less kind and generous. It comes not of scorn, contempt, or malignity; but of "full-throated" happiness—a fountain of sparkling waters, gushing over or jetting upward, from mere excess of abundance. Happiness!—yet not complete; for the time's felicity is proper to expectation, not fulfilment. It is arrayed in the robes of hope, not of possession. It is Christmas Eve—not yet Christmas Day.

But now the Eve has passed, and the night has also passed; the morning has arisen, "with healing on his wings." Again, in this nineteenth century, the world's Saviour is mystically born, and his birth dramatically celebrated, both in the Baron's Hall and in the Peasant's Cottage. What yestere'en was merely indicated, shall to-day be bountifully expressed. Our forefathers made of this a jovial time—worshipping Bacchus under a holier name. Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek were good fellows and honourable, in the days of Elizabeth—ay, and since. In those of Queen Anne, drunkenness was as much the vice of the well-born as of the ill-bred. Thanks to the educators of modern times, we have at length been taught the gain of temperance, if not the virtue. Having made the acquaintance of the Muses, we now emulate more refined and elegant pleasures. By cultivating our tastes, we have mended our manners. The child of the nineteenth century is born to better inducements than was the heir of the seventeenth—the dullest of modern infants, invested thus with a better fortune than welcomed the boy-Shakespeare, enjoys advantages unparalleled in history. Every year, too, adds to the general experience. Not a Christmas can pass without some new Truth having been born into the world. This year, especially, has had its own truth—this year of revolutions, republicanism, and reaction—which truth let us cherish, and hail with angel-hymns; for in its evolution the Destiny of Europe is included.

Let the master of the Baronial Hall welcome both the New Era and the New Truth. Neither will do him any harm—the purpose of both is simply to make him a better and an abler man. Power and wealth can no longer safely enrobe them in "the comfortable fur" of dullness. They must be bright and cheerful as a Christmas fire; their garments should be gay as the season, and their hearts and their countenances as full of benevolence and of sympathy. Knowledge must make their brows to shine with that smooth and polished surface which distinguished the forehead of Canning. Not in bulk or might of limb; not in their large possessions; but in wisdom they must look to be strong; seek their safety in their wits, not in their thaws or their coins, their sinews or their acres. If they desire dominion, thus only shall they secure it; if they long for treasure, thus only shall they find it. For the study of the horse and the dog—noble animals—now let them study a nobler, Man! For the stable and the kennel, let them enter the library and the lecture-room. And when thus they have qualified themselves for the exercise of authority, then will the people's obedience be readily conceded; and when thus they shall have learned how wealth may be impartially distributed, and find their true interest in the equitable application of the science, then may they safely be entrusted with the stewardship of riches. No man will envy his neighbour the enjoyment of what he holds for the benefit of all.

Our forefathers in their rude fashion doubtless aimed at this; and the Hospitality of the Hall at this festive season is not only a romantic fiction, but an historical fact. All were welcome—all, from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night, were welcome—to good cheer, to right good substantial carnal comforts. Heart and hand went together, and Bounty had more than a mere name to live. She had a real existence, and nature and art were made tributary to her charitable behest. Let us, however, reflect. More is required now from every man than was then expected from any. The bountiful motive is indeed the same; but the method of display is an improved one. The relations of society are changed. They are no longer of a merely material character; they now respect the mind as well as the body. Beef and beer are excellent; but education is more excellent. The soul demands instruction as her greatest good; she pants for it as the hart for the water-brooks, and will not be balked of her strong desire. Let her drink of it fully and freely, without money and without price; and, through the length and breadth of the land, let there be public channels dug for the unrestricted supply of the healing stream. A little knowledge may or may not be dangerous; but there is no peril in drinking deep of the spring.

Than our fathers there were no deeper drinkers—no deeper thinkers. But the better attribute was too exclusively confined to a class. Some of that class we would indeed welcome as Old Friends and true Aristocrats—Spenser, Sir Philip Sydney, Shakespeare, Bacon, Taylor. None better understood the significance of Friendship. That old Grecian and Roman virtue had not yet suffered the damage which, we fear, it has undergone during the subsequent commercial period. We have not lately heard of many Beaumonts and Fletchers. All the more hail we this Christmas time, since it brings back an old sentiment which cannot become obsolete without imperilling the dearest unions. Friends who see not—cannot see—one another at any other period of the year, meet uniformly at this. Regularly as Christmas comes round—true to the day—the same friends dine at the same board—the same in number, though not in age; unless, indeed, the over-moody Death, in certain of his sublime abstractions, may have withdrawn from the Christmas circle some whom Heaven had previously invited to its own "high banquet-table."

And what a blessing is this to the humbler classes—to the peasant and the mechanic—to those whose daily subsistence is dependant on their daily endeavour—who, according to Wordsworth, "understand the wisdom of the prayer that asks for daily bread." Necessity, that stern mother, had kept them apart so long, and would, but for this yearly custom, separate them for ever. But, now, "Welcome to Old friends!" O welcome! Thank God that again we thus meet, and can congratulate each other! Is there not happiness in the clasp of the hand—in the glance of the eye? See how parent and child—with that "pious brute," the household dog—all come forth to greet the acquaintance of "auld lang syne"—to assure them that they can never be forgot—that they never have been—that they have been eagerly expected—that they are as welcome as ever!

To those capable of this sublime sentiment, what good gift need be denied? And why should not they and their betters be again friends as of yore? Let the Worker recognise the Employer as his oldest and best friend; and let the latter give him good reason to do so. Let him not deny to any class that most precious of all gifts—the gift of Education. Let it not be withheld, in whole or in part, from any. Give to all the full opportunity of complete education, and the task of government would become so easy as almost to supersede its necessity. The wheels of society would move readily, as if instinct with life. The apparatus, kept in constant repair, would answer immediately to the directing hand. Already, this is so to a considerable extent in England. Men are now

more disposed to rely on moral than on physical forces; hail the demonstration of the former with peculiar rapture, and condemn the latter even though exhibited in support of a just cause. What an immeasurable benefit is here secured! a benefit calculated to make the present Christmas signally happy. Henceforth not only the end, but the means whereby it is attainable, must be equally recognised for good. Violence must be repudiated as an unmitigable evil—

Your gentleness shall force,  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Of old this quality of gentleness was supposed to be confined to the Family of the Hall. It is so no longer. If Christmas in the Hall is now marked by more elegance and refinement than were known in any previous century; you shall find, also, that in the Cottage modern Christmas has its amenities, and that the poor man's pleasures have become both intellectual and moral. Gentleness is no longer a distinguishing quality but accepted as a popular law. It belongs to every one; to the peasant and mechanic as well as to the peer and the squire. So much is it a mark of our recent progression, that the complaint of those who would have the world stand still now generally is, that "now-a-days every one would be a gentleman—thinks himself a gentleman—apes the manners of a gentleman." Is this such a dreadful evil, that it should excite special alarm? Or is it not alarm, but wonder that is excited? Not the evil but novelty that is apprehended? Untried things, of course, are of uncertain operation; but, from gentle aims and accomplishments, nothing peculiarly unpleasant, one might think, need be expected. Of the opposite quality, we have had enough experience; and might consent to try this, if only for the sake of the change.

The sake of Change! Are there some who deem the motive unworthy? Let such learn that it is not necessarily so. Vicissitude is grateful. Nature observes it—in morning, noon, and eve—in the weeks and months and seasons of the year. Change! Why, it is the sentiment of this time—of this tide of Christmas—of this transition period between the Old and the New. These are the Last Days of the Old Year; this day week will be the First Day of the New Year. The "Merry Christmas" it is, that inaugurates the "Happy New Year." If it be true, as the Royal Sage asserted, that the Day of Death is better than the Day of Birth, be it remembered that, at this season, we have both epochs, and the good of both urged on our peculiar consideration. Now, at this moment, while we are so merry, the Old Year is dying. We are like Hercules in the house of Admetus while Alceste was expiring. But, like him, we are not permitted to be disturbed with the knowledge of the melancholy circumstance, lest the laws of hospitality be violated. We have a right to be merry, notwithstanding. The Lord of the Year has so decreed it. Let the departed, therefore, be taken forth and buried in secret. Be assured that He looks forward to his advantage in it. To Him shall the New Year be brought as a New Bride. The veil, that so classically shadows her face, only for awhile conceals her identity from her Beloved. Withdraw that, he shall perceive that the Old and the New are one, except that (O startling paradox!) the New is a day older. In this respect only "another"—in all regards else "the same." Yes! Time is always old and always young. Though flowing from the most ancient of days, still (to borrow a figure from Charles Lamb), like the river which supplies our native Babylon with its richest boon, 'tis rejoices in his eternal novelty.

## THE WAITS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

'Tis heavy mist—'tis golden gloom;  
Strange shapes emerge in grey and white!  
Am I in bed, or in my tomb?  
Dreaming, or waking?—Day, or night?  
There comes a stir of wings around—  
A restless darkness and a sound.

I hear soft music in the air;  
It breathes a sweet unearthly strain,  
Floating about like angels' hair!  
It ceases—pleasure melts to pain.  
Yet rapture wakes and thrills afar,  
And lives in silence, like a star.

How thoughts fly back to childhood's hours,  
When, full of bliss, thus half-awake,  
We roved enchanted halls and towers,  
While fairies sang upon the lake;  
Or distant angels quired a hymn,  
Of Jesus born in Bethlehem.

Again the music—moving near!  
Thus did it swell in my young heart,  
And made each loving hope more dear—  
For Beauty is of life a part;  
Once seen, she never leaves your side,  
Though all the world reject, deride.

Beneath my window!—'Tis the Waits!  
Fine strings, and deep melodious horn.  
The vocal clarionet relates  
Some tale of true-love left forlorn.  
And now it changes to a dance,  
Merry, yet touch'd with old romance.

The darkness of our curtain'd rest  
Is chased and cheer'd at Christmas time:  
How cold the air beyond the nest!  
The snow-flakes fall, and creep, and climb!  
Icicles shine—the flagstones freeze—  
I feel it; and I hear—a sneeze!

Reality! before thy face  
Flies Poetry—but yet returns,  
Unwilling thus to win the race,  
And from thine earth-book largely learns.  
Let us look out into the night,  
And see "the music" in its plight.

This "music" goes not to the wars,  
Yet must with care its life defend;  
Therefore it muffles head and jaws,  
And often qualifies a treacherous friend.  
Cold night, my lads! or, rather, morning;  
Though darkness quells all signs of dawning.

Beneath the faint lamp's frosty rays  
There leans a figure, hard and spare;  
A gentleman of "better days,"  
Who lived too fast, and wore life bare.  
He dress'd well—kept his horses, hounds—  
A flower-pot now holds all his grounds!





THE CHRISTMAS WELCOME.—DRAWN BY MARSHALL.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

Forth from his garret to the street  
He wanders with a restless heart,

And thinks of youthful moments sweet,  
While hopes, once strong, like ghosts depart.

Perhaps, remorse with sorrow takes  
Some share in thoughts that music wakes.



THE CHRISTMAS EVE.—DRAWN BY MARSHALL.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)





THE CHRISTMAS WAITS.—DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.—(SEE PAGE 411.)

Let boyhood dances in the cold,  
As poets sing. I, too, would dance;

But, from my nest so long unroll'd,  
I now am spoilt for that blithe prance.

Leap back! and draw the curtains round—  
Dream-music brings the sweetest sound!



CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.—DRAWN BY HARVEY.—(SEE PAGE 407.)



# The Comical Christmas Chronicle,

HOLIDAY HERALD, AND JOCULAR JOURNAL FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ALBERT SMITH, EDITOR.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1848.

## Advertisements.



**FOR CHINA DIRECT.**—The fine New Aerial Ship "THE HEAD OVER HEELS," Z. 99; RODERICK DOO, Commander; touching at the top of Mont Blanc and the summit of the Pyramids. For freight and passage apply to the Castle Tavern, Air-street.



**FOR ANY PART OF THE WORLD.**—The fine New Balloon, "THE GULL," wicker-bottomed; CAPTAIN LARK, Commander. Carries an experienced parachute. Destination unknown, depending upon the wind; affording a fine scope for speculation. Freight according to weight.



**RAPID COMMUNICATION WITH CALAIS,** by the Queen Ann's Pocket-pistol, of Dover. By a shot connected with a line, in the manner of Captain Manby's apparatus, passengers are now whisked across the Channel in half a second; no trouble at the Custom-House. Nervous old ladies not treated with.



**FOR BOTANY BAY,** the fine old convict ship, "CRASHER," 350 tons; CAPTAIN BULGE, Commander; will sail after the next Sessions. For passage apply to any of the justices at the Old Bailey. Work will be found for all the passengers immediately on their arrival.



**RAILWAY SPECULATION.**—NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—Application will be made, early in the Session, for leave to bring in bills for the following Railways:—Liverpool and New York, Folkestone and Boulogne (Submarine), Herne Bay and the Moon, Leicester-square and Michaelmas-day, and the New Line from the late Quadrant to the Middle of Next Week.—DOO and CHEATEM, Agents.



**GOOD FUN FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.**—Just imported from Funland, per Snapdragon, a CARGO of JOKES, some second-hand, some new, and others quite as good. Several fine old Joe Millers will be found among the stock, which will be sold great bargains to comic writers and burlesque authors, requiring but little alteration. Also, Potted Puns, particularly recommended as agreeable additions to slow parties. A few Squibs upon last year's topics will be sold at a merely nominal price.



**SAMPLE PACKETS, for Dull Family Dinners,** at this Festive Season, will be forwarded to all parts of England, post free, for Sixpence, containing:—  
One joke on the viands, such as "tongue," "rum," &c.  
One ditto on passing events, such as Louis Napoleon, &c.  
One Conundrum, such as "When is beer not beer?"  
One Smart Reply, such as "You're another."  
One Comic Parody, such as "Come it genteel."  
Give your orders early.



**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—THE FESTIVE SEASON.**—Dr. MORTAR begs to call particular attention to his choice selection of MEDICINES for the present Season of Gormandising. A BOX of CHRISTMAS PRESENTS will contain—  
2 Bottles fine Black Draught.  
1 do Liqueur Tincture of Jalap.  
1 do Best Decoction of Aloes.  
1 Box Old Family Antibilious Pills.  
1 Dozen Ounces Purified Epsom Salts.  
The above will be sent, on receipt of a Post-Office Order for Half-a-Guinea, to any part of the kingdom, addressed  
Dr. MORTAR, Croton-crescent.



**RIME CHRISTMAS-BOX.**—A large SAMPLE HAMPER of really useful PRESENTS will be sent by Mr. GOODHEART, upon receipt of an Order accompanied by a Remittance, containing—  
1 Fine Turkey.  
1 Pound of Best Norfolk Sausages.  
1 Large Plum Pudding.  
1 Peck of Potatoes.  
1 Home-made Quartern Loaf.  
Mr. GOODHEART ventures to suggest this as an improvement upon the wine and spirit presents, supposed to be all that is essential for Christmas benevolence and festivity.



**THE SEA-SERPENT.**—This hitherto-supposed-to-be-fabulous monster having been at last caught off Norway, will be exhibited, during the holidays, on the Eastern Counties Railway, which has been rented for that purpose. The head will be at Shore-ditch; the mane, at Saffron Walden; its fore paddles, now for the first time discovered à fleur d'eau, at Cambridge; its hinder ones, at Norwich; and its fish-like tail will be expanded over the triangular land between Yarmouth and Lowestoff. Please to refer to Bradshaw's Map, for localities. A variety of objects found in the stomach, such as men-of-war, small islands, volcanoes, whales, and icebergs, for sale.



**GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.—NEW ADDITIONS.**—Open every day for the holidays.—Among the latest novelties are:—  
A. The machine by which historical novelists produce their books. It is something between a coffee-mill and a chaff-cutter. A number of works are put into the hopper, such as books on costume, and old chronicles, and on turning the handle, these are cut to pieces, and reproduced as three-volume works. The heroes and heroines are then put in by hand, and the novel is complete.  
B. A CASE OF AMERICAN CURIOSITIES: the chief being some rare Coins, such as dollars, &c., preserved in a block of Pennsylvania ice. A variety of Clocks are truly national, being much given to "tick," and frequently "wound up." Some cheap Wooden Combs show the facility with which the Yankees can cut any teeth but their wisdom ones. Together with some cases of preserved Repudiation, recommended by the faculty to gentlemen in embarrassed circumstances.  
C. A RINGLET OF MADAME THILLON, the celebrated singer. Although of a delicate texture, it is said to have been powerful enough to have drawn a theatre full of people after it.  
D. QUENCHER'S NEW FIRE ANNIHILATOR, warranted to put out any fire ever lighted, from the kitchen to the attic. It consists of a pail, filled with cold water; and the way to use it, is gradually to pour its contents into the grate, when the fire will be immediately extinguished.  
E. THE NEW MOTIVE POWER—an application of Clarke's Patent Blower, applicable to vessels of all sorts, when becalmed. The Blower is worked by a small engine of three or four horse power, placed in the stern of the vessel; and the blast being directed against the sails, will impel the ship forward at any desired rate.  
With many other curiosities.

**JOHN SMITH.**—If the person of this name, who lived in London during the winter of 1846, will apply to Mr. Brown, of Liverpool, he will hear of something he don't like.

**JOE.**—You are implored to return to your home. You shall have a latch-key, no cold meat, smoke in your bedroom, visit the Flocks, get up when you like, keep your boots inside the parlour fender, and quarrel with your uncle. Everything will be done to make you comfortable.—Upper Clapton.



**MATRIMONY.—A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,** aged 25, of excellent connexions, but no prospects, and first-rate family, but limited income, is desirous of forming an alliance with a Young Lady about five years his junior. It is essential that she be possessed of ten thousand pounds, which the refined taste of the Advertiser will enable her to lay out to the best advantage. She must also possess considerable personal attractions, be an accomplished musician, a first-rate singer, an elegant dancer, understand French, German, Italian, and drawing, and be gifted with a perfect temper; in fact, be a Model Governess with an independent fortune. In return for this, the Advertiser can offer a happy home and an agreeable partner. The highest references given. Address, by letter only, COLEBS, Post-Office, St. James's-square.

## New Books.

**DRIOPIDES the DREARY; a Tragedy, in Fifteen Acts:** and other Pieces. By WIREDRAWN HIGHTART, Esq., Author of "Mathematical Metaphysics," "Pimpilio the Fleabite," a drama; "Phrenology," a poem; and other works.  
London: SLOW and SELDOM; and few booksellers.

**NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND.**  
On February 29th, 1850, will be published Part I., price One Shilling, of **THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND,** from the Creation to the Invasion of the Romans; and also, a Continuation of Hume, Smollett, and Maundrell, from William the Fourth to Edward the Seventy-third. To be completed in One Hundred yearly Volumes, illustrated by the most available living Artists.—An early application for copies is requested.

**JOURNAL of a TOUR made to GLOSTER** by Dr. FOSTER in the Middle Ages; with a notice of the catastrophe that befel him during a storm on his way, and his determination not to undertake the journey again. With a Portrait and Notes.

**MEMOIRS of EMINENT ENGLISHWOMEN:** including those of Dame Trot—the Mother of Jack and Jill—the kindhearted Mrs. Hubbard—Miss Muffett, who sat on a tuffet—Mrs. John Sprat—the aged Female Equestrian of Banbury Cross—Margery Daw—the celebrated Female Aéronaut who went up in a basket ninety-nine times as high as the moon—and the Victim of Poor-Laws, who was driven, with a large family, to live in a shoe.

**NARRATIVE of a RESIDENCE at the COURT** of KING PIPPEN, with an account of the remarkable Black-bird-pie prepared for him; Memoranda of the Sums of Money kept in the Counting-house; the Queen's love for Bread and Honey; and the accident which befel the Maid, through the attack of a Savage Bird, whilst she was superintending the out-of-door Laundry Department. Now first collected from original documents.

**"HOW MUCH LONGER ARE WE TO WAIT?"**  
Being an enquiry put by the "Boys," as regards the promise made to them, that "There's a Good Time Coming." In pamphlet form. Price 6d.

**IN the PRESS, ELEMENTS of AUSTRIAN POLITICS;** to be completed in Fifty Annual Shilling parts. Also, SPHTSPGHZUGELS PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY of central European names. Revised by KRTZ and PFLWENZER.

## New Music.

**NEW SONG.—"WILL YOU LOVE ME NOW AND THEN?"** With its answer: "DEAREST, YES, IF I HAVE TIME." These two songs have been pronounced by the author, composer, and publisher, to be the most exquisite ever written. It is impossible for any young lady to sing them, without having an offer made to her within ten minutes of their performance, even when all ordinary modes of angling have failed.  
London: TOOTLE and COMPANY, West-end.



**NEW PET POLKAS.**—Dedicated to the Dancing Darlings of England.  
I. The Tootsy-pootsy Polka, composed by Tiny.  
II. The Ittle Tidlums Polka, and Hey Catchey Catchey Waltz.  
III. The Nursery Quadrilles, containing the following popular juvenile airs:—1. "Bye Baby Bunting." 2. "Baa! Baa! Black Sheep." 3. "Little Tom Tucker." 4. "Sing a Song of Sixpence." 5. "Boys and Girls come out to play."



**NEW CHRISTMAS GROUP.**—Madame Tussaud and Sons have just added to their collection likenesses of the following celebrated individuals, whom we have all heard of, but so few have seen:—"Lloyd," of the Exchange; "Mr. Gray," of the Inn near Holborn; the "Tavern Group," consisting of Tom, Dick, Charlotte, Dolly, Will, and other renowned restaurateurs, who have given their names to their houses; "the youthful son of Mr. Miles;" "Junius;" "Mr. Pickford;" "Mr. Bradshaw;" "Mr. Peter Parley;" together with the American Room (sixpence extra); containing a posthumous cast of the late venerable "Daniel Tucker;" "Uncle Jonathan," from a sketch by his nephew; "Mr. Knickerbocker;" "Miss L. Neal;" and a group of Buffalo men and girls, in their night dances.  
Open from ten till dusk.

**MR. LONGCHALK'S moving PANORAMA** of the GREAT WALL OF CHINA, ten miles long. Equal to six-and-eight-pence-worth of cab-hire; and all for a Shilling. Begins at 10 A.M., and finishes at 11 P.M. Refreshments provided. Luncheons, dinners, &c.



**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—Christmas Holidays.—Fun for the Boys!—Dr. Ryan's Lectures on Combustion and Caloric, illustrated by experiments with soapdragons and fireworks, chair and candle crackers, detonating balls, and fire-balloons. Professor Bachhoffer's Lectures on Social Derangement, as applied to apple-pie beds, cold pig, magic-lanterns in the drawingroom, wet shoes, snowballs, and chilblains. Dissolving Views (new series), of the Quadrant changing into nothing, an Illustrious Politician into everything, the National Gallery into anything, and Leicester-square into something. Models of new machines for making themes and Latin verses, writing impositions, and doing hard sums, will be in working order during the holidays. Old and young alike taken into consideration. For the Vacation only.

**PERSONS WITH A LITTLE SPARE TIME ON THEIR HANDS** continue to amuse themselves, in provincial towns, by paying attention to everybody's business but their own. A small fortune, without risk, may be obtained by bestowing one quarter of the care upon their own affairs that they bestow upon others. No Londoner need apply.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents whose questions remain unanswered will be pleased to consider that we are either unable or decline to attend to their requests.

"J. L. B."—At Whist A plays a trump; B checks it; C throws away his King, and, making a losing hazard, goes in off the red ball, with two wickets down. What must D do, having fifteen in crib?—Back the field, except Khondooz is ridden by the Leander Club.

"Flokes."—It is stated that Chaucer is the father of English poetry. Can Chaucer's sister, therefore, be considered as poetry's aunt?—We must take time to answer this question: it never struck us before.

"Investigator."—Where can the Standard in Cornhill be seen?—The Standard can be seen in Cornhill, in any of the chop-houses, after half-past four.

"J. W. D."—You lose your bet. Billy Waters never played a violin solo at the Philharmonic. We certainly understand billiards better than music. Our notion of a canon is hitting both balls, and of a fugue, running away without paying for the tables.

"A Working-Man."—I have saved a small sum of money, which I want to turn to the best advantage. What gives most interest?—If you have saved sixpence, buy a number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. It gives more interest to everybody, than anything else.

"A Constant Reader."—Switzerland is in Tipperary.

"Emma" should never refuse to bet gloves, even to the extent of a dozen pairs. If she wins, she is paid; and if she loses, she is paid just the same. It is always a safe game. Stipulate for Jowin or Houbigant.

"Polly" tells us that a young gentleman she knows has declared that if he gets her under the mistletoe at a house where they are going to pass the Christmas together he will kiss her. Is she to be angry at it?—Certainly not; but she must appear to be. And let her recollect, it is etiquette for young ladies to return all presents from young gentlemen.

"Viridis."—Dress will not get you a position in society, unless you have good manners. Thus, although you wear a white neckcloth and turn up your wristbands, yet, if you ask for the Schottisch, at an evening party, you will be put down for what you are.

"Burke."—There is no such title as Lord Upper Clapton.

"Sophy."—"Fandango" is the name of a lackadaisical Spanish dance, but is now applied as an adjective to wrong notions of what is proper. Thus, it is "fandango" for ladies to walk with a livery servant behind them; it implies "We would keep a carriage if we could; but as we can't, we'll show you that we have a footman." The following things also are "fandango":—Lace or embossed envelopes; dining in gloves, which suggests red hands; waltzing in the old trois temps style; always taking places, a long time before-hand, for the "Nozze di Figaro;" only believing in certain shops for different articles; getting engaged without prospects and believing in love under such circumstances.—(N.B. This usually occurs between 19 and 25 with young men); or supposing that, if you have a fixed professional or mercantile position, you can move in a really higher circle by living in Belgravia rather than Bloomsbury. In fact, "Fandangos" may be considered the "Gents" of general etiquette.

## The Christmas Chronicle.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1848.

The publication of this ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS commenced a week ago, and will not finish for a fortnight.

THE charitable attempts made to ameliorate the social condition of the schoolboy by cakes rather large than rich, and other dainties, stowed in "the box," when the holidays conclude, have, it is true, an effect, to a certain extent, in making the separation from home less severe; but the stage of deglutition once passed, the sombre resumes its empire. The endeavours daily made to improve the general comfort of "the people," leads us to hope that the little people as well will be looked to. All the six points of our juvenile Chartists—and we call on the Westminsters, Merchant-Tailors, St. Pauls, Charter-Houses, and Mercers to aid us—are as follows:—

Firstly, The total abolition of the cane, block, and impositions; and substitution of unbonded fresh butter for the limited Dorset of the present system.

Secondly, The acknowledgment of the usher as a power only subject to the wishes of the scholars.

Thirdly, Allotments of garden land for sowing mustard and cress for supper, and furnishing pebbles to pelt the French master with as he leaves school.

Fourthly, Lawful resistance to all encroachments upon half-holidays and vacations generally; and also, on the part of the parents, to ten shillings in a quarterly bill for shoe-strings.

Fifthly, Rational and moral recreations; such as turning the little boys up in their bedsteads, or fagging them within an inch of their lives; putting thistles in the toes of the usher's boots before he gets up, or straws in the collar of his coat when out for a walk; and alluring the cocks and hens of the neighbours into the playground, for the purpose of instructing them in facitious performances.

Sixthly, A Red Republic in the School-room, with leave to erect barricades with forms, stools, desks, and the fender, whenever oppression may call for such demonstrations.

Let these principles pass into laws, and the happiness of the boys is ensured.

WE undertand that, in consequence of the great success of the Monster Serpent in the orchestra this year, M. Jullien has it in contemplation to engage the Great Sea Serpent for the next series of Promenade Concerts, and that M. Prospère will perform a solo on it in a new set of Quadrilles, to be composed expressly for the occasion, to be called the Dædalus Quadrilles.—Musical World.

AN INGENUOUS CHEMIST in AMERICA has invented a plan for compressing sunlight into an almost solid form by the hydraulic press. This is forced into cylinders fitted with the usual jet and stop-cock of a gas-burner; and, by the careful use of this, any degree of illumination may be obtained, from the gloom of twilight to the blaze of noonday. He has also formed an everlasting lamp, by hermetically sealing a globe of compressed light in a thick glass vessel. The idea is evidently taken from the Laputa cucumbers, but is carried out more simply.—Journal of Science.

DOUBTFUL POLICY.—Throwing thirty thousand pounds worth of manure into the Thames every year, and sending the same sum to wild African Islands to bring it all back again.—The Plough, the Sail, and the Fleece.

APHORISM.—The height of human wisdom is as the task of the eagle, which creates subterfuges the more that futurity recedes into petulance.—From the Chinese.



## MONEY MARKET.]

FRIDAY, FIVE O'CLOCK.—The funds have improved to-day. We found a shilling in the pocket of an old resuscitated waistcoat; and a man came to pay us a half-crown that we never expected. Our Stock has been transferred well. This has been effected by reversing its front, and bringing the new part—the long ends usually buttoned under our waistcoat—up to the tie. The part worn under the chin, which was somewhat ravelled, has been clipped straight with a pair of scissors. We do not anticipate an alteration for some time.

We have not invested very profitably in railways, intending to go to Slough, and finding that the Great-Western had stopped their day tickets. Shares of all kinds have been buoyant, except ploughshares, which continue to sink when put in water.

## LITERARY NOTICE.

THE NEW TENNYSON.—This is a new addition of the works of the above popular poet, in which many of his most famous pieces are adapted to the present time. We subjoin an extract:—

## MARIANA AT RAMSGATE.

(AFTER SHE LEFT THE MOATED GRANGE.)

With penny chairs the level sands  
Were thickly covered far and near;  
And two distinct unearthly bands  
Made dismal music 'neath the pier.  
The people all looked slow and strange,  
Mammas did wet-shoed children scold;  
Unflinching were the bathers bold,  
Within the telescopic range.  
She only said, "I'm very weary,  
Day after day the same;"  
She said, "This Ramsgate is so dreary,  
I'm sorry that I came."

Her yawns came with the waves at even,  
Her yawns came e'er the rocks were dried;  
She thought 'twas ten when only seven,  
With nought to do but watch the tide.  
After the ceasing of the bands,  
When gas-lights flickered in the wind,  
She drew aside the window-blind,  
And gazed athwart the Goodwin Sands.  
She only said, "I'm very weary,  
Day after day the same;"  
She said, "This Ramsgate is so dreary,  
I'm sorry that I came."

And at the library at night  
A man sang songs she knew of yore,  
Or played old dances, polkas hight;  
And from the room the wearing bore  
Of "numbers one, too, three, and five!"  
Came to her of all life bereft,  
Till all the visitors had left,  
Once more in lodgings small to stive.  
She only said, "I'm very weary,  
Day after day the same;"  
She said, "This Ramsgate is so dreary,  
I'm sorry that I came."

And ever when the waves were low,  
And the hush'd winds were sure to fail,  
She saw the yawning people go  
For a delusive shilling sail.  
But when the waves were quite at rest,  
And all the wind had proved a sell,  
The shadows of the party fell  
Upon the still sea's glassy breast.  
She only said, "I'm very weary,  
Day after day the same;"  
She said, "This Ramsgate is so dreary,  
I'm sorry that I came."

All day within that seaside tomb  
The people yawn'd, and star'd, and sigh'd;  
At morning wished that noon was come,  
And wished at noon for eventide.  
Old novels cheer'd them when within,  
Old worn-out tunes were played without,  
Old newspapers were lent about,  
Old square pianos made a din.  
She only said, "I'm very weary,  
Day after day the same;"  
She said, "This Ramsgate is so dreary,  
I'm sorry that I came."

The children digging on the shore,  
Slow people boring, and the sound  
Which to the donkeys, tired and sore,  
The drivers made, did all confound  
Her sense; but most she suffered pain  
When the appointed time drew near  
To dress and moon about the pier,  
And stare, and gape, and yawn again.  
Then said she, "I am very weary  
Of Sackett's, shrimps, and sand;"  
She said, "I'm off—this Ramsgate dreary  
I cannot longer stand."

DE LUNATICO INQUIREND.—An interesting investigation took place at the Gray's Inn Coffee-house, on Tuesday, respecting the case of Mr. Hanwell Quirk, who was said to be incapable of managing his affairs. The poor gentleman's replies were most satisfactory; but the following facts were sustained by credible witnesses:—

He had once asked for beer at a *parvenu* dinner-party.  
He had once followed a fire-engine to see where it was going to.  
He had taken a ticket in a Derby Sweep and a Frankfort Lottery.  
He had bought some wild ducks at the door.  
He had been security for a friend, and had put his name to a bill.  
He had taken the after-dinner assurance of a man, that he should be glad to see him whenever he called, at his word.  
He had believed in a Republic.  
Putting all these together, he was found mad.

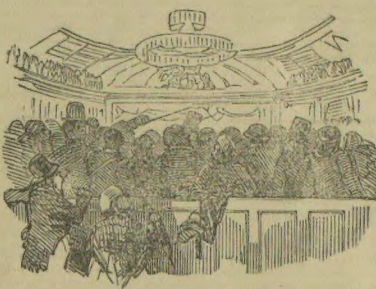
COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE was built in 1667, one year after the Fire of London, by Mr. William Shakespeare, assisted by Mr. Congreve, a great rocket-maker and dramatist, from the designs of Mr. Barry, a celebrated equestrian clown, and afterwards an eminent architect. Shakespeare lodged, during the building, at Old Hummum's, as it was called, and Mr. Hummum, senior, left many anecdotes of him. He was an extraordinary musician, and capital solo performer on the trombone. He produced several operas, which had great success; amongst which we may mention "Hamlet, the Moor of Athens," "Romeo and Cleopatra," "The Merry Wives of Venice," "Cymbelanus," "The Two Gentlemen of Windsor," and other well-known works. Dr. Ben Johnson, who wrote the "Dictionary," was a great friend of Shakespeare's, as also was Hamlet, the great jeweller. Covent-Garden Theatre is situated at the angle formed by the union of Regent-street and Mile-End road, in the parish of St. Mary's, Islington. In the adjoining Bow-street, country gentlemen are provided with beds, at the police quaters, gratuitously, and under the superintendence of the chief magistrate. The right to occupy these cheap lodgings is held by a regular tenure—that of breaking a lamp or striking a policeman. This is a curious instance of the quaintness of some of our early institutions, and the laws which regulated them.—From the "Stranger's Guide to London," a useful and interesting work.

## ANTICIPATION OF NEXT YEAR'S EVENTS.



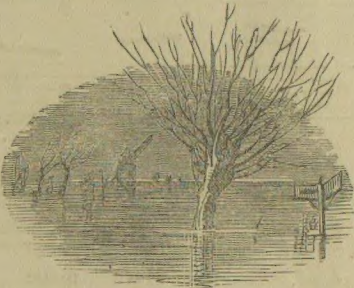
VER on the look out for novelty, we have been enabled, through an extended application of our celebrated telescope, by means of which we have long been enabled to see into the middle of the next week, to arrive at the following events of the ensuing year:—

## JANUARY.



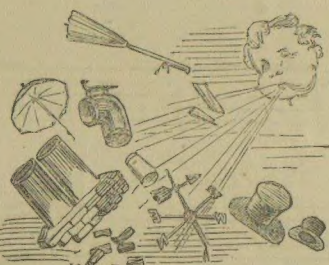
Unfortunately, he cannot find the receipts. Everybody determines to turn over a new leaf, and nobody carries out the determination. Revolution in Paris. France an absolute Monarchy.

## FEBRUARY.



friends. Revolution in Paris. The Government of France changes to a Republic.

## MARCH.



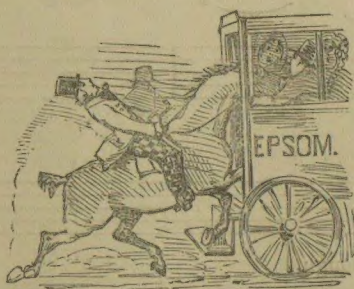
volution in Paris. The Government of France becomes a limited Monarchy.

## APRIL.



tot, the old one being too far gone to return. Plenty of Bath buns appear, they having been told to go there because they were so cross on Good-Friday. Revolution in Paris. France an Empire, and Louis Philippe re-called to be at its head.

## MAY.



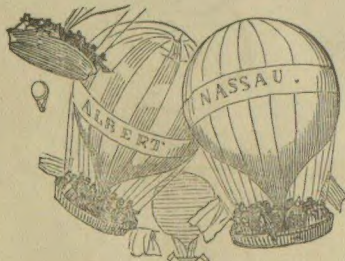
turn it. English theatres deserted, as no natives are good in months in which there is not an R. Revolution in Paris. Louis Philippe compelled to come back to us, and France becomes a Protectorate.

## JUNE.



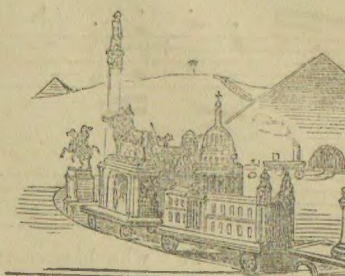
ution in Paris. The Government of France becomes despotic under Abdel-Kader.

## JULY.



of American ice, during which it all melts. Revolution in Paris. France proclaims a Sultan, in whom the Monarchical power is vested.

## AUGUST.



lodgings—then come down to Gravesend, whilst he has gone for four days to Boulogne—and are at last brought under the notice of the Sanitary Commission: carriage, sixteen shillings. Revolution in Paris France nothing.

## SEPTEMBER.



laneous, under several heads.

## OCTOBER.



Paris. France elects a Czar, and issues posting bills to the effect that, at last, tranquillity is established.

## NOVEMBER.



for dinner, and the brass band in the gallery. Revolution in Paris. Barricades thrown up in ten minutes; and a Red Republic proclaimed in a quarter of an hour.

## DECEMBER.



gin to save. Revolution in Paris. Other European powers, disgusted with the constant riots in France, settle the question by dividing that country amongst them. France extinct as a nation.

A NOVEL ENTERPRISE is about to be tried at the Strand Theatre, which, it is well known, is too small to support a company of more than one. On boxing-night the new lessee, who is a man of great energies, will open the gallery door at a quarter-past six, and having admitted the rush of three boys, and taken their money, will lock it, and proceed to the pit. Here he will remain ten minutes, and then remove to the box pay-place. When everybody has arrived, he will go round by the stage-door; and having played a solo on the drum, in the orchestra, by way of overture, he will draw up the curtain and appear in a monopolylogue, written expressly for him by a popular author; and between the parts he will go round with cakes and ginger-beer. As soon as this is over he will run round again to the front, and, having unlocked the doors, will call the carriages and let out the audience. When all have departed, he will throw the canvass over the fronts of the boxes, collect all the play-bills left behind (to get into practice for taking up bills), go round the house with a lantern to see that all is safe, and finally retire home much fatigued with his exertions.—From a Correspondent.

The aeronautic mania commences, and continues throughout the month. Frightful collision of balloons over London, on a general fête day. Mr. Poppins emigrates to Gravesend to economise, which consists in his paying two steam-boat fares a day, and racketting every night, because lodgings are so "slow." A lawsuit about a cargo

Opening of the new Cairo and Suez Railway, by which London goes out of town—the East being the only spot left tranquil for travellers. The French commence shooting on the Moors, on the 12th, in Algeria. Mr. Poppins has a brace of grouse sent him from Perth, which are five days coming—then stay a week at his London

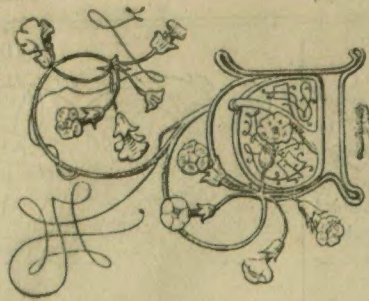
The "last man" finds himself to be so one day, as he walks up Langham-place. Total desertion of London. Mr. Poppins indignantly disputes the fact that quarter-day has come on again—it cannot be three months since he paid his last; his landlady entertains a different opinion, on which he returns from Gravesend. Revolution in Paris. The Government of France becomes miscel-

A glorious harvest makes up for all past gloom. Penny-rolls a farthing a dozen; and every wheat-ear as large as Indian corn. Mr. Poppins looks out his win er things, and thinks that his old paletot, revived, will do for the dark evenings. Some Irish invited to a "Fête of Fraternity" at Boulogne, get up a fight, to show their notions of the thing. Revolution in

Grand Civic Banquet in Guildhall, attended by Gog, Magog, the Dragon on Bow Church, and the Grasshopper on the Exchange, in celebration of our old institutions still remaining firm and unchanged. Mr. Poppins, having an uncle a common-council-man, dines with the Lord Mayor, and has a headache all next day, which he says was the gas, the waiting



THE POETRY  
BY  
CHARLES MACKAY.



# UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

A CHRISTMAS LYRIC.

THE MUSIC  
BY  
G. W. GLOVER,  
Author of "Jeannette and Jeannot."

*In moderate time.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'In moderate time.' The score consists of several systems of music. The first system shows the piano introduction with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Ye who have scorn'd each o - ther, Or in - jur'd friend or bro - ther, In this fast fa - ding'. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The third system continues the vocal melody with 'year; Ye who, by word or deed, Have made a kind heart bleed, Come, ga - ther'. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked 'a tempo' and 'lento'. The fourth system continues with 'here. p Let sinn'd a - gainst, and sin - ning, For - get their strife's be - gin - ning, And join in friend - ship'. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked 'a tempo' and 'cres.'. The fifth system continues with 'now: Be links no lon - ger bro - ken, Be sweet for - give - ness spo - ken, Un - der the Hol - ly'. The piano accompaniment includes a section marked 'p' and 'f'. The sixth system continues with 'un - der the Hol - ly, un - der the Hol - ly - bough.' The piano accompaniment includes a section marked 'p' and 'f ad lib'. The score concludes with a final chord marked 'dim.' and 'p'.

*lento.*

*p*

*mf*

*a tempo*

*lento*

*a tempo*

*cres.*

*p*

*f*

*p*

*f ad lib*

*dim.*

*p*

*f*

I.  
Ye who have scorn'd each other  
Or injured friend or brother,  
In this fast fading year;  
Ye who, by word or deed,  
Have made a kind heart bleed,  
Come gather here.  
Let sinn'd against, and sinning,  
Forget their strife's beginning,  
And join in friendship now;  
Be links no longer broken,  
Be sweet forgiveness spoken  
Under the Holly-bough.

II.  
Ye who have loved each other,  
Sister and friend and brother,  
In this fast fading year;  
Mother and sire and child,  
Young man and maiden mild,  
Come gather here;  
And let your hearts grow fonder,  
As Memory shall ponder  
Each past unbroken vow.  
Old loves and younger wooing  
Are sweet in the renewing  
Under the Holly-bough.

III.  
Ye who have nourish'd sadness,  
Estranged from hope and gladness  
In this fast fading year;  
Ye with o'erburden'd mind,  
Made aliens from your kind,  
Come gather here.  
Let not the useless sorrow  
Pursue you night and morrow,  
If e'er you hoped, hope now—  
Take heart, uncloud your faces,  
And join in our embraces  
Under the Holly-bough.